





Samuel E. Merrill
3-22-65

EX LIBRIS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

ROMAN LITERATURE
in Translation



ROMAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

*Selected and Edited by
the Late*

GEORGE HOWE and GUSTAVE ADOLPHUS HARRER

Revised by
ALBERT SUSKIN
*Professor of Classics
University of North Carolina*



HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK

ROMAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION, REVISED EDITION

Copyright © 1924, 1959 by Harper & Brothers

Copyright 1952 by Mrs. Gustave A. Harrer

Printed in the United States of America

All rights in this book are reserved.

No part of the book may be used or reproduced
in any manner whatsoever without written per-
mission except in the case of brief quotations
embodied in critical articles and reviews. For

information address Harper & Brothers

49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

The Library of Congress catalog entry for
this book appears at the end of the text.

Contents



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION	xiii
PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION	xv

ROMAN PURITANISM AND GREEK CULTURE

THIRD AND SECOND CENTURIES B.C.

I. THE TRANSPLANTING OF GREEK CULTURE	2
The Braggart Soldier—Plautus	2
The Brothers—Terence	40
II. OPPOSITION TO EASTERN INFLUENCE	68
The Bacchanalian Revels—Livy	68
Expulsion of Greek Teachers—Aulus Gellius	77
III. A ROMAN PURITAN	78
On Agriculture—Cato	78
Cato the Censor—Livy	84
Cato on Extravagance—Livy	87

WORLD CONQUEST AND CIVIL WAR

SECOND AND FIRST CENTURIES B.C.

I. EXPANSION	94
Expansion Toward the South	94
Rome and Jugurtha—Sallust	94
Expansion Toward the East	109
On Pompey's Command—Cicero	109
Expansion Toward the North	122
Gaul and the Germans—Cæsar	123
The Siege of Alesia—Cæsar	128
On the Consular Provinces—Cicero	136
II. POLITICAL IDEAS	143
On the Republic—Cicero	144
The Optimates—Cicero	148
The Foundation of Justice—Cicero	151
Duties of the Individual to the State—Cicero	157
On Governing a Province—Cicero	164

III. DECLINE OF THE REPUBLIC	172
Mismanagement in the Provinces	173
— Sicily Under Verres—Cicero	173
Anarchy at Home	186
— <i>either of these</i> The Conspiracy of Catiline—Sallust	186
The Conflict Between Milo and Clodius—Cicero	207
The Outbreak of Civil War—Cæsar	219
The Dictatorship	223
— Helplessness—Cicero	223
Home Is Exile—Cicero	226
A Victory of Brute Force—Cicero	227
Submitting to Necessity—Cicero	228
Cæsar and the Loyalists—Cicero	230
Freedom of Speech—Aulus Cæcina	233
After the Ides of March	235
Cæsar Lives On—Cicero	235
Cicero's Policy—Brutus	236
IV. LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY	239
Apology for Philosophy—Cicero	239
On the Nature of Things—Lucretius	243
Invocation; the Bondage of Religion	243
Introduction; Combinations of Atoms; Creation and	
Destruction of Worlds	249
Fear of Death	255
Evolution of Life and Society	259
— On Friendship—Cicero	267
— Qualifications of the Orator—Cicero	284
Poems of Catullus	286

THE PEACE OF AUGUSTUS *Golden age*

END OF FIRST CENTURY B.C. AND BEGINNING OF FIRST CENTURY A.D.

I. ESTABLISHMENT OF EMPIRE	297
Achievements of the First Emperor—Augustus	297
II. THE EPIC OF ROME'S DESTINY: VIRGIL'S ÆNEID	305
Shipwreck of the Trojans; Landing at Carthage	306
The Fall of Troy	329
Æneas and Dido	353
Vision of Rome's Destiny	374
III. THE JOYS OF PEACE	383
The Shepherd's Gratitude—Virgil	383
Corydon—Virgil	385

*cicero's concept of liberal education
found in his oration to archaus (sueb)
cf. Newman's concept.*

Dawn of the Golden Age—Virgil	387
The Georgics—Virgil	389

IV. THE POET LAUREATE: HORACE 400

The Restorer	401
~ Simplicity	402
Endurance and Faithfulness	404
~ Purity	405
~ The Golden Mean	405
On Luxury	406
The Vanity of Riches	407
~ The Fall of Cleopatra	409
Persian Luxury	410
~ The Ship of State	410
~ Title to Fame	411
~ Fountain of Bandusia	412
~ Carpe Diem	412
Life Is Short	413
~ Death Inevitable	414
~ To a Flirt	415
The Reconciliation	415
~ Winter	416
~ Spring	417
~ The Bore; a Dramatic Version of Horace	418
~ The Art of Poetry	422

V. MYTH AND LEGEND 435

Stories from Mythology: Ovid	435
Pyrrha and Deucalion	436
Narcissus	439
Niobe	442
Dædalus and Icarus	447
~ Baucis and Philemon	449
~ Orpheus and Eurydice	453
Stories of Early Rome: Livy	456
Value of the Past	456
The Rape of the Sabine Women	458
The Horatii	460
Horatius at the Bridge	463
Virginia	464

VI. THE LOVER 469

The Lover's Death—Propertius	469
A Roman Matron to Her Husband—Propertius	471
Love Is the God of Peace—Propertius	474
To a Janitor—Ovid	476
Every Lover Is a Soldier—Ovid	478

DESPOTISM AND SUPPRESSION

FIRST CENTURY A.D. *Silver age*

I. REALIZATION OF POLITICAL CONDITIONS 480

- The Historian: Tacitus 480
 - The Beginnings of Despotism 480
 - Mutiny on the Rhine 486
 - The Purpose of History 496
 - Freedom of Speech 496
 - Tyranny Begets Tyrants 498
 - The Death of Seneca 499
 - The Results of Despotism 501
 - Imperial Succession 502
 - The Empire and the Provinces 504
- * optional* — The Dramatist 505
 - Octavia—Pseudo-Seneca 505
- also read his* — The Court Gossip 531
 - An Eccentric Emperor—Suetonius 531
 - An Imperial Artist—Suetonius 535

II. SALVATION THROUGH STOICISM 538

- Epistles to Lucilius—Seneca 539
- Dialogue IX—Seneca 550

III. SATIRIZING THE PRESENT 571

- The Banquet of the Newly Rich—Petronius 571
- The Connoisseur—Petronius 574
- Trimalchio's Tombstone—Petronius 576
 - An Explanation—Martial 577
 - To Lupus—Martial 578
 - Tailor Bills—Martial 578
 - A Misunderstanding—Martial 578
 - The Beau—Martial 579
 - From the West—Martial 580
 - A Total Abstainer—Martial 580
 - Thermometrical—Martial 581
 - Nor a Lender Be—Martial 581
 - The Shopper—Martial 582
 - Man's Inhumanity to Man—Martial 583
 - Outclassed—Martial 583
 - The Antiquary—Martial 584
 - To Septicianus—Martial 585
 - To Quintus—Martial 585
 - Un Médecin Malgré Eux—Martial 585
- A Fair Field for Satire—Juvenal 586
- Rome a Greek City—Juvenal 589
- The New Woman—Juvenal 591
- The Vanity of Human Wishes—Juvenal 593

*Euripides "medea"*** Req. - Seneca's "medea"*

IV. EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC MAN: QUINTILIAN	597
The Training of the Child	598
Study and Writing	601

THE NEW FREEDOM

SECOND CENTURY A.D.

I. APPRECIATION OF THE NEW ORDER	605
The Contrast—Tacitus	605
Release from Tyranny—Pliny	606
On Complimenting the Prince—Pliny	608
A Visit to the Prince—Pliny	609

II. MEN AND BOOKS: PLINY	610
Literary Friends	610
Silius Italicus	610
An Exhortation to Publish	612
A Noble Commerce	612
An Incident for History	613
Fame	614
Public Recitations	615
Minerva and Diana	616
Town and Country	617
—The Elder Pliny's Life and Works	617
—Endowing a School	620
—The Eruption of Vesuvius	621
—Escape from Vesuvius	624
—Ghost Stories	626
The Same Wine for All	628

— III. ROMANS AND CHRISTIANS	629
—The Burning of Rome—Tacitus	630
The State and the Christians—Pliny	633
The Emperor's Reply—Trajan	635
Hadrian's Decision—Hadrian	636

GLOSSARY	637
----------	-----

INDEX	647
-------	-----

Detailed Contents



Livy: <i>History</i>	
Book XXXIX, viii, 3-xix, 7	68
Aulus Gellius: <i>Attic Nights</i>	
Book XV, xi	77
Cato: <i>On Agriculture</i>	
I, 1-v et passim	78
Livy: <i>History</i>	
Book XXXIX, xl-xliv	84
XXXIV, i-viii, 3	87
Sallust: <i>The Jugurthine War</i>	
1-35 (with omissions)	94
Cicero: <i>On Pompey's Command</i>	
1-24 (with omissions)	109
Caesar: <i>The Gallic War</i>	
Book VI, 11-24	122
VII, 68-90	128
Cicero: <i>On the Republic</i>	
Book I, 25-27, 44-46; Book V, 1	144
Cicero: <i>In Defence of Sestius</i>	
45-48	148
Cicero: <i>Laws</i>	
Book I, vi, 19-VIII, 23; Book IX, 27; XVI, 45; XVIII, 48, 49	151
Cicero: <i>On Duties</i>	
Book II, 72-89; Book III, 72-79; 84-85	157
Cicero: <i>In Defence of Milo</i>	
ix, 24-xxiv, 64; xxv, 67-xxviii, 77	207
Caesar: <i>The Civil War</i>	
Book I, 1-11	219
Cicero: <i>Letters to Friends</i>	
Book IV, 33	223
IV, 8	226
IV, 7	227
IV, 9	228
VI, 9	230
VI, 7	233
Cicero: <i>Letters to Atticus</i>	
Book XIV, 10	235
Cicero: <i>Letters to Brutus</i>	
17	236
Cicero: <i>On Duties</i>	
Book II, 1, 2-2, 7	239
Cicero: <i>Tusculan Disputations</i>	
Book V, 2-4	241

Lucretius: <i>On the Nature of Things</i>		
Book	I, 1-369	243
	II, 1-61; 581-729; 1090-1174	249
	III, 830-1094	255
	V, 771-1240	259
Cicero: <i>On Friendship</i>		
	V, 17-VIII, 24; VIII, 26-28; X, 33-XIV, 51;	
	XVI, 56-XXI, 81; XXIII, 84-XXV, 95; XXVI, 97	
	to end	267
Cicero: <i>On the Orator</i>		
	I, iii, 9-vi, 20	284
Virgil: <i>The Aeneid</i>		
Book	VI, lines 635 to end	374
Ovid: <i>Metamorphoses</i>		
Book	I, 313-415	436
	III, 370-510	439
	VI, 146-312	442
	VIII, 183-235	447
	VIII, 618-724	449
	X, 1-82	453
Livy: <i>History</i>		
Book	I, ix ff.	458
	I, xxiv ff.	460
	II, x ff.	463
	III, xliv ff.	464
Tacitus: <i>Annals</i>		
Book	I, 1-10	480
	I, 31-52	486
	III, 65	496
	IV, 33-35	496
	VI, 47-48	498
	XV, 60-65	499
Tacitus: <i>Histories</i>		
Book	I, 1-3	501
	I, 15-16	502
	IV, 73-74	504
Suetonius: <i>Lives of the Caesars</i>		
Claudius,	XXXII-XLI	531
Nero,	XX-XXV	535
Petronius: <i>Satyricon</i>		
	31-37	571
	50-52	574
	71-72	575
Juvenal: <i>Satires</i>		
	I, 1-66	586
	III, 58-125	589
	VI, 184-195; 242-253; 434-443	591
	X, 1-107; 346-365.	593
Quintilian: <i>Institute of Oratory</i>		
Book	I, i, 4-7, 11, 15, 16, 20, 24-36	598
	X, iii, 19-30	601
Tacitus: <i>Agricola</i>		
	1-3	605
Tacitus: <i>Annals</i>		
Book	XV, 38-45	630

Preface to the First Edition



This book of selections from Latin authors is designed as a brief presentation of the literature through the medium of English translation. Its plan embraces three items: an outline, a body of selections, and explanatory notes.

The outline, serving also as a table of contents, gives in briefest possible compass a survey of the development of the literature through its successive stages, interpreting by headings the main currents of thought, and indicating the forms in which the thought was given expression. It seeks also to suggest the essential meaning of each selection and the relation of the selection to the whole.

In the body of selections the best pieces of the literature are represented by complete units, whenever space permits, or by extended passages carefully chosen. The principle governing the selection, however, has not been that of reproducing masterpieces merely, for the book is meant to be more than an anthology. It seeks to interpret the thought of the Romans in the logical order of their experience of life. It answers the questions: What did the Romans think about in the several periods of their growth and development? How did they think about it? In what forms did they give their thinking expression? Since their experience was of course a growth and development in time, the chronological order is followed in the main, although within periods the arrangement is not allowed to become a slave to chronology. While, as a result of the principle of selection, the emphasis is placed upon masterpieces of thinking, yet masterpieces of form too are as fully illustrated as can be done in translation, since it is eminently true of the classics that the criteria of clear thinking and of form coincide.

The explanatory notes are of two sorts. At the beginning of each main division have been inserted short essays with the purpose of giving the social and political background against which the literature is to be viewed. In such brief compass it was of course impossible to sketch even in outline the political or literary history of the various periods; but the attempts has been made to supply at least the most important facts and to suggest the relation of the literature at any given moment to the broader currents of life. The second sort of notes is concerned with the identification and significance of individual authors and selections. These seek merely to point out the historical and literary position of each writer and of each passage quoted, in order that the main thought may be followed the more easily, and in order that that lack of a satisfactory explanation of the relations existing between passages which is characteristic of any book of selections may be reduced to a minimum.

The editors are indebted to many colleagues for valuable suggestions in the preparation of the manuscript. To every selection the translator's name has been appended. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. James Loeb for permission to make wide use of The Loeb Classical Library, and to the following for permission to reprint copyright material: T. F. Unwin, London, for translations from Ennius in *A Literary History of Rome* by J. W. Duff, and for the translation of the Monumentum Ancyranum in *Augustus* by E. S. Shuckburgh; The Macmillan Company, New York, for the translation from Cato in *Roman Farm Management* by Fairfax Harrison; Parke Austin & Lipscomb, New York, for the translation of Cicero's Tusculan Disputations by W. H. Main in *The Greek and Latin Classics*; The University of Chicago Press and Professor F. J. Miller for his translation of Octavia in *The Tragedies of Seneca*; Professor Paul Nixon for his translations from Martial in *A Roman Wit*; Miss Georgiana W. Sargent for translations from Horace in *Horatian Echoes* by J. O. Sargent.

Preface to the Revised Edition



The present volume is a companion to the *Greek Literature in Translation*, also by the late Professors Howe and Harrer, and revised by P. H. Epps, Professor of Greek in the University of North Carolina, to whom I am very greatly indebted for advice, suggestions and practical help. Again the general plan of the earlier volume has been kept, and, wherever possible, the original prefatory statements. Changes have been made with two objectives in mind: the substitution of better, currently more readable translations, and the elimination of many of the disconnected fragments and some of the minor writings. The suggestion that more explanation and footnotes be included has been rejected, but not without due consideration. Footnotes would encumber the text and unnecessarily slow the student or general reader. The teacher of a course in which this volume would be used as a text will provide whatever additional explanation is necessary.

I should like to express my gratitude to Professor B. L. Ullman, head of the Classics Department in the University of North Carolina, for valuable suggestions and constant encouragement. My good friend and colleague, Alfred G. Engstrom, Professor of French, in his moral support has helped me more than he is aware.

A.S.

University of North Carolina

ROMAN LITERATURE
in Translation



Roman Puritanism and Greek Culture

THIRD AND SECOND CENTURIES B.C.



The Roman people had already won an important place in the progress of civilization before their literature reached a stage worthy of consideration. Not until they came in contact with the Greek life in southern Italy and in Sicily did they lend themselves seriously to the cultivation of the fine arts. Before that time they had been busy making a state, fighting for a place in the sun, organizing, building. There are evidences of the beginnings of a native literature before the Greek contact—such as ballad songs of heroes, hymns to the gods, treaties, calendar records, etc.—but these were fostered more as necessary accompaniments of the business of life than as artistic expression, and were no doubt exceedingly crude. What direction the further development of these beginnings would have assumed, what progress would have been made, are matters of pure speculation. The determining factor for Roman literature, as well as for the other fine arts, was the Greek influence. The Greek achievements had reached and passed their zenith and stood at the disposal of all who were to follow. Not until Rome had made herself mistress of all southern Italy in the middle of the third century B.C., indeed not until the pressure of Carthage had been removed half a century later, did she find time to turn her attention to this great heritage. When she did, she found the forms ready-made, the methods and principles thoroughly established, the values fixed. The practical Roman began by translating, then passed on to adaptation to his own life, and came only gradually to the full appreciation of the possibilities of self-expression.

This transplanting of a foreign culture brought problems in its wake. Greek life was not Roman life, Greek standards differed from Roman standards, Greek aims and ambitions and enterprises did not satisfy Roman aspirations. There developed countercurrents in art, some running freely with the stream of Greek culture, some fighting against it. In general this struggle was a wholesome thing, for it enabled the Roman artist to take the benefit of the foreign culture without at the same time sacrificing his own ideas and needs. Roman literature is at all times imitative of Greek in one respect or another, but it is also a very different thing from the Greek.

I. THE TRANSPLANTING OF GREEK CULTURE

The New Comedy of Menander and his school transplanted to Rome was known as *fabula palliata*, so called because the players appeared dressed in the Greek pallium. The subject matter, the setting, the characters, the form were Greek. The Romans probably began by merely translating. But the Greek plays as a rule were not lively enough for Roman audiences, and the playwrights soon discovered that they could enrich them by combining material taken from two or more Greek originals. This practice was known as contamination.

THE BRAGGART SOLDIER

PLAUTUS

The greatest representative of the palliata was Titus Maccius Plautus (about 254 to 184 B.C.). He was a native of Sarsina in Umbria, but came early to Rome. Because of his poverty he was under the necessity of doing manual labor as a stage-carpenter, but somehow was able to educate himself and to find time to write. He is thought to have written more than a hundred plays; extant are twenty more or less complete ones and fragments of another. His tendency was to depart more and more freely from his literary models in the direction of a comedy drawn from Roman life.

This play by Plautus, as well as the one by Terence which follows, has been paraphrased rather than strictly translated. The departure from the original occurs nowhere in action or thought, but merely in some of the phraseology.

Cast of Characters

PYRGOPOLYNICES, a soldier	PHILOCOMASium, a girl in love with
ARTOTROGUS, his hanger-on	PLEUSICLES in the hands of PYR-
PALÆSTRIO, slave of Pleusicles	GOPOLYNICES
PERIPLECTOMENUS, an old gentleman	ACROTELEUTIUM, a courtesan
SCELEDRUS, slave of PYRGOPOLY-	MILPHIDIPPA, a maid of ACROTE-
NICES	LEUTIUM
PLEUSICLES, a young man of Athens	CARIO, a cook
LUCRIO, slave of PYRGOPOLYNICES	OTHER SLAVES

SCENE: A street in Ephesus before the adjoining houses of PYRGOPOLYNICES and PERIPLECTOMENUS.

ACT I

PYRGOPOLYNICES. See to it that my shield shines brighter than the rays of the sun on a clear day so that when I need it in the thick of the fight

it may dazzle the eyes of the enemy in the line. I would like to console this sword of mine so that it won't become despondent at so long a vacation, when all it's dying for is to make hash of the enemy. But where is Artotrogus?

ARTOTROGUS. Why he's standing right beside a brave and lucky man—a 5
man as handsome as a king. As to being a fighter, even Mars wouldn't dare boast he's as good a fighter as you.

PYR. And didn't I save the life of that fellow of Mars on Weevil Field where Bombasto Furioso, son of Clutomistaridysarchus was commander—a direct descendant of Neptune? 10

ART. I remember. He's the one in golden armor, whose men you scattered just by blowing on them—like leaves in the wind.

PYR. Oh, that was nothing.

ART. Nothing's right compared to other things I could mention... (*aside*) which you haven't done either. If anybody ever saw a bigger liar than 15
this man, he can have me—I'll be his slave. But there's one thing—he sets a good table.

PYR. Where are you?

ART. Right here. (*To PYRGOPOLYNICES.*) Or that time in India when you smashed an elephant's arm with your bare fist? 20

PYR. What do you mean, arm?

ART. I meant to say thigh.

PYR. Oh, that was just a slight tap.

ART. If you had really been trying, it would have been too bad for the elephant's shin and guts and neck as well. 25

PYR. Enough of that now.

ART. There's no need to tell of all your exploits since I know them all well. (*Aside.*) My stomach causes me all these troubles. I have to use my ears to give my teeth a bite. I have to back up any lie he tells.

PYR. What was I talking about? 30

ART. Oh yes, I know what you meant to say. It's an absolute fact. I was there when it happened.

PYR. When what happened?

ART. Whatever it was.

PYR. Have you got . . . ? 35

ART. You want writing tablets? I have them and a pen, too.

PYR. You always know what I am thinking.

ART. It's my job to know you well enough to smell out what you want before you say anything.

PYR. And what was it you remembered? 40

ART. This: 150 in Cilicia—100 in Scytholatronia, 30 Sardians—60 Macedonians—that is, just the ones you killed in one day.

PYR. How many is that altogether?

ART. 7000.

PYR. That's about right. Your addition is good. 45

ART. I don't have it written down, but that's what I remember.

PYR. By Pollux, you have a fine memory!

ART. Food helps it.

PYR. If you do as well as you've done up to now, you'll never have to worry about eating; you can eat with me.

ART. What about the time in Cappadocia when you would have killed 500 at one stroke if your sword hadn't been dull?

5 PYR. I let them live because they were just poor foot-soldiers.

ART. Why should I tell you what everybody knows, that you are the one and only Pyrgopolynices . . . incomparable in bravery, looks and accomplishments. Every woman loves you . . . and no wonder . . . since you are so handsome. Those two who actually grabbed me by the shirt
10 yesterday . . .

PYR. What did they say to you?

ART. They kept asking about you. "Is that Achilles?" asked one of them. "No," I said, "that's his brother." The other one says, "By Castor, that explains why he is so good-looking. Look at his hair. The
15 girls who get him are certainly lucky!"

PYR. And what was the upshot?

ART. Why both of them begged me to parade you by them today.

PYR. It's awful to be so handsome.

ART. You're right there. Those two are a nuisance; they keep coming to
20 me, begging and pleading just to be given a glimpse of you. They bother me so that I can't even attend to your affairs.

PYR. Well, it's about time to go to the Forum and pay the soldiers I recruited yesterday. King Seleucus asked me to do my best to get him men. I have decided to work on that today.

25 ART. Come on, let's go.

PYR. Follow me, orderlies.

ACT II

Enter PALÆSTRIO from the house of PYRGOPOLYNICES.

PAL. I will be glad to tell you the plot of this play to follow, if you will be courteous enough to pay attention. If anybody doesn't want to listen he ought to give up his seat to somebody that does. Now, you are sitting
30 here in this theater for a comedy which we are about to put on, whose name and plot I'll give you. The name of the comedy in Greek is *Alazon*, which means "Boastful" in Latin. The town is Ephesus. That soldier who just left for the Forum is my master—he's a boastful, brazen stinker, a master of lying and laying.—According to him, all
35 the women run after him. Wherever he goes, everybody makes fun of him. The girls here lead him on with their lips, but they are the ones who are not much fun to kiss.

I haven't been in his service long. I would like you to know how I came to him from my former master. Now, pay attention; I am
40 beginning the plot:

I had a fine young man as master in Athens. He was desperately in love with a girl in Athens and she with him. (That's the best kind of love affair.) He was made an ambassador to Naupactus on a matter of

importance to the state. While he was away Pyrgopolynices came by chance to Athens and wormed his way in to see the girl, and began to butter up her mother with wine and jewelry and costly gifts till he got in good with the old bawd. But as soon as there was a good chance he played a trick on the old bitch, mother of my master's woman. He put her daughter on a ship without the mother's knowing it and brought the girl against her will to Ephesus. 5

As soon as I learned that my master's girl had been taken away from Athens I took the first ship I could find, to bring the news to my master at Naupactus. When we were on the high seas, fate overtook us. Pirates captured the ship. So I didn't get a chance to bring the news to my master. The man who captured me made a gift of me to Pyrgopolynices. He took me home with him here, where I saw my master's girl. When she saw me she signaled to me not to call her by name. But later when she had an opportunity of speaking, she poured out all her woes. She said she wanted to run away home from here, that she still loved the man who had been my master and that she hated nobody more than this soldier. 10 15

When I learned the girl's feelings, I wrote a letter and gave it to a merchant to take to my master, telling him if he still loved her to come here. He took the message seriously; for he came and is now staying next door with a friend of his father's, a very fine old man who has taken the side of his guest and is helping him with every sort of encouragement. 20

Now I have cooked up a fine scheme to bring the lovers together: The soldier has given the girl a room which no one can get to except the girl herself. In the wall of this room I have cut a hole which makes a secret passage between this house and the one next door. The old man knows about it—in fact it was his idea. There's a fellow servant of mine—no good at all—who has been assigned by the soldier to guard the girl. We are going to pull the wool over his eyes with some subtle scheming and fancy footwork; when we finish he won't know what he sees or doesn't see. And just so that you won't be fooled later, one girl is going to play the part of two—one in each house—but she will be the same girl, pretending to be the other. That's what's going to fool the guard. 25 30 35

But I hear the door opening. Here comes the old man himself—that's the smart and friendly old man that I was talking about.

PERIPLECTOMENUS (*to slave within*). By Hercules, if you don't hamstring anybody else you see on the roof, I'll have your hide. To think that my neighbors know what's going on in my house by looking through the skylight. If you see anybody at all from the soldier's house on our roof, except Palæstrius alone, throw him down into the street—even if he should say he's trying to catch a cock or a dove or a monkey; if you don't fix him properly, you're a dead duck. 40

PAL. (*aside*). From what I hear, something rotten's been going on in our house—his orders were so strict. But he left me out of it. So I don't care what he does to the others. I'll see what he says. 45

PERI. Isn't that Palæstrius coming?

PAL. How are you, Periplectomenus?

PERI. Even if I had my wish there are few men I'd rather run into now than you.

PAL. What is it? Why are you angry at someone in our house?

5 PERI. We're sunk.

PAL. What's up?

PERI. It's all quite clear.

PAL. What's clear?

10 PERI. Someone from your house has been looking into our house from the roof and has seen Philocomasium and my guest kissing.

PAL. Who saw it?

PERI. A fellow slave of yours.

PAL. Which one?

PERI. I don't know; he went away so quickly.

15 PAL. (*aside*). I guess I'm done for.

PERI. As he went away, I shouted at him. "Hey, there," I said. "What are you doing on the roof?" He answered me as he ran that he "was chasing a monkey."

PAL. (*aside*). Good Lord! To catch hell on account of a no-good animal.

20 (*Aloud.*) But is Philocomasium still there?

PERI. She was when I left.

PAL. Please go and ask her to come here as fast as she can so that everybody may see her at home, unless she wants all us slaves to be elected to the Order of the Cross.

25 PERI. I've already told her. Anything else?

PAL. Yes. Tell her this; that she must remember she's a woman and that she should use all their tricks and training.

PERI. What do you mean by that?

30 PAL. She must, by her words, make the slave who saw her think that he didn't see her; even if he saw her a hundred times, she must say it's not so. She has a big mouth, a ready tongue, she's shrewd and sly, brassy and confident—self-assured, stubborn and deceitful. If anyone accuses her, she's to outtalk him, and on oath. She has an adequate supply of tricks on hand; she is false-speaking, false-acting, false-swearing; she's a master of smooth acts and lies. No evil woman needs
35 to go to market for vices; she has them home-grown.

PERI. I'll tell her all of this. But what are you thinking about, Palæstrio? What's the matter?

40 PAL. Just keep quiet a moment while I get my thoughts in order and decide what to do—what trick I can play on my tricky fellow servant, the one who caught her in the act of kissing, to make him think that he never saw what he saw.

45 PERI. Well, go ahead. I'll move away from you here for a while. (*To the audience.*) Please notice how he stands there frowning, full of care, and thinking. He's tapping his chest with his fingers. I believe he's about to call out his intelligence. Look, he's turning around. He's put his left hand on his thigh and he's using his right hand to count. He's hitting his right thigh. Quite a blow! He's trying hard to decide what to do.

He cracks his fingers; he's sweating. He keeps changing position—look at him now; he's shaking his head. He doesn't like what he's hit upon. Whatever it'll be, it won't be half-baked, but well done. Look at him now—he's a building, putting a pillar to support his chin (*PALÆSTRIO is resting his chin on his hand.*) . . . Now that's a fine pose, graceful and like an actor. He'll not stop this day until he finds what he's looking for. I believe he's got it! (*To PALÆSTRIO.*) Come, stay awake, don't fall asleep unless you prefer to stand watch here, kept wide awake with a few whacks. Say, were you drunk yesterday—hey, I'm speaking to you, Palæstrio. Wake up, I say, get up, it's morning. 5 10

PAL. I'm listening.

PERI. Don't you see that the enemy is laying siege to your rear? Plan your strategy, get your equipment, get reinforcements for the battle. You must act quickly now, not calmly; in some way get around them—lead your army to their rear using a by-pass; bring help to our side and get ready for a siege; cut off the enemy from supplies, fortify your own supply lines so that equipment and materiel can come safely to your men. Now is the time for speed. If you'd say you'd take charge, I am confident that we could destroy the enemy. 15

PAL. All right. I'll take charge. 20

PERI. Well, then, you'll get what you want.

PAL. May Jupiter bless you.

PERI. Would you let me in on your scheme?

PAL. (*grandly*). Keep quiet while I take you into the region of my cogitations so that you may know my plans as well as I do. 25

PERI. You'll get them back as good as when you give them.

PAL. Well, my master has the hide of an elephant, not his own skin. He's as stupid as a stone.

PERI. That's not news to me.

PAL. Now this is the plan, this is the trick I've worked out—to say that Philocomasium's twin sister has arrived from Athens with her own lover and that she and Philocomasium are as like one another as peas in a pod. I'll say that they are your guests, too. 30

PERI. Fine, that's very fine. I like your plan.

PAL. And if that fellow-slave of mine tells the soldier that he saw her kissing another man, I'll say that he saw the other girl—the twin kissing and hugging her own lover. 35

PERI. That's an excellent idea; and if the soldier asks me I'll say the same thing.

PAL. But be sure to tell him that they are very much alike, and Philocomasium must be told in case the soldier questions her. 40

PERI. That's a very clever trick, but what'll we do if the soldier wants to see them both at once?

PAL. Oh, that's easy. A thousand reasons can be found: She's not at home, she's gone out, she's asleep, she's dressing, bathing, eating, drinking; she's busy, she can't be bothered, she just can't. There are as many excuses as you want, provided only we can get him on the right path so that he will think that our lies are the truth. 45

PERI. I approve of everything you say.

PAL. Go inside then and if she's there tell her to go home at once—make it quite clear so that she will get the idea about her twin sister.

PERI. I'll see that she is completely instructed; anything else?

5 PAL. Just go ahead.

PERI. I'm going. (*Exit.*)

PAL. And I'm going in too and find out subtly who the man was who chased the monkey today and thereby help the old man. He must have talked to the other slaves today and told them that he saw the master's
10 girl friend kissing a strange young man in the next house. I know them. "I can't keep a secret all by myself," they say. If I find the one who saw it, I'll lay siege to him. Everything's ready. But if I don't find him, I'll go sniffing like a hunting dog until I track down the fox. But somebody's coming out of the door. I'll lower my voice. It's my fellow slave,
15 Philocomasium's guard.

Enter SCELEDRUS.

SCELEDRUS. Unless I've been walking in my sleep today I am absolutely sure that from the roof I saw my master's girl friend here, Philocomasium, doing something she shouldn't.

PAL. (*aside*). I just heard him say that he was the one who saw her
20 kissing.

SC. Who's that?

PAL. Your fellow-slave, Sceledrus. How're you doing?

SC. I'm certainly glad to run into you, Palæstrio.

PAL. What's up? What's the news? Tell me!

25 SC. I'm afraid.

PAL. Of what?

SC. That every one of us slaves is running into the very worst sort of trouble.

PAL. You run alone then. I want nothing to do with running into or
30 away from anything.

SC. Maybe you don't know what awful thing has come up at our house.

PAL. What awful thing?

SC. An indecent thing.

PAL. Keep it to yourself; don't tell me; I don't want to know about it.

35 SC. You've got to know about it. Today I ran up on the roof after our monkey.

PAL. By Pollux, Sceledrus—a no-count man running after a no-count beast.

SC. To hell with you!

40 PAL. Since you've started you might as well go ahead and tell your story.

SC. Just by chance I looked down through the skylight into the house next door—and I saw Philocomasium kissing some other young man.

PAL. What a rotten thing to say, Sceledrus.

SC. I saw it, I tell you,

45 PAL. You, yourself?

SC. With my own two eyes.

PAL. Go on, you neither saw it nor speak the truth.

SC. Do you think I'm blind?

PAL. Ask a doctor about that. But the gods help you if you keep on with that story. You are running the risk of your life; if you don't cut out speaking such foolishness you'll be tortured to death not once but twice. 5

SC. Why twice?

PAL. Well, I'll tell you. First, if you accuse Philocomasium falsely, you'll be punished for that; but if it is true and you were her guard, you'll be punished anyhow.

SC. What'll happen to me I don't know, but I certainly know what I saw. 10

PAL. Are you going to be stubborn, you poor fool?

SC. What should I say except what I saw? She's next door right now.

PAL. You mean she's not at home?

SC. Go ahead in and see for yourself. I don't ask you to believe me any longer. 15

PAL. That's what I intend to do. (*Exit.*)

SC. I'll wait for you here and at the same time I'll make a trap for her as soon as the filly returns from the pasture. . . . What'll I do now? The soldier made me her guard. If I tell on her, I'm done for; if I keep quiet, I'm done for anyway. Is there anything bolder or worse than a woman! While I was on the roof she went out of her host's house. By Pollux, what a break she made. If the soldier knew, he would raise the roof and somebody here would suffer. But, by Hercules, I'd rather keep quiet than run the risk. I can't be responsible for watching a woman who keeps slipping out to a man. 25

Re-enter PALÆSTRIO.

PAL. Sceledrus, Sceledrus, what man in all the world has more gall than you? Who was born under more unlucky stars?

SC. What are you talking about?

PAL. Do you want someone to put out your eyes, those eyes which see something that never happened? 30

SC. What do you mean, "never happened"?

PAL. I wouldn't give a fig for your life.

SC. What's up?

PAL. You ask, "What's up"?

SC. Why shouldn't I ask? 35

PAL. You wouldn't want that tattling tongue of yours torn out, would you?

SC. Why would I?

PAL. This is why. Philocomasium is at home. You said you saw her next door hugging and kissing some other man. 40

SC. It's a funny thing that you live on cabbage when carrots are so cheap.

PAL. What do you mean by that?

SC. Because you're blind in one eye.

PAL. You're blind in both eyes, not one, . . . she's at home right now.

SC. At home? 45

PAL. That's what I said, at home.

SC. Go on. You're playing with me.

PAL. Then my hands are filthy.

SC. How so?

PAL. Because I've been playing with filth.

5 SC. To hell with you.

PAL. That's where you'll end up, Sceledrus, if you don't change your eyes and your tune. But the door just opened.

SC. Well, I'm going to watch the outside of this door; there's no way for her to get from here to there except straight through this door.

10 PAL. But can't you see she's at home? I don't know what's eating you, Sceledrus.

SC. I see for myself, I think for myself, and I trust myself more than anybody else. No one will make me think she is not in this house, and I'm going to stand right here so that she can't get out when I'm not
15 looking.

PAL. (*aside*). I've got him going now—now I'll take the props out from under him. (*To SCELEDRUS.*) Do you want me to convince you that what you saw is silly?

SC. Go ahead, do it.

20 PAL. And that you don't use your eyes or your head either?

SC. Go ahead.

PAL. You say that the master's girl is there?

SC. Yes. And I say I saw her kissing another man in there.

PAL. You know that there is no passage between the houses?

25 SC. I do.

PAL. No balcony, or gardens—no way except the skylight?

SC. That's right.

PAL. Then if she's at home, if I let you see her coming out of her own house, will you admit that you ought to be horsewhipped?

30 SC. That's right.

PAL. Watch that door so she can't slip by you and get to our house.

SC. That's my idea.

PAL. Well, I'll have her here in the street before you in a little bit. (*Exit.*)

SC. Go ahead. (*To himself.*) I'd like to know whether I actually saw her
35 or if he is right and she is at home. I've got my own eyes and don't have to borrow any. But that fellow leeches on her; he keeps next to her; he is called to meals first and eats first. He's only been in our service a couple of years and he's got the softest spot in the whole house. But I've got to keep my eye on the door. I'll stand in front of it; and I
40 won't be taken in this time.

Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIU from the house of PYRGOPOLYNICES.

PAL. (*To PHILOCOMASIU*). See that you remember what I told you.

PHIL. I am surprised that you tell me so many times.

PAL. Well, I'm afraid you won't be sufficiently deceptive.

PHIL. Give me ten good girls and I could give them my vices and have
45 plenty to spare.

PAL. It's time now to use a few. I'll keep out of your way. Hey, Sceledrus.

SC. I'm busy. I have ears; say what you want. (*He doesn't turn around.*)

PAL. You have just the right stance for carrying your cross to your own execution.

SC. What makes you say that?

PAL. Just look to your left. Who is that woman?

5

SC. Ye gods! It's my master's girl.

PAL. Yes. So it seems to me, too. Come on, get ready . . .

SC. For what?

PAL. To say your prayers.

PHIL. Where is that fine servant who falsely accuses me of indecent conduct?

10

PAL. Right there. He's the one who told me what I told you.

PHIL. Did you say you saw me next door kissing somebody, you wretch?

PAL. He said it was some strange man.

SC. That's what I said.

15

PHIL. You saw *me*?

SC. With my own eyes.

PHIL. I don't think you're going to have them long since they see more than they see.

SC. Nobody, by Hercules, will scare me out of seeing what I've seen.

20

PHIL. It's silly to waste time talking with a fool who's going to lose his head.

SC. Don't threaten me. I'm sure death by torture will be my end. That's how all my ancestors—father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather—ended up. You can't dig my eyes out with threats. But can I have a few words with you, Palæstrio? (*To PALÆSTRIO.*) Tell me how she got here.

25

PAL. How do you think—except out of her own door?

SC. Her own door?

PAL. Can you see me?

30

SC. Yes, I can see you. But it still seems strange to me how she could get from here to there. There's no sun porch in our house, no garden, and all the windows have bars. But I certainly (*to PHILOCOMASIU*M) saw you in here.

PAL. Do you keep on accusing her, you fool?

35

PHIL. By Castor, the dream I had last night has come true then!

PAL. What did you dream?

PHIL. I'll tell you; but please pay close attention. Last night in my dream my twin sister seemed to have come here from Athens with her own young man and they both seemed to be visiting next door.

40

PAL. (*aside*). That's Palæstrio's dream. (*Aloud.*) Go on.

PHIL. I was happy that my sister had come, but because of her, great suspicion was thrown upon me; my slave seemed to accuse me, just as you are now doing, of kissing another man, when it was really my twin sister kissing her lover. I dreamed that he accused me falsely.

45

PAL. And the same thing that you dreamed came true? By Hercules, what a timely dream! (*To SCELEDRUS.*) You better go in and pray. I think that we ought to tell Pyrgopolynices.

PHIL. You're quite right. I won't tolerate being falsely accused . . . (*Exit.*)

SC. I am afraid of what I stirred up; my back is already aching.

PAL. You know you're sunk, don't you?

SC. Well, I know that she's at home now; it's a sure thing that I'm going
5 to keep a close eye on the door now, wherever she is.

PAL. But what you imagined—that you saw her kissing—certainly corresponded to what she dreamed . . .

SC. I don't know what to believe now—so (*faltering*) what I believe I saw I no longer think I really saw.

10 PAL. You better not be too late in coming to your senses. If this gets to the master, you'll be a dead duck.

SC. I know now: I had something in my eyes.

PAL. By Pollux, that ought to be clear enough to you now; she's inside where she always has been.

15 SC. I don't know what to say; I didn't see her, even though I did.

PAL. By Pollux! You almost ruined us with your foolishness; just because you wanted to be faithful to your master, you almost fixed yourself for good. But there's someone coming out next door. I'll keep quiet.

Enter PHILOCOMASIVM from the house of PERIPLECTOMENUS.

PHIL. (*to servant within*). Then build a fire on the altar; I want to give
20 thanks to Ephesian Diana and pay my respects with Arabian incense. She kept me safe in Neptune's turbulent kingdom when I was tossed about in the savage seas.

SC. (*he has been listening*). Palæstriō, O Palæstriō.

PAL. O Sceledrus, Sceledrus. What do you want?

25 SC. That woman who just came out—is she my master's girl or not?

PAL. By Hercules, I think so; but it's a wonderful thing how she got from there to here, if she is one and the same.

SC. You don't doubt it, do you?

PAL. Well, she seems to be.

30 SC. Let's go and talk to her. Hey there, Philocomasium, what's up? What are you doing in that house? Why don't you say something? I'm talking to you.

PAL. You're wrong there; you're talking to yourself. She isn't answering.

SC. I'm speaking to you, you shameless slut, always running around to
35 see the neighbors.

PHIL. Who are you talking to?

SC. You—who else?

PHIL. And who are you and what do you have to do with me?

SC. You're asking me who I am?

40 PHIL. Why shouldn't I ask, since I don't know?

PAL. Who am I then, if you don't know him?

PHIL. I hate you both, whoever you are.

SC. You really don't know us?

PHIL. Neither one of you.

45 SC. I'm really getting scared . . .

PAL. Scared of what?

SC. That we've lost ourselves somewhere, since she knows neither of us.

PAL. I'd like to find out whether we are ourselves or two other people; maybe somebody changed us without our knowing about it.

SC. Well, I know I am myself.

PAL. And, by Pollux, I haven't changed, either.

5

SC. Woman, you're looking for trouble. Hey, Philocomasium, I'm talking to you.

PHIL. What sort of a fit are you having—you keep calling me by the wrong name.

PAL. What should we call you?

10

PHIL. By my name.

PAL. What is your name, then?

PHIL. Dicæa.

SC. You are wrong to call yourself by a false name, and besides you are being false to my master.

15

PHIL. Me?

SC. Yes, you.

PHIL. Why I just came to Ephesus yesterday with my sweetheart, an Athenian.

SC. Tell me what business you have in Ephesus.

20

PHIL. I heard that my twin sister was here. I came to see her.

SC. You're certainly the clever one.

PHIL. No, but I'm a big fool to stand here talking with you. Goodbye.

SC. I won't let you go.

PHIL. Let me go.

25

SC. You're caught. I won't let you go.

PHIL. I'll slap your face if you don't let go of me. (*They struggle.*)

SC. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). Why are you just standing there? Take her other arm.

PAL. I don't intend to expose my back to trouble; how do I know if she is not Philocomasium but somebody just like her?

30

PHIL. Are you going to let me go or not?

SC. Unless you go willingly, I'll drag you home.

PHIL. This is just my host's house; my home is in Athens, and my master.

This house means nothing to me and I don't even know who you are.

35

SC. Take it to court. You won't get away until you swear that you will go into your own home here when I let you go.

PHIL. Whoever you are, you're forcing me; I'll give my word that I will go in there, where you tell me to, if you let me go.

SC. All right, go ahead then. (*He lets go.*)

40

PHIL. Now that I can, I'm going in the house that I want to. (*Darts into the house of PERIPLECTOMENUS.*)

SC. Just like a woman.

PAL. You let your prey slip through your fingers, Sceledrus. She is certainly the master's girl. Do you want to do something right away?

45

SC. What can I do?

PAL. Go get me my sword.

SC. What are you going to do with it?

PAL. I'll rush into the house, and if I see anybody kissing Philocomasium I'll cut his head off.

SC. Do you think she's really Philocomasium?

PAL. There's no doubt about it.

5 SC. She certainly did a good job of pretending.

PAL. Go on and get me the sword.

SC. Right away. (*Goes into the house of Pyrgopolynices.*)

10 PAL. There's no combat soldier who can equal a woman in boldness or act as calmly as she can. She acted both parts beautifully; and she has completely fooled my fellow servant, that gullible guard. It's wonderful what's been going on in that passage between the houses.

SC. (*coming out of the house*). Say, Palæstrio, we don't need a sword.

PAL. What's up now?

SC. Why, my master's girl is at home now.

15 PAL. At home?

SC. She's there, lying down.

PAL. If what you say is true, you've certainly got yourself in a fix.

SC. What do you mean?

PAL. Because you were fool enough to put your hands on the girl next door.

20 SC. By Hercules, I'm scared!

PAL. She must be the twin sister—the one you saw kissing here.

SC. You must be right. By Pollux, suppose I had told the master—I'd really be in bad shape.

25 PAL. If you've got any sense, you'd keep quiet; a slave ought to know better than to talk. I'm going away; I don't want to get mixed up with you in this mess. I'll go to the neighbor's here. If the master wants me, I'll be here—come and call me. (*Exit.*)

SC. So he's gone and cares no more about my master's welfare than if he weren't his slave. There's no doubt that the girl is in the house now;

30 I just found her at home lying down. But now I must watch more carefully.

PERI. (*enters from his house*). These men, the servants of the soldier next door, take me for a woman, not a man. They make all kinds of fun of me. To think that my guest, a well-born free woman, has been 35 so treated and trifled with!

SC. By Hercules, I'm certainly in a fix. He's coming straight at me and I can smell real trouble, from what I heard the old man say.

PERI. I'll go up to the fellow. Aren't you Sceledrus, the numskull scoundrel who insulted my guest just now right in front of my house?

40 SC. Neighbor, please listen to me.

PERI. Why should I listen to you?

SC. I want to explain.

PERI. Is there any explanation you can possibly make for doing such a dreadful thing? Because you're a born scoundrel do you think you can 45 get away with anything you like, you viper?

SC. Please let me say something.

PERI. So help me, if I don't have you flogged for an entire day—from morning until night!—You tore up my roof when you were looking for

that monkey of yours, and then you eavesdropped on my guest in my own house when he was making love to his sweetheart, and then you had the gall to accuse your master's girl, a fine young lady, of a shameful thing, and then you manhandled my guest before my very door; and if I don't see you properly punished it will be worse for your master 5 than if he were in a storm at sea.

SC. I am down to such a low point, Periplectomenus, that I don't know whether I should even argue with you or if I should only apologize, since I don't really know now what I saw; she is so like our girl, if she isn't really the same. 10

PERI. Go in my house and you will find out.

SC. You really want me to go in?

PERI. You'd better. And take a good look at her.

SC. I'll do that. (*Goes into PERIPLECTOMENUS' house.*)

PERI. (*at the next house*). Hey, Philocomasium, come here right now; 15 it's important. And as soon as Sceledrus has left my place, run back to your own house. By Pollux! I hope she doesn't make a mess of everything. If he doesn't find the girl there—but somebody is coming out.

SC. (*re-enters*). By heavens, she is so like the other girl—even more like her than she is like herself—I didn't think even the gods themselves 20 could do that.

PERI. What have you to say for yourself now?

SC. I deserve whatever I get.

PERI. Is she the same one or not?

SC. Even if she is, she isn't. 25

PERI. Is she the same girl that you saw?

SC. Yes—I saw her and your guest making love.

PERI. But which girl is she?

SC. I don't know for sure.

PERI. Do you want to find out for certain? 30

SC. I really do.

PERI. Well, go into your own house and see if your girl is there.

SC. All right; that's very good advice. I'll be right back. (*Exit.*)

PERI. I have never seen a man more roundly and completely fooled—but here he comes. 35

SC. (*re-enters*). Periplectomenus, I beg you in the name of the gods and of me and of my own stupidity, and by your pity—

PERI. What do you beg of me?

SC. Forgive my foolishness and stupidity. I know now that I am brainless, blind, and addled. I just saw Philocomasium in there. 40

PERI. Well, you scamp, did you see both of them?

SC. I did.

PERI. I want you to go tell your master.

SC. Please, I confess I deserve the worst sort of punishment and that I have done an injury to your guest. But I thought she was my master's 45 girl—the one my master told me to guard. Two drops of water from the same well couldn't be more alike than those two are. And I admit I looked through your skylight.

PERI. You really admit it now, when I caught you in the act? And you saw my guests kissing each other?

SC. I saw it. Why should I deny it? But I thought it was Philocomasium that I saw.

5 PERI. You must think me pretty low if I would allow such things to go on in my own house at the expense of my neighbor.

SC. When I think it all over, I know I acted like a fool; but it wasn't from malice. My intentions were not bad.

PERI. No, but you presumed. A slave ought to keep his hands, eyes, and
10 tongue at the service of his master, and under control.

SC. If after this I ever so much as whisper—even what I know to be the truth—then have me tortured. I'll give myself up to your hands. But please pardon me this once.

PERI. Well, I'd be lying if I said I didn't think you have done a very bad
15 thing. But I'll let it go.

SC. The gods bless you.

PERI. Well, by Hercules, you better hold your tongue if you want the gods to bless you. After this you better not know what you know or see what you see.

20 SC. That's good advice and I'll do what you say. But have you said all you wanted to?

PERI. You can go now.

SC. You are sure there's nothing else?

PERI. Yes, one thing. Act as if you didn't know me.

25 SC. (*aside*). That's just talk—his forgiving me so easily. I know what he will do: as soon as my master comes back from the Forum, I'll be caught at home. He and Palæstrius think they've got me backed against a wall. I've known that for a long time. But I won't fall for that line today. I'll run off and hide for several days until everything blows over;
30 I've done enough to make everybody mad at me. But I'd better go now. (*Exit.*)

PERI. He's run off. He's got no more sense than a stuck pig. He believes now that he didn't see what he saw. His eyes, and ears, and brains are now in our hands. We've done pretty well up to this point. The girl
35 certainly put on a good act. I'd better go back to the meeting now—Palæstrius is at home and Sceledrus is not; we can get a quorum; I'll go inside so that nothing will be voted without me.

ACT III

Enter PALÆSTRIO from the house of PERIPLECTOMENUS.

PAL. Stay inside a little while longer, Pleusicles. Let me look out and see that nobody is spying on us to find out what our strategy is. We need
40 a safe position where no enemy can take advantage of our plans. A plan is worthless if it helps the enemy too; and if it helps them it will be bound to hurt us. Very often a good plan is stolen if the place of planning is not chosen with care and caution—if the enemy learns of your plan,

he holds your hands and ties your tongue and they do to you what you wanted to do to them. I'll look around to see that there is no hunter who can come upon our conference with long-eared nets. The coast is entirely clear; I'll call them out. Hey, Periplectomenus and Pleusicles, you can come out now. (*They enter.*)

5

PERI. Here we are at your command.

PAL. It's easy to command good men; but I want to know this: is this the same plan that we were talking about inside?

PERI. I don't know a better one for what we want.

PAL. What do you think, Pleusicles?

10

PL. Why should I object to what you two agree on?

PAL. That's a pretty speech.

PERI. It's nice of him to make it, all the same.

PL. This thing makes me miserable and rends my soul and body.

PERI. What does? Tell me.

15

PL. That I should burden a man of your years with infantile matters unsuited to your dignity and character. That I should expect you for my sake alone to help me in my love affair and do things that men of your age are accustomed to avoid even if they indulged in them before. I am ashamed of causing this concern to you in your old age.

20

PAL. That's a new kind of love, Pleusicles. If you are ashamed of anything you do, you are not a lover but only the pale reflection of one.

PL. But why should I disturb him at his age for the sake of my love affair?

PERI. What are you talking about? Do I seem so near death to you—one foot in the grave? Do you think, then, that I have lived too long already? I'm only fifty-four; I've still got good eyesight, nimble hands, and my feet don't drag.

25

PAL. He may have white hair, but his spirit is far from old. His inborn character has not left him.

30

PL. I agree with what you say entirely, Palæstrio; his kindness is surely not hoary with age.

PERI. And I can tell you, my guest, that the more you test me the kinder you will find me in your love affair.

PL. WHY do I need to test the obvious?

35

PERI. So that you can prove it by your own experience and not from someone else. The man who has never been in love has a hard time understanding the lover. And I still have some sap in this old body and I haven't lost all relish for the pleasures of the flesh; I can still wield a wicked tongue and I am a pleasant enough companion at dinner and I don't throw cold water on another's good time. I still remember how to keep from saying too much at a party, and when I've finished what I want to say I let someone else say his piece. I don't spit on the floor or keep clearing my throat. And my nose doesn't run. My manners are pretty good.

40

PAL. (*aside*). What a grand old man, if he's half as good as he says he is. It's obvious that he was brought up at the breast of Venus herself.

PERI. You will find me even better at the graces of love than I say. At a

party I never touch anybody else's girl and I don't grab the hors d'œuvres or try to get a drink before anybody else. I never get quarrelsome when I'm drunk and if anybody annoys me I just go home; I take myself out of the discussion. At dinner I try to act pleasantly and

5 use tact.

PAL. Everything about you shows your breeding. I'd pay their weight in gold for three men like you.

PL. You'll never find another man of his age who is pleasanter to deal with or who is kinder to his friends.

10 PERI. You'll have to admit that in my way I am just a youngster and you can count on my help in any situation. Do you need a lawyer, stern and forbidding?—Well, here he is. Do you need a gentle one? I can be as soft as the silent sea or gentler than the spraying west wind. I can be the gayest party boy and good-time fellow. I can outdance any

15 playboy.

PAL. With all those talents what else would you want, Pleusicles, if you had the choice?

PL. To be able to return to both of you enough gratitude for your kindness to me. (*To PERIPLECTOMENUS.*) It troubles me that I have

20 been such an expense to you.

PERI. Don't be a fool. It's extravagance to spend anything on a bad wife or an enemy. What's spent for a friend and guest is money gained, just as whatever is spent on religious ceremony is counted by the wise man as credit. Thank the gods, I can entertain you adequately at my house; you

25 may eat, drink and have fun in any way you want with me. My house is free and I am a free agent. I like to live my own life. I will say that, thank the gods, I might have married a rich woman and a high-born one—I have enough money for that—but I don't want a nagging bitch in my house.

30 PAL. Why not? Producing children is a pretty pleasant duty.

PERI. I think it is more pleasant to produce your own freedom. It's nice enough to marry a good wife, if you can find one anywhere. But should I marry the woman who would never say to me: "My dear husband, please buy me some wool so I can make you some nice warm clothes

35 so you won't catch cold this winter."—You never hear anything like that from a wife; instead she would wake me up before day to say: "I want some money, my husband, to buy a present for mother on the holiday. I need money for the butcher, for my fortuneteller and my soothsayer; it's a disgrace not to give something to the woman

40 who predicts the future from your eyelashes. And we must have a present for the laundress. And the upholsterer is getting mad because he hasn't been paid in so long. The doctor has been pestering me for money. And aren't you going to give anything to the woman who takes care of the slaves' children?" These and the million other expenses that

45 go along with a wife prevent my marrying anybody who will keep after me with such talk.

PAL. The gods are good to you; for, by Hercules, once you lose your freedom you don't easily find it again. But there is some satisfaction for

a man of goods and fortune to have children—as a monument to himself and his name.

PERI. Why do I need children when I have so many relatives? Now I live happily and just as I please. At my death I shall divide and share my wealth among my relatives. They come around practically at the break of day to see how I am and what I would like. I'd rather have them than children; they send *me* gifts. When they make sacrifices they offer me a larger share than they take themselves. I get invited to lunch and dinner and the one who does the least for me thinks he is the most wretched. They compete in making me presents. I know very well that they are only after my money, but in the meantime I am faring very well indeed.

PAL. Well, you certainly have a good system and you know what's best for you; if you enjoy life, that's better than having twins and triplets.

PERI. By Pollux, if I had had children they would have caused me plenty of trouble. When my son had a fever, I'd think he was dying; and if he got drunk and fell off a horse, I would be afraid that he had broken his neck or at least a leg.

PAL. (*To PLEUSICLES*). He really deserves to be rich and to live a long time, since he keeps an eye on his money, and yet still lives well and even helps his friends.

PL. A fine man. So help me, it was a good thing that the gods fixed it so we don't all live alike. Just the way a good food inspector fixes the prices according to the worth of the article—cutting down the price of inferior merchandise—that's the way the gods should have apportioned human life. The longest life should be given to the nicest people and the scoundrels should lose their lives quickly. If this had been the method, there would have been far fewer mean men in the world, and they wouldn't be so quick to do wrong, and life would be less dear for the good men.

PERI. A man's a fool to pick flaws in the plans of the gods. Let's stop all this sort of talk. I've got to go to the market so that I can receive you in my home as befits both you and me.

PL. I have cost you enough already. No guest can accept such hospitality without becoming a nuisance after three days; after ten days he is more of a nuisance than all the woes recounted in the *Iliad*. Even if the master is glad to have him, the servants grumble under their breath.

PERI. I have trained my servants to act like servants and not to give me orders and get in my way. If my pleasures annoy them, I'm still the master; they have to do what I want, like it or not. But I've got to go on to the market.

PL. Well, if you've got to buy food, don't spend much; anything is all right for me.

PERI. Will you please stop saying that sort of thing again and again? You sound just like an ordinary guest—those that are in the habit of saying, after we have all sat down to dinner: "You shouldn't have gone to all this trouble and expense just for us; have you lost your mind?"

You have enough here for a hundred men." They complain about your buying so much, but they manage to eat it all.

PAL. You're absolutely right. (*To PLEUSICLES.*) He's certainly got a lot of good common sense.

5 PERI. But there is never anybody who will say, however much you have: "Please take this away and remove that dish—I don't like ham; and get rid of that pork; this cold fish will be plenty for me." Not one of them will say anything like that; they put their chins on their plates and stuff it in.

PAL. A perfect description of bad manners.

10 PERI. And that's just a small part of it; there isn't time now to tell you all they do.

PAL. Well, there's something we ought to take up right now and I'd like both of you to listen. I need your help, Periplectomenus. I've thought up a fine scheme to clip our curly-haired soldier and to let our lover
15 here get Philocomasium for himself.

PERI. Let's hear that scheme of yours.

PAL. First let me have that little ring you're wearing.

PERI. Why do you want that?

PAL. I'll tell you when I have it.

20 PERI. Go ahead; here it is.

PAL. Here's the idea I had.

PL. You have our ear.

PAL. My master is the great seducer—there's no one else up to him.

PL. I agree with you.

25 PAL. He brags that he is better-looking than Alexander and that every girl in Ephesus is after him—he thinks he's irresistible to them.

PERI. By Pollux, there are many men who would like for you to be lying about this, but I think you're right in what you say. But go ahead, Palæstrio, and make it brief.

30 PAL. Do you think you could find a good-looking woman who also has sense?

PERI. A freeborn woman or one who has been set free?

PAL. It doesn't matter so long as she is after money and sells herself to keep herself and also has some common sense. I don't ask for
35 intelligence—that's impossible in a woman.

PERI. Do you want a nice girl or one who is not nice?

PAL. She ought to be nice and friendly, but not too friendly.

PERI. I know the very one, a nice little bit, and young. But what do you want her for?

40 PAL. I want you to take her to your home and dress her up like a married woman—let her put her hair up—and let her pretend to be your wife.

PERI. I don't know what you are after.

PAL. You'll see. But has she a maid?

PERI. Yes, a smart little trick.

45 PAL. We'll need her, too. Tell the girl and her servant that they are to play a game; the girl is to pretend to be your wife and desperately in love with the soldier; and she will say that she has given this ring to the maid to give to me to give to the soldier. I will act the part of go-between.

PERI. Stop shouting. My ears are all right.

PAL. I'll give the ring to him and say that it's from your wife who is interested in him. He's just the sort to fall for it, especially since he can't resist any chance for adultery.

PERI. Well, you couldn't possibly find better women for this job than the ones I know. You don't need to worry about them.

PAL. Well, I leave that to you; but you better hurry. Now, Pleusicles, listen to me.

PL. At your service.

PAL. When the soldier comes home, remember not to call Philocomasium by her own name.

PL. What should I call her?

PAL. Dicæa.

PL. That's the name we decided on a while ago.

PAL. That's right. You better get going.

PL. I'll remember; but I don't know why we are doing this.

PAL. I'll tell you later; in the meantime keep quiet. Periplectomenus has his job and then you have yours.

PL. I'll go inside, then.

PAL. And see to it that you do what you are supposed to.

What a stew I'm starting—I'll have things moving fast soon. I'll get the girl away from the soldier today, if my troops are marshaled as they should be. But I'll call Sceledrus out. Hey, Sceledrus, it's Palæestrio. Come out if you are not too busy.

LUCRIO enters drunk.

LUCRIO. Sceledrus can't come out now.

PAL. Why not?

LUC. He's asleep, taking a snort.

PAL. What do you mean "snort"?

LUC. I meant to say "taking a snooze"—snoring; it's all much the same thing—taking a snort—snoring.

PAL. You mean he's asleep in there?

LUC. Well, his nose isn't sleeping—it's making too much noise for that. When he was getting the wine ready for dinner, he sneaked a few—he's acting as butler.

PAL. Well, see here, you're his assistant butler—

LUC. And what's eating you?

PAL. How did he happen to go to sleep just now?

LUC. How does anyone go to sleep? With his eyes—

PAL. I didn't ask you that, you fool. Come here. And you better tell me the truth. Did you get the wine for him?

LUC. No, I didn't.

PAL. You deny it?

LUC. Yes, I deny it, because he wouldn't let me. And neither did I draw off—eight pints into the jug—and he didn't drink it all—too warm for the table.

PAL. You're sure you didn't drink any yourself?

LUC. May the gods destroy me, if I drank—if I could drink any.

PAL. Why not?

LUC. Because I had to gulp it, not drink it—it was too hot—it almost burned my throat.

5 PAL. Some can get drunk and others get only the dregs. That cellar is certainly in good hands—what a butler and assistant butler!

LUC. You'd do the same thing if you could get at the cellar—you're just envious because you can't.

PAL. Has he ever drawn the wine before? Tell me the truth, Lucio, or

10 I'll fix you.

LUC. Oh, you will? Well, I know what you are after—if you can get me to talk and tell on me, you want the butler's job yourself, and after you get me kicked out you can pick your own helper.

PAL. I promise I won't. Come on, tell me the truth.

15 LUC. Honestly, I never saw him draw wine; he told me to, and I drew the wine later.

PAL. That's the reason that the casks were always upside down.

LUC. By Hercules, no—that's not the reason the casks were so unsteady.

20 There was one spot in the cellar that's slippery—and near the casks was a two-quart jar that kept filling itself up—I've seen it full and then empty and then full again—but most of the time it was full; when the jar was tanked up, the casks became unsteady.

PAL. Enough of that now—you'd better go on inside. You are the ones who tank up in the cellar and can't stand straight. I'd better go to the

25 Forum right away and get my master.

LUC. This is the end of me, if the master comes home now and finds out that I didn't tell him any of this. I think I'll run off and hide and put off the evil day. (*To audience.*) Please don't tell him. (*Starts off.*)

PAL. Where are you going?

30 LUC. I've got to do an errand. I'll be back soon.

PAL. Who's sending you?

LUC. Philocomasium.

PAL. Go ahead, then; but come right back.

LUC. If any trouble comes up while I'm away, please take my share of
35 it. (*Exit.*)

PAL. I get what the woman's done. Sceledrus is asleep and she's sent this other guard off so she can sneak off next door. That's all right with me.

But here comes Periplectomenus with the woman I asked him to get—and is she good-looking! By Hercules, the gods are with me. She looks
40 like a real lady, not a professional. Things are going just the way I wanted them to.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENUS, ACROTELEUTIUM, and MILPHIDIPPA.

PERI. I explained it all very carefully to you at home, Acroteleutium, and also to you, Milphidippa. If you don't have it well in mind, I'll explain it all over again; if you do understand it, we'll go on to something else.

45 ACR. I'd really be foolish if I undertook a job for somebody else and didn't know just how to go about it—I know all the angles.

PERI. It's better, however, to be reminded.

ACR. A lot of good it does to remind a woman like me; you had just started to tell me your scheme when I told you the best way to trim this soldier.

PERI. But no one can know it all alone. I have seen many people run 5 away from good advice, only to get the same idea themselves later on.

ACR. When a woman has a tricky and underhand job to do, her memory is immortal; when she has an honorable job, she can remember nothing—she immediately forgets everything.

PERI. That's just what I am afraid of. This job also has an honorable 10 side to it, for by tricking the soldier you are doing me a good turn.

ACR. You needn't be afraid so long as we don't realize we are doing good. You can stop worrying; we'll take care of everything.

PERI. I believe you are right; let's go.

PAL. I'd better go meet them. I'm very glad to see you, Periplectomenus; 15 you are certainly all decked out (*indicating the women*).

PERI. You come at a good time, Palæstrio. Here are the girls you wanted me to get—and dressed the way you said.

PAL. You did a fine job. How do you do, Acroteleutium?

ACR. Who is this fellow who calls me by name just as if we had met 20 before?

PERI. That's our chief contractor.

ACR. How do you do, chief contractor?

PAL. I hope you are well; but tell me, has he filled you with instructions?

PERI. They both know their roles well. 25

PAL. Well, I'd like to test them; I'm scared of a slip.

PERI. I only told them what you told me to.

ACR. You want to play a trick on your master, the soldier, don't you?

PAL. You've got it.

ACR. Well, it's all taken care of; it will be very easy. 30

PAL. And you're to pretend that you are Periplectomenus' wife.

ACR. I know.

PAL. And that you've fallen for this soldier.

ACR. I'm already his.

PAL. And that this is being taken care of by me and your maid there. 35

ACR. You could have been a fortuneteller; your prophecies are all going to come true.

PAL. And your maid has brought me this ring from you and I am to give it to the soldier for you.

ACR. That's all true. 40

PERI. Why do you repeat all of this that they already know?

ACR. It's better that way. For think of it this way—once you have a good contractor and the foundation is well laid and the plans all set, the rest is easy. Now our foundations have been laid and skilled laborers are at hand. If we are not delayed by lack of material (and I think we 45 have enough of everything), the building will be up in no time.

PAL. You know the soldier, my master, don't you?

ACR. I don't know why you ask that. Why wouldn't I know a man

who's so unpopular everywhere, a lying, curly-headed, greasy woman-chaser?

PAL. But he doesn't know you, does he?

ACR. He's never seen me. How could he know who I am?

5 PAL. You talk smoothly enough; I think our plan is working out even more smoothly.

ACR. Why don't you take a rest and leave the man to me? If this comes off the way it should, you can lay all the blame on me.

PAL. All right, then, go ahead inside and begin your work.

10 ACR. You can worry about something else.

PAL. Come on, Periplectomenus. Take them inside now. I'll go to the Forum and give the soldier this ring and tell him that it came from your wife and that she is crazy about him. As soon as we get back from the Forum, send this girl to meet us and say that she has been
15 sent to him secretly.

PERI. I'll do it. Leave that to us.

PAL. You play your part; I'll have him here all primed.

PERI. Have a good walk and do your job well. (*To ACROTELEUTIUM.*)
If this goes off well and my young guest gets his girl and takes her to
20 Athens, you'll get the finest present you ever saw.

ACR. Is the girl in on this?

PERI. She's entirely with us.

ACR. I'm sure everything will turn out all right. When we put our heads together to pull off a job of this sort, I'm not afraid of anybody getting
25 the better of us.

PERI. Let's go in then so we can think out our parts very carefully; we want to carry this off without a hitch.

ACR. You're the one who's holding us up.

ACT IV

Enter PYRGOPOLYNICES and PALÆSTRIO.

PYR. It's a great pleasure to have everything proceed so smoothly. I sent
30 my parasite today to King Seleucus to take the recruits I hired—they are going to protect the kingdom of Seleucus while I take a vacation.

PAL. You'd be better off if you took care of your own affairs rather than those of Seleucus. Something very fine has come up for you and I am
35 to act as your go-between.

PYR. All right. I'll put all my other business aside and give you my full attention. I am entirely yours.

PAL. Look around then, so we can be sure that nobody is overhearing us. For this business was entrusted to me in the most secret fashion.

40 PYR. There's no one near.

PAL. Well, first take this pledge of her love.

PYR. What is this; where does it come from?

PAL. From a luscious and lovely lady who's in love with you and can't

resist you, you're so handsome. Her maid gave me this ring to hand to you.

PYR. What's she like? Is she free-born or a girl who's been set free?

PAL. Come, now. Do you think I would dare to act as a go-between for an ex-slave when you can't even keep up with all the free women who would like to get you? 5

PYR. Is she married or unmarried?

PAL. She's both.

PYR. How can she be both married and unmarried at the same time?

PAL. Because she is young and her husband is old. 10

PYR. That's very good.

PAL. She's a beauty—a nice figure.

PYR. Be sure you don't exaggerate.

PAL. She's one woman who can compare with you in looks.

PYR. By Hercules, she must be good-looking! But who is she? 15

PAL. The wife of the old man, Periplectomenus, next door. She's dying for you and wants to leave him. She hates the old man. She asked me to plead with you to give her the chance to get away from him.

PYR. By Hercules, I'll do it, if that is what she wants.

PAL. It's her one desire. 20

PYR. But what are we going to do about the girl at home?

PAL. Why don't you tell her to leave you and go wherever she likes?

Her mother and twin sister have just come to Ephesus to get her.

PYR. What's that? Her mother has come to Ephesus?

PAL. That's what I hear. 25

PYR. By Hercules, this is a fine chance to get rid of her.

PAL. But wouldn't you like to do it in a clever way?

PYR. Let's hear what your idea is.

PAL. Merely to put her out at once and at the same time have her grateful to you. 30

PYR. That's what I would like to do.

PAL. Then I'll tell you what you ought to do. You have plenty of money; tell her to take everything you have given her, money and jewels, and go wherever she likes.

PYR. That's a good idea; but see to it that I don't lose her and the other one too. 35

PAL. You can't be serious—she loves you more than her life.

PYR. It's Venus herself in love with me.

PAL. Sh—Quiet. The door's opening; come over here to one side. That's her little messenger coming out—the one who gave me the ring for you. 40

PYR. Not bad at all.

PAL. Compared to her mistress she's not nice at all; she's just a monkey, a quail. Do you see her playing a game with the hunter and bird-catcher?

Enter MILPHIDIPPA.

MILPH. (*aside*). This is the stage where I must play my part—in front of the house. I'll pretend that I don't see them and don't even know they are here yet. 45

PYR. Don't say anything. Maybe she'll say something about me.

MILPH. I wonder if there is anybody around who can hear me—anybody who is more interested in somebody else's business than his own and doesn't have anything else to do. Those are the people I fear; they
5 might get in the way when my mistress wants to get out of the house so that she can go to that soldier she's so madly in love with—that handsome man, that wonderful Pyrgopolynices.

PYR. (*To PALÆSTRIO*). So this little one is in love with me too. She praises my looks. She certainly doesn't need a brush.

10 PAL. What do you mean by that?

PYR. Because she speaks in such a polished way.

PAL. Why not; she is talking about you—a polished subject.

PYR. Her mistress must be an elegant and polished lady. By Hercules, Palæstrio, I think I'm already falling a little bit.

15 PAL. Before you've even seen her?

PYR. Well I trust what you say about her; and, too, this little maid makes me think that it would be easy to fall in love with her—

PAL. By Hercules, watch yourself; don't fall in love with *her*. She's mine. If the mistress married you today, then I would marry the maid in
20 a flash.

PYR. Then why don't you go say something to her?

PAL. Come on, then.

PYR. I'm right at your heels.

MILPH. If I could only run into the man I came outside to meet.

25 PAL. You're going to get what you pray and wish for—don't worry. There's a certain person who knows what you are looking for.

MILPH. Who is it there?

PAL. A colleague and comrade of your hopes.

MILPH. Haven't I kept my secret, then?

30 PAL. It's a secret and at the same time no secret.

MILPH. What do you mean?

PAL. You keep your secrets from the unworthy. You can have entire confidence in me.

MILPH. Then give me the password.

35 PAL. A certain woman is in love with a certain man.

MILPH. That would apply to a great many women.

PAL. But not many would take a ring off their finger for him.

MILPH. I recognize you now. You made everything perfectly plain. But is there anybody else around?

40 PAL. There is or not, as you like.

MILPH. I'd rather you were alone.

PAL. For a short or long talk?

MILPH. Three words.

PAL. (*to PYRGOPOLYNICES*). I'll be back with you in a moment.

45 PYR. And what about me? Am I just to stand here and let all this luck go to waste?

PAL. Please have patience and stay here. I'm doing this for you.

PYR. Hurry then—you know I despise waiting.

PAL. You know as well as I do that you have to go slow in a situation like this.

PYR. All right; all right. Do as you think best.

PAL. (*aside*). He's just a stupid clod. (*To MILPHIDIPPA*.) I'm coming back to you. What did you want with me? 5

MILPH. To get your idea as to how you wanted this Troy attacked.

PAL. Just as if she were crazy about him—

MILPH. I know all that.

PAL. Flatter his face and figure and remind him of his heroism.

MILPH. I'm all set for that; I told you that a while ago. 10

PAL. You can handle the rest and like a hunter snatch the scent from me.

PYR. Hey, aren't you going to give me some part in this affair today?

Come here, you worm.

PAL. Here I am. Tell me what you want.

PYR. What's she telling you? 15

PAL. She says that her mistress is grieving, weeping, and torturing herself over you, because she wants you and longs for you. That's the reason she sent her to you.

PYR. Well, tell her to come here.

PAL. But do you know what you should do? Be full of disdain as if you were not pleased; shout at me for making you so accessible to the common people. 20

PYR. I'll take your advice and remember it.

PAL. Do you want me to call the woman?

PYR. Let her come to me, if she wants to. 25

PAL. Come here, woman, if you want anything.

MILPH. Hello, handsome.

PYR. She knows my name. May the gods grant you whatever you want.

MILPH. Only to live forever with you.

PYR. You're asking too much. 30

MILPH. Oh, I am not asking for myself, but for my mistress, who is pining away for you.

PYR. There are many other women who want the same thing, but they can't all have their wish.

MILPH. It's no wonder that you think well of yourself, by Castor, you're so handsome and heroic and famous for your beauty and bravery. 35
Was there ever a human being more like a god?

PAL. (*aside*). You're right, by Hercules; he's not human; there's more of the human in a vulture.

PYR. (*aside*). I shall act important since she thinks so highly of me. 40

PAL. (*aside*). Just look at the coward—blown up like a balloon. (*Aloud*.) Are you going to answer this girl? She is the one from the woman I mentioned a short while ago.

PYR. From which woman? So many run after me that I can't remember them all. 45

MILPH. From the one who robs her own fingers to decorate yours. For I brought a ring to this man from her for you and he gave it to you.

PYR. And what do you want now, my good woman? Tell me.

MILPH. Just that you don't scorn this woman who desires you so, who lives only for you. Her hope, to live or die, rests only in you.

PYR. What does she want now?

- 5 MILPH. To talk to you, to embrace you—just to touch you. Unless you help her now, she will be completely dejected. Come, my Achilles, do what I implore you, save my gracious mistress in your great compassion, O seizer of cities and killer of kings.

PYR. You annoy me. (*To PALÆSTRIO.*) How many times have I told you,
10 you good-for-nothing, not to promise my services to anybody that comes along?

PAL. Did you hear him, woman? I told you a little while ago and I say again: unless this stud is paid, he won't offer his services to every little mare that comes along.

- 15 MILPH. He can have whatever sum he asks.

PAL. This job is worth a thousand; he never takes less.

MILPH. But that's much too cheap!

PYR. Nobody can say that I'm greedy; I have enough money—I have buckets of gold.

- 20 PAL. In addition he has all his valuable loot and silver—not just piles of it, but mountains, higher than Mount Ætna.

MILPH. (*aside*). By Jupiter! What a liar.

PAL. How am I doing?

- MILPH. All right. And what about me? (*To PYRGOPOLYNICES.*) But
25 please, send me back to her soon.

PAL. And what is your answer—yes or no?

MILPH. Will you let that poor woman continue to be tortured? She never did you any harm.

PYR. Tell her to come out to us. I will do all that she wishes.

- 30 MILPH. You are doing the exactly right thing—in taking the woman who wants you so. . . .

PAL. (*aside*). She's pretty good.

MILPH. And in not scorning my plea for her. (*To PALÆSTRIO.*) How is it going?

- 35 PAL. (*To MILPHIDIPPA.*) By Hercules, it's hard to keep from laughing.
MILPH. That's why I had to turn aside.

PYR. Do you realize, woman, how great an honor I am paying your mistress?

MILPH. Oh, I know and I'll tell her so.

- 40 PAL. If he wanted to, he could sell himself to another woman for his weight in gold.

MILPH. I don't doubt it at all.

PAL. His women produce real heroes and his sons live to be eight hundred years old.

- 45 MILPH. Aren't you going a little too far?

PYR. That's right; they keep on living for a thousand years—from one generation to another.

PAL. I understated; I was afraid she might think that I was lying.

MILPH. Goodness! How long will he live, if his sons live so long?

PYR. Why, woman, I was born the day after Jupiter was born.

PAL. If he had been born the day before, he would be the ruler of heaven.

MILPH. Please—you overwhelm me. Let me go, while I still can. 5

PAL. What are you waiting for? You have your answer.

MILPH. I'll go and bring her here—my lady. May I leave now?

PYR. I'm so good-looking, my looks bring me trouble.

PAL. What are you standing around for? Why don't you go?

MILPH. I'm going. 10

PAL. (*following her*). Can you still hear me? Tell her to act cleverly and skillfully—to let her heart leap for joy. (*In a whisper.*) If Philocomasium is there, tell her to go home—that he is here.

MILPH. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). She's here with my mistress; they've been listening to us. 15

PAL. That's fine; they'll know how to act later on.

MILPH. You're holding me; I've got to go.

PAL. I'm not holding you; I'm not even touching you—but we've said enough for now.

PYR. Tell her to hurry. I will give her my full attention. Palæstrio, what 20 do you think I ought to do about my girl? This other woman can't be taken home until I get rid of the one at my house.

PAL. Why do you ask me what to do? I've already told you how you can do it in the easiest way: let her keep all the jewelry and clothes which you gave her. Let her take them and keep them and carry them off 25 with her. Tell her that it is time for her to go home and that her mother and twin sister are here for her and that she ought to go home with them.

PYR. How do you know that they are here?

PAL. Because I've seen the sister myself.

PYR. Has she seen her sister? 30

PAL. Yes, she has.

PYR. A nice dish, too?

PAL. You want everything?

PYR. Where did the sister say her mother was?

PAL. The captain told me that she's sick aboard; she has inflamed eyes. 35 The captain is staying next door.

PYR. What about him? Is he good-looking?

PAL. Come, now; you've been an excellent stud, and you don't care whether they're male or female. Let's get going.

PYR. That advice you gave me—I'd rather you talked to her about this; 40 you can talk to her more easily than I can.

PAL. Why don't you go yourself and take care of this? Tell her that you need to get married, that your relatives urge you, and your friends persuade you.

PYR. You think I ought to? 45

PAL. What else should I think?

PYR. I'll go in, then. In the meantime you be on the lookout so you can call me when she comes out.

PAL. You just take care of your part.

PYR. Don't worry about that; if she is unwilling, I'll just put her out.

PAL. I wouldn't do that. It's better if she leaves you on good terms.
Give her the money and jewels which you bought for her.

5 PYR. I hope that will work.

PAL. I don't think you'll have much trouble. But go ahead in. Don't just stand there.

PYR. Anything you say. (*Exit.*)

10 PAL. (*to audience*). Did I exaggerate when I told you a while ago about this lady-killing captain? Now it's time for Acroteleutium to come out, or her little maid or Pleusicles. By Jupiter, everything is happening just as I hoped. All of those people I wanted to see are just now coming out of the house next door.

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA and PLEUSICLES.

15 ACR. Follow me out and look around you to see that there is nobody watching us.

MILPH. I don't see anybody except the man we came to see.

PAL. Here I am.

MILPH. How's everything, chief contractor?

PAL. I'm not the contractor at all.

20 MILPH. Why do you say that?

PAL. Compared to you, I'm not fit to drive a spike into the wall.

ACR. You're joking.

PAL. She's the sweetest liar I ever met. She certainly polished off the soldier.

25 MILPH. There's still more to do.

PAL. Cheer up. Everything is coming along fine; just keep on helping as you have been doing. The soldier has gone in to talk to his girl, to persuade her to leave for Athens with her mother and sister.

PL. Good! That's fine.

30 PAL. He's even giving her the jewelry and money—everything—to leave him. That was my idea.

PL. That's easy enough, if they both want the same thing.

35 PAL. You know, don't you, that when you've made your way to the top out of a deep pit, then there is the greatest danger lest you fall back again? We are now at the top of the pit; if the soldier gets wind of what we are doing, we've lost everything. We need the most skill now. We've got all the reinforcements: three women, me, you, and the old man. We have among us six different types of liars and I am sure we can take any stronghold we choose. Just listen to what I have to say.

40 ACR. We came out here purposely to get your instructions.

PAL. You're all doing fine. (*To ACROTELEUTIUM.*) Now this is your job.

ACR. I am yours to be commanded, General.

PAL. I want our soldier to be completely and cleverly taken in.

ACR. That will be a pleasure.

45 PAL. You know how to do it?

ACR. By pretending that I am being tortured by love for him.

PAL. That's the idea.

ACR. I have left my husband, out of desire for him—to marry him.

PAL. That's exactly it! But one more thing: say that this house is your dowry, and that the old man left after the separation. We don't want him afraid to go into somebody else's house. 5

ACR. A good idea.

PAL. When he comes out of there I want you to stand off a little and pretend that you scorn your own beauty in comparison with his looks—as if you were overcome by his elegance; praise his figure and his personality and his beauty. Do you think you have enough instructions? 10

ACR. I'm sure of it. Will it be enough if my job is so smoothly done that you have no reason at all to complain?

PAL. Certainly. (*To PLEUSICLES.*) Now it's your turn to listen to my commands. When her part is over and she has gone inside, you come here dressed like the captain of a ship: wear a dark gray broad-brimmed hat, a woollen patch over your eyes, and a dark gray cloak (that's the color the sailors wear) over your shoulder, with the arm out; you're to pretend to be the pilot. You can get all of the props at the old man's house; some of his men are fishermen. 15

PL. Aren't you going to tell me what to do after I get rigged up like that? 20

PAL. You're to come here and bring a message to Philocomasium from her mother: that if she is going to Athens she should go with you to the ship right away and take with her aboard ship anything she wants; and that if she doesn't go, you will sail at once since the wind is favorable. 25

PL. That's a fine plan. Go on.

PAL. The soldier will urge her to go, to hurry, not to delay her mother.

PL. You're certainly a fast thinker.

PAL. I'll tell her to ask me to help her carry her luggage to the harbor. He'll order me to take her to the harbor. Then I will go straight to Athens with you. 30

PL. And when you get there, I won't let you be a slave more than three days; you'll be freed.

PAL. You'd better go quickly and get dressed.

PL. Is there anything else?

PAL. Just remember everything. 35

PL. I'm going. (*Exit.*)

PAL. And you go inside right now. I'm sure that he will be coming out soon.

ACR. No sooner said than done. (*Exit with Milphidippa.*)

PAL. Go ahead then—go in. Here's the door opening again just in time. He's in a fine mood. He got what he wanted. He's after what doesn't exist, the poor fool. 40

Enter PYRGOPOLYNICES.

PYR. I got what I wanted from Philocomasium without any bad feelings at all.

PAL. Why did you stay in there so long? 45

PYR. I never realized before that she was so in love with me.

PAL. Explain that to me.

PYR. I had to do a lot of talking; it wasn't easy to persuade her. But I finally got what I wanted; I gave her, made her a present, of whatever she asked for or wanted. By the way, I gave you to her, too.

5 PAL. You gave . . . But how can I live without you?

PYR. Come now, keep your chin up. I think I can get her to free you. I tried everything I could to make her go away without taking you, but she outtalked me.

10 PAL. I trust in the gods and you. However bitter it is to be to be deprived of you, the best master in the world, yet there is pleasure in knowing that because of your looks and my efforts you are having such good luck with the lady next door.

PYR. There's no need to say more. I shall give you your freedom and a great deal of money at the same time, if you get me what I want.

15 PAL. You needn't worry about that; I'll see to it.

PYR. But I can't wait.

PAL. Better take it slowly; hold yourself in. But there she is now, coming out of the house.

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA.

MILPH. (*to ACROTELEUTIUM*). There's the soldier, over there, my mistress.

20 ACR. (*to MILPHIDIPPA*). Where?

MILPH. To your left.

ACR. I see him now.

MILPH. Don't look straight at him so he won't know that we're watching him.

25 ACR. I see him. By Pollux, now is the time for us women to do our worst.

MILPH. You start it.

ACR. (*aloud*). Tell me, did you meet him yourself? (*To MILPHIDIPPA*). Don't spare your lungs—be sure he hears us.

30 MILPH. (*aloud*). I spoke with him myself, calmly and easily—just as long as I liked.

PYR. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). Do you hear what she's saying?

PAL. Yes. You made her happy just by talking to her.

ACR. Oh, you lucky girl!

35 PYR. She's really in love with me.

PAL. It's only to be expected.

ACR. Castor! I can hardly believe it. You actually talked to him? They say that usually you have to approach him by letter or messenger, just like a king.

40 MILPH. Well, it wasn't easy to get to talk to him and get him to agree to what I asked.

PAL. What a reputation you've got with the women!

PYR. Well, I have to give in when the Goddess of Love demands it.

45 ACR. I'm grateful to Venus, and I further beg and implore her that I may get him whom I love and yearn for and that he be gracious to me and not deny what I want so much.

MILPH. I hope you get what you want, but many women are after him.
He spurns and scorns all of them except you.

ACR. But I'm terribly afraid, since he is so particular, that his eyes
might change his mind after he sees me, and that he will have nothing
to do with my small beauty since he's so elegant.

5

MILPH. Cheer up. I think it will be all right.

PYR. She certainly doesn't think much of herself.

ACR. I'm afraid that you exaggerated my looks when you talked to him.

MILPH. I wanted you to be prettier than he imagined.

ACR. By Pollux, if he won't marry me, I will get on my knees and beg—
but if I can't, if he is adamant, I'll take my life. I know I could never
live without him.

10

PYR. It's clear that I can't let her die. Should I go up to her?

PAL. You certainly should not. You make yourself too cheap if you give
in too easily. Let her come to you first; let her long for you and yearn
for you and wait for you. Do you want to lose the reputation you've
made? Please don't go to her. There's no human I've ever heard of,
except two, who has been so passionately loved; they are Sappho's
lover and you.

15

ACR. Milphidippa, either you call him here or I shall go to him in there.

20

MILPH. Don't you think we ought to wait until somebody comes out?

ACR. I can't wait any longer.

MILPH. But the doors are closed.

ACR. We'll have to force our way in.

MILPH. You're out of your mind.

25

ACR. If he's ever been really in love or had understanding equal to his
looks, he will pardon what I am doing for love.

PAL. She certainly is head over heels in love with you.

PYR. Well, it's mutual.

PAL. Quiet. Don't let her hear you.

30

MILPH. Why do you stand there in a daze? Why don't you knock?

ACR. Because the man I want isn't in there.

MILPH. How do you know that?

ACR. I know, because I can smell. I could tell with my nose if he were
there.

35

PAL. She's a fortuneteller.

PYR. That's because she's in love with me. Venus has given her prophetic
powers.

ACR. The man I want is around here somewhere. I can smell him clearly.

PYR. She can see better with her nose than her eyes.

40

PAL. She is blind with love.

ACR. Please come help me.

MILPH. Why?

ACR. To keep me from fainting.

MILPH. What's the matter?

45

ACR. I can't stand it. My heart has dimmed my eyes.

MILPH. Goodness! Have you seen him?

ACR. That's it.

MILPH. I can't see him. Where is he?

ACR. You could see him if you were in love with him.

MILPH. By Pollux, I would love him as much as you do if you only let me.

PAL. They all fall in love with you as soon as they see you.

5 PYR. I guess I never told you—Venus is my grandmother.

ACR. My dear Milphidippa, please go up to him and speak to him,
I beg you.

PYR. How I overcome her!

PAL. She's coming over.

10 MILPH. I would like to speak to you.

PAL. And so would we to you.

MILPH. You asked me to bring her out.

PYR. I did.

MILPH. Then ask her to come to you.

15 PYR. Just because you asked, I decided not to hate her the way I do the
others.

MILPH. Once she comes close to you, she won't be able to say a thing.
When she looks at you, her eyes get her tongue.

PYR. Well I guess somebody had better help her out of her fix.

20 MILPH. You should have seen how she trembled as soon as she saw you.

PYR. Brave soldiers do the same thing, so don't be surprised since she
is only a woman. But what does she want with me?

MILPH. She wants you to go to her—to live with you for the rest of her
life.

25 PYR. You want me to go to her house, a married woman? Her husband
would catch me.

MILPH. But she's put her husband out for your sake.

PYR. How could she manage that?

MILPH. Because the house was her dowry.

30 PYR. Is that so?

MILPH. It certainly is.

PYR. Tell her to go home and I will come right over.

MILPH. Don't make her wait too long; she will suffer agony.

PYR. I won't. Go ahead.

35 MILPH. All right.

PYR. But what do I see?

PAL. What do you see?

PYR. Look, there's a man in sailor dress.

PAL. Oh, he's coming to us, to see you. He's the captain of a ship.

40 PYR. He's probably coming to get the girl now.

PAL. I think that's it.

PL. (*aside*). If I didn't know that because of love, men, some in one way
and others in another, commit the worst sort of crimes, I'd feel worse
about getting rigged up this way for the sake of my girl; but from what
45 I've heard of what other men in love do—sometimes downright
dishonorable—I won't even mention how Achilles let his comrades be
killed . . . but there is Palæstrio with the soldier. I must talk in a
different fashion now.

Woman is certainly the daughter of Delay; any other period of waiting, even if it is just as long, seems shorter than when you wait for a woman. It's become a fixed habit with all of them. I'm here to get Philocomasium and of course she's late. I'll knock at the door. But who is this?

5

PAL. What's the matter, young man? What do you want? Why do you knock?

PL. I've come for Philocomasium. Her mother sent me. Let her come on, if she's going. She's keeping us all waiting. We're anxious to set sail.

PYR. We've all been ready for some time. Go get her to the ship: the gold and jewelry and clothes. Let her take it all.

10

PAL. All right. (*Exit.*)

PL. And, by Hercules, please make it quick.

PYR. You won't have to wait. But what's the matter with you? What happened to your eye?

15

PL. There's nothing wrong with my eye.

PYR. I was talking about the left one.

PL. Well, I'll tell you. I don't use this eye because of love. If I hadn't gone overboard for love I would still be using it. But what's keeping them so long?

20

PYR. They're coming out now.

Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIUM.

PAL. (*to PHILOCOMASIUM*). Will you tell me when you're going to stop crying?

PHIL. What else should I do? I am leaving this place where I have been so happy.

25

PAL. Look, here's the man from your mother and sister.

PHIL. Oh, yes.

PYR. Palæstrio, can you hear me?

PAL. What is it?

PYR. Why don't you have all those things I gave her taken away?

30

PL. Your mother and sister send their greetings to you, Philocomasium.

PHIL. And I return them.

PL. They ask you to come while the wind is with us so that we can set sail. If your mother's eyes hadn't been so bad, she would have come with me.

35

PHIL. I'm coming with you, although I hate to go. He's such a good man.

PL. I know; you are a sensible girl.

PYR. If she hadn't lived with me, she wouldn't be as sensible as she is.

PHIL. It's a terrible thing to have to leave such a man. I was so proud to be living with you, but I see that I must give up this honor.

40

PYR. Don't cry.

PHIL. I can't help it when I see you.

PYR. Come on, cheer up.

PHIL. Only I know how unhappy I am.

PAL. But I know, Philocomasium, and I am not surprised that you were so happy here and that his looks and character and courage stole your

45

heart; I am just his slave, but when I look at him and know we are being separated, I feel like crying too.

PHIL. May I embrace you one last time?

PYR. You may.

5 PHIL. Oh, my soul, my love!

PAL. (*to PLEUSICLES*). Hold her up please—she might faint.

PYR. What's the matter?

PAL. Because she's leaving you, she can't bear up; she's fainting.

PYR. Go inside quickly and get some water.

10 PAL. I don't think she needs water—just some rest. You better not get close to her while she's coming to.

PYR. They've got their heads too close together. I don't like it. Do you want trouble, sailor? Get your lips away from hers.

PL. I was just trying to see whether or not she's breathing.

15 PYR. You can use your ears for that.

PL. If you'd rather, I'll let go of her.

PYR. No, don't do that.

PL. I'll be glad to let her go.

PYR. (*to servants*). Come out and take away all these things I gave her.

Servants enter with luggage.

20 PAL. And now I must say farewell to you, Household Gods; farewell and best wishes to you, all my fellow servants, men and women; speak kindly of me when I am gone.

PYR. Come, now, Palæstrio. Keep your chin up.

PAL. I can't help crying since I'm leaving you.

25 PYR. Try to bear up.

PAL. Only I know how miserable I am.

PHIL. (*coming to*). But what is this? What's the matter? Where am I? Oh, I see the light of day.

PL. Are you all right now?

30 PHIL. Who is this man who's got me in his arms? Goodness, am I in my right mind?

PL. Don't be afraid (*to her*), my darling.

PYR. What's going on there?

PAL. She passed out. I'm afraid that this may become public gossip.

35 PYR. What do you mean by that?

PAL. That when we go through the streets of the city, people might talk about you.

PYR. These are my gifts, not theirs. I care nothing about what they might say. Go and may the gods protect you.

40 PAL. I was saying that only for your sake.

PYR. I understand that.

PAL. Well, goodbye.

PYR. And good luck to you.

45 PAL. Go quickly and I will be right along. There are still a few things I want to say to my master. (*Exeunt others.*) Although I know that you have believed your other slaves to be more faithful to you, I am very

grateful to you for everything. And if I had my way, I would rather be your slave than to be freed by somebody else.

PYR. Don't take it so hard.

PAL. But when I think how I will have to change my ways, learn the ways of women and forget a soldier's entirely . . .

5

PYR. Do the best you can.

PAL. I can't; I've lost all desire.

PYR. You better go and catch up with them.

PAL. Farewell.

PYR. Farewell to you.

10

PAL. And please remember, if I should ever be made free, I shall let you know; don't desert me.

PYR. You know you can count on me.

PAL. Think from time to time of your faithful servant. When you do, you will realize who was loyal to you and who wasn't.

15

PYR. I know; I have often noticed your loyalty.

PAL. But you will know it even better today. Later today you will realize fully how closely I have acted in accordance with your own character.

PYR. I am almost ready to ask you to stay.

PAL. Oh . . . you can't do that. Everybody would say that you are a liar and false and that you don't keep your word; and that except for me none of your slaves was faithful to you. If I thought you could do it within the bounds of honor, I would urge you, but I can't. You should not do it.

20

PYR. You ought to be going now.

25

PAL. I'll take whatever comes.

PYR. Goodbye, then.

PAL. I'd better go in a hurry then. (*Exit.*)

PYR. For the last time, goodbye. Before today I thought he was the worst slave I had. But I see now that he is loyal; when I think about it, I realize that I was a fool to let him go. But I must go see my girl. What's this noise at the door?

30

Enter slave from the house of PERIPLECTOMENUS.

SLAVE BOY (*talking to somebody in the house*). You don't need to tell me what I have to do. I'll find him wherever he is; I'll hunt him out and I'll stop at nothing.

35

PYR. He's looking for me. I'll speak to the boy.

BOY. I'm looking for you, sir. Good day to you, O finest of men, O luckiest of men, whom two gods love.

PYR. What two gods?

BOY. The god of love and god of war.

40

PYR. Bright boy!

BOY. She is begging you to come inside; she wants you, implores you, is waiting breathless for you. Go console her. Why do you wait? Why don't you go in to her?

PYR. I'm on my way.

45

BOY. Now he's got himself caught in the trap. The plot's all set. The

old man is lying in wait for him and will attack this lecher who's so proud of his looks, who thinks that every woman falls madly in love with him as soon as she sees him. As a matter of fact, everybody hates him, men as well as women. I want to be in on this. I hear shouts inside.

ACT V

Enter PERIPLECTOMENUS.

- 5 PERI. (*talking to slaves inside*). Bring him here; if he doesn't come along, pick him up and throw him out here; send him flying; tear him limb from limb.
- PYR. (*being dragged on stage by Cario and other slaves*). Periplectomenus, please, for the love of Hercules.
- 10 PERI. Hercules can't help you now. Cario, see that your knife is sharp enough.
- CARIO. The knife has been anxious for a long time to get at this adulterer's guts and hang them around his neck like a baby's rattle.
- PYR. I'm ruined.
- 15 PERI. Not yet; there's more in store for you.
- CARIO. Shall I give it to him now?
- PERI. No, let's use the whips first.
- CARIO. Let's not spare them.
- PERI. Why did you dare to seduce the wife of another man, you scoundrel?
- 20 PYR. By the gods, she came to me first.
- PERI. He's lying again; beat him.
- PYR. Wait while I explain.
- PERI. (*to CARIO et al.*). What are you waiting for?
- PYR. Won't you let me say something?
- 25 PERI. Go ahead, then.
- PYR. They begged me to go to her.
- PERI. But how did you have the nerve? Take that. (*Hits him.*)
- PYR. Ouch, you've beaten me enough—please.
- CARIO. When do I start cutting?
- 30 PERI. Whenever you want. Stretch him out and spread him apart.
- PYR. I beg you, in the name of Hercules, please listen to me before you start cutting.
- PERI. Go ahead and talk.
- PYR. It wasn't my idea and I didn't do anything; I thought she was free,
- 35 and that's what her maid, who acted as messenger, told me.
- PERI. Will you swear that you will not try to get back at anybody for having beaten you today or at anybody who's going to beat you, if we let you off now, you little grandson of Venus?
- PYR. I swear by Jupiter and by Mars that I will try to take revenge on
- 40 no one for having beaten me, for I believe that I deserve it. If I don't go away intestate, it will be more than I deserve.
- PERI. And what if you don't do what you say?
- PYR. May I be intestate the rest of my life.

CARIO. Let's beat him some more and then let him go.

PYR. May the gods be good to you for helping me.

CARIO. All right, then, give us two drachmas each.

PYR. What's that for?

CARIO. Because we are letting the little grandson of Venus get off still 5
testate. But don't fool yourself; you won't get away unless you pay.

PYR. All right. I'll give it.

CARIO. Now you're learning. And don't expect to get back your coat
and military cloak and your sword. Would you rather have them or
some more of the whip? 10

PYR. I'm pounded to a pulp now. Please let me go.

PERI. Let him go now.

PYR. I am certainly grateful to you.

PERI. If I catch you around here after this, you'll lose your testicles
for sure. 15

PYR. I accept the terms.

PERI. Let's go in then, Cario. (*Exeunt.*)

PYR. Look, there are my slaves. Tell me, has Philocomasium already
gone?

SLAVE. Quite a while ago. 20

PYR. Just my luck!

SLAVE. You don't know the half of it. That man who had a patch on
his left eye was not a sailor.

PYR. Who was he, then?

SLAVE. Philocomasium's lover. 25

PYR. How do you know that?

SLAVE. I know because they didn't stop hugging and kissing, once they
got outside the city gate.

PYR. What a fool I am! I can see how I've been taken in. Palæstrio did
this; he caused me all this trouble. He is certainly the guilty one. If 30
other adulterers were treated the way I've been, there would be fewer
adulterers. The more you could scare them, the less passionate would
they be. I'd better go home now. Please applaud.

—ALBERT SUSKIN.



THE BROTHERS

TERENCE

Publius Terentius Afer (about 184 to 159 B.C.) was the last of the great writers of the Græco-Roman comedy. He was brought as a slave from Africa to Rome, where he became closely associated with such men as Scipio the Younger and Lælius, who dominated the intellectual and literary circles of the time. He represents a reaction, possibly due to their influence, toward closer adherence to the Greek models. He shows little originality in plot, but is a much more careful workman than Plautus and possesses greater powers in the delineation of character.

Cast of Characters

MICIO, an old gentleman of Athens	SYRUS, slave to MICIO and ÆSCHINUS
DEMEA, brother to MICIO; lives on a farm outside of Athens	DROMO, slave to MICIO
ÆSCHINUS, DEMEA'S son; adopted by MICIO	GETA, slave to SOSTRATA
CTESIPHO, DEMEA'S son; lives with his father	SOSTRATA, a lady of Athens
HEGIO, an old man	CANTHARA, aged servant of SOSTRATA
SANNIO, a slave dealer	PAMPHILA, sweetheart of ÆSCHINUS, and daughter of SOSTRATA
	PARMENO, servant of ÆSCHINUS
	BACCHIS, a dancing girl

SCENE: *Street in Athens at a crossing; the houses of MICIO and SOSTRATA are in the background.*

ACT I

Enter MICIO from his house.

- M. (*calling into house*). Æschinus didn't come back from his party—nor any of his young attendants who went to meet him. People speak the truth when they say that whenever you are away or if you are late anywhere, it would be better to have happen to you what your wife
- 5 says about you or even what she would like to have happen to you when she's angry at you, than what your parents fear for you. If you're late, your wife thinks you have fallen for somebody else, or somebody else for you, or that you're drunk or having a good time alone somewhere while she sits at home unhappy. But what all haven't I thought
- 10 of because my son hasn't come in! How worried I am now! I'm afraid that he might have got sick or passed out or that he might have got hurt. Why should a man ever get anything that is more precious than his own self? And he isn't really my son, but my brother's. My brother and I have been different even from the time we were boys. I pursued
- 15 the leisure and pleasure of a life in the city, and I never married, which some people think is a lucky thing. He's the exact opposite. He lives in the country; he's worked hard and thriftily; he married and had two

boys; I adopted the older one; I've brought him up and loved him as if he were my own. I love him—nothing else is really dear to me—and I am anxious that he love me too. I give him everything; I overlook what he does; I give him freedom. Finally, other young men keep secrets from their fathers—but I have trained him to tell me everything. 5
The boy who has grown used to deceiving or lying to his father will lie even more to others. I think that well-brought-up children get more discipline from being taught a sense of what's right than from fear. But my brother doesn't agree with these ideas. He often says to me: "What are you doing, Micio? Why are you ruining our boy? Why 10
should he play around and drink so much? Why do you let him spend so much on such things? Why does he need so many clothes? You are just a fool." He's strict beyond all sense, and I think he's entirely wrong in believing that he can obtain more authority with force than he can with good will. This is the way I feel about it: whoever does what he's 15
supposed to from fear of punishment is deterred only when he is afraid of being found out; he follows his own nature when he thinks he can get away with it. He will do what's right of his own accord when he can depend on your good will; he is anxious to do what's right and he will be the same when you are away as when you are present. That's 20
what a father ought to do: train his son to be good of his own free will rather than from fear. That's the difference between a father and an owner of slaves. Whoever can't do this should confess that he can't control free-born young men. But isn't that the man I was speaking of? It certainly is; there's something wrong. I guess he'll have it in for me, 25
as usual. Glad to see you, Demea.

DEMEA (*entering*). Well! A lucky meeting! I was looking for you.

M. Why do you look so sad?

D. Can you ask why I look sad when we have Æschinus to put up with? 30

M. (*aside*). Just as I thought. (*To DEMEA.*) What's he done?

D. What's he done? He's ashamed of nothing, afraid of no one; he thinks he's bound by no law. I'm not thinking of what he's done up to now, but how could he have done this latest thing?

M. What is it? 35

D. He broke down a door, burst into a strange house, beat the owner almost to death as well as all his household and took away the girl he loves. Everybody's talking about it. As I was coming here, how many told me about it! It's on everybody's lips. If he needs an example, why doesn't he look at his brother who's sober and hard-working in the 40
country; he would never do a thing like this. And I have the same thing to say to you that I say to him. It's your fault that he's so bad.

M. Nobody can be more unjust than a man without experience who thinks nothing is right but what he himself does.

D. What do you mean by that? 45

M. That you don't see things clearly. It's no great crime, I think, when a young man goes after girls, or drinks. No, not even when he breaks a door down. If you and I didn't do such things, it's only because we

didn't have the money. Do you think you deserve praise for what you didn't do because of poverty? We would have done the same thing if we had had the means. If you were a real man, you'd let that boy of yours alone while he is young and not have him wait until he has laid

5 you away at long last and is too old to do what he would like to do.

D. By Jupiter, you are driving me mad! Don't you think what he does is dreadful?

M. Come now; listen to me and stop beating my ears on this subject.

You let me adopt your son and therefore he's mine. If he does wrong,

10 Demea, it's a wrong that reflects on me; I have the greatest share in it; when he parties and drinks and buys perfumes—it's at my expense.

He gets a girl; I give him as much money as I can; when the money gives out, she'll put him out of doors. He's broken a door; it will be repaired. He's torn some clothing; it will be mended. There is—thank

15 the gods—money for this sort of thing and it's still not too great a drain on me. Finally, either give in or ask somebody to act as judge and I'll show you that you are really at fault in all this.

D. Ah me, why don't you learn how to be a father from those who really know how?

20 M. You are his father by nature only; I am his spiritual father.

D. What have you got to do with the spirit?

M. If you're going to keep this up, I'm leaving.

D. Is this any way to act?

M. Do I have to hear the same thing over and over again?

25 D. But it worries me.

M. Well, it worries me, too. But let us worry on shares; you worry about one and I will worry about the other; when you worry about both of them, it's like asking back the son you gave me.

D. You aren't serious, Micio?

30 M. Yes, I am.

D. All right, then. If that's the way you want it, let him go to the dogs—ruin others as well as himself; I'll have nothing to do with it. But if, after this, you ever say one word—

M. Getting all worked up again, Demea?

35 D. I mean just what I say. I'm not asking for him back, since I gave him to you. But I'm sick over it. He's my own flesh and blood—but if I stand in the way—No, I give in. You want me to look after only one; all right, and I thank the gods he is the sort I approve of. That one of yours will learn too late—but I don't want to say too much against

40 him. (*Exit.*)

M. What he says is not altogether wrong or altogether right. These things bother me too, but I didn't want to let on to him. What an irritating man: even while I am trying to calm him, I oppose him and try to get him out of the way; and yet he doesn't take things like a man. But

45 if I increased his own anger by letting myself go, I would get just as worked up as he does. And has Æschinus done us some wrong in this matter? What woman hasn't he had and to what one has he not given money? And to cap it all he has just announced that he wants to get

married—tired, I suppose, of all the others. I was hoping that he was cooling off some, and I was happy. And now he's off again. But whatever is up, I want to learn about it and see him if he's in town.

ACT II

Enter ÆSCHINUS with PARMENO and BACCHIS, followed by SANNIO.

SANNIO (*to audience*). Please, fellow citizens, give your help to me, poor innocent fellow. Help a man who is in need. 5

ÆSCHINUS (*to girl*). Take it easy there and don't be moving around. What are you looking back for? There's nothing to worry about; he won't touch you while I am here.

SAN. I'll get her in spite of you and everybody else.

Æs. He's a complete scoundrel, but he won't run the risk of getting beat 10 again today.

SAN. Listen to me, Æschinus; I want you to know what kind of man I am. I handle girls . . .

Æs. I am sure of that.

SAN. But as honest a man as there is anywhere. And if you think you 15 can get away with saying you're sorry later for what you did to me, it's no go. Believe me, I'll take it to court and you won't be able to pay me with just words. I know the sort of thing you'll say: "I'm sorry it happened; on my word, this man has been done wrong to"—expecting that those words will pay me for the way I've been treated. 20

Æs. (*to servant*). Hurry ahead and get the door opened.

SAN. You're not going to pay any attention to me?

Æs. (*to girl*). Go ahead in right away.

SAN. Not if I can help it.

Æs. Come here, Parmeno; you're too far away. Stand right next to him. 25 That's it. Keep your eyes on me; as soon as I give the nod I want you to start punching him on the jaw.

SAN. I'd like to see him try.

Æs. (*to PARMENO*). Watch him there. (*To SANNIO*.) Let go that girl. (*PARMENO hits SANNIO*.) 30

SAN. What a dirty trick!

Æs. You'll get another, if you're not careful. (*PARMENO hits SANNIO again*.)

SAN. Ouch! That hurts!

Æs. I didn't give you the sign; but if you make a mistake, it's better to 35 hit him more than I tell you to. (*To girl*.) You better get inside. (*Exit girl with PARMENO*.)

SAN. What goes on here; do you think you're king here?

Æs. If I were king, I'd decorate you the way you deserve.

SAN. What have you got to do with me? 40

Æs. Nothing at all.

SAN. Say, do you know who I am?

Æs. No, and I don't want to.

SAN. Have I bothered anything that belongs to you?

Æs. If you had, you'd be taken inside and horsewhipped to death.

SAN. Horsewhip a free man?

Æs. That's right.

5 SAN. What a man! And they say that all have equal rights here!

Æs. If you have stopped raving now, you pimp, will you listen to me for a moment?

SAN. You're the one who's been raving.

Æs. Let's cut this out and get down to business.

10 SAN. What business?

Æs. Do you want me to tell you how this is your business?

SAN. I do; but make it reasonable.

Æs. Imagine that! A slave dealer wants *me* to be reasonable!

SAN. That's right. I'm a slave dealer, a liar, the common plague and
15 perdition of all young men. But I haven't done anything to you—*yet*.

Æs. Oh, that's still to come, is it?

SAN. Let's get back to business, please.

Æs. You bought her for five hundred. I'll give you the five hundred.

SAN. And suppose I don't want to sell her. Can you make me?

20 Æs. No.

SAN. (*sarcastically*). I was afraid.

Æs. I don't think a free woman ought to be up for sale. I maintain that she is a free girl. Which would you rather do, get the money or a lawsuit? Think it over, pimp, until I return. (*Exit.*)

25 SAN. Almighty Jupiter! It's no wonder that men go mad from such treatment. He dragged me out of my own home, beat me up, and took away my girl against my will. I must have got over five hundred licks and in return for all this he wants the girl for exactly what was paid for her. Well, I guess that's the way it is—that's my pay for all this service;
30 he wants to take it to court. All right, I'm willing to agree to his bargain, if only I could be sure of getting the money. But this is what will happen: as soon as I agree to his price, he will have witnesses on the spot to say that I sold her; getting the money is a pipe dream. He'll say: "later. Come back tomorrow." I could take that, too, although it's an injustice,
35 if I finally got paid. But this is the way it is, when you are in my business; you must take all the insults of these pups and say nothing. But nobody is going to pay me, and a lot of good it's going to do me to do all this figuring.

Enter SYRUS from the house of MICIO.

SYRUS (*to ÆSCHINUS in the house*). You can stop worrying. I'll talk
40 to him. He'll take what we give gladly and say that he's got a good deal, too. (*To SANNIO.*) What's this I hear, Sannio, that you had a fight with my master?

SAN. I have never seen a more uneven match than between us today. He was at the giving end, I at the receiving end; and we are both
45 worn out.

SYR. It's your fault.

SAN. What should I have done?

SYR. He's a young man and you should have given in to him.

SAN. I gave him my jaw. Could I do more than that?

SYR. You know what I always say? Sometimes the best way to make money is to ignore it at the right time. Come, you were afraid that if you gave up a little of your rights and humored this young man, you most stupid of all men, it wouldn't come back to you with interest. 5

SAN. I don't pay cash for hope.

SYR. You'll never make a fortune; get out, Sannio, you don't know the right bait for boys. 10

SAN. You know better, then; I have never been shrewd enough not to want to be paid on the spot.

SYR. I know you; as if five hundred meant more to you than doing him a favor. But they tell me that you are going to Cyprus.

SAN. (*startled*). What's that? 15

SYR. That you've bought a lot of goods that you are taking there and that you have a ship ready. I know then that you are divided between your trip and this business. When you get back, I hope you will attend to this.

SAN. I don't intend to move from here. (*Aside*.) By Hercules, I'm in for it! They knew about this when they started all this business. 20

SYR. (*aside*). He's scared now. I've got him going.

SAN. (*aside*). O what thugs! Just see how he's caught me at a bad time. I bought a lot of women and other goods to take to Cyprus. If I can't get them to the market, it will be a great loss; and if I can't take care of this business now, but have to wait until I get back, it will all be cold. They'll say, "Well, you finally got back; why did you put up with this? Where were you?" It would be better to take a loss on this than either to stay here so long or to try to get the money by law when I get back. 25 30

SYR. Have you figured out what your profit will be?

SAN. Do you think this is nice of him—Æschinus trying to get my girl through force?

SYR. (*aside*). He's weakening. (*To SANNIO*.) One more word to you. See if you agree. Rather than run the risk of losing the whole amount, divide it; he can scrape together half of it. 35

SAN. By the gods, can't I even get the cost price? Does he have no shame? He's loosened all my teeth, and my head is one big sore from his blows; and on top of that he wants to cheat me. I won't budge from here. 40

SYR. Just as you like. Anything else you want to say before I go?

SAN. Yes, please, Syrus. By Hercules, no matter how he's treated me, rather than take it to court, let him give me at least what I paid for her, Syrus. Up to now I know you haven't had a chance to test my friendship. (*Gives him money*.) You will find out that I am a grateful friend and that I don't forget. 45

SYR. I'll do what I can. But here comes Ctesipho. He's happy about his girl.

SAN. What about what I asked you?

SYR. Just hold it a while.

Enter CTESIPHO.

CTESIPHO (*aisde*). When you are in need, you are happy to accept help from anybody at all, but it is especially good when your helper is a
 5 real friend. O, my brother, my own brother, how can I say enough about you! I am sure that I can't praise you enough for all your good qualities. I have this advantage above everybody else: no other man has a brother with all the virtues.

SYR. O, Ctesipho.

10 Ct. Hello, Syrus. Where is Æschinus?

SYR. Over there. He's waiting for you at home.

Ct. Fine!

SYR. What's up?

CT. What, indeed! It's only because of him, Syrus, that I am still living.

15 A fine man who puts me first in everything, he took on himself everything that was due me: curses, bad reputation, trouble, and responsibility. It's amazing. But who's coming out the door?

SYR. Just wait a bit; it's your brother himself coming out.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æs. Where's that scoundrel?

20 SAN. He must be looking for me; is he bringing anything with him? Ah, curses—nothing.

Æs. (*to CTESIPHO*). I'm glad to see you; I was looking for you. How is everything, Ctesipho? Everything must be all right; you don't look sad any more.

25 Ct. With a brother like you, I'm not sad any more. My dear Æschinus, my own brother. I am afraid to praise you any more to your face; you might think I was just flattering you.

Æs. Don't be foolish! As if we didn't know each other well enough now! But this worries me—that we found this out so late and things had
 30 almost come to such a pass that it would have been hard to help you at all, no matter how much we wanted to.

Ct. I was ashamed.

Æs. That was mere foolishness—not just shame. On account of a little thing like that you almost left the country. Disgraceful! God forbid
 35 such a thing.

Ct. I made a mistake.

Æs. (*to SYRUS*.) What did Sannio say?

SYR. Oh, he's softened up.

Æs. I am going to the Forum to pay him; you go inside, Ctesipho.

40 (*Exit CTESIPHO.*)

SAN. (*approaching*). Go ahead, Syrus.

SYR. Let's go; he's in a hurry to get to Cyprus.

SAN. Not as much of a hurry as you'd like. I've got plenty of time to stay here.

SYR. You'll get your money; don't be afraid.

SAN. But see that I get it all.

SYR. He'll pay it all; you just keep quiet and follow this way.

SAN. I'm coming. (*Exeunt SANNIO and ÆSCHINUS.*)

CTESIPHO (*enters at door*). Hey, Syrus.

5

SYR. What's the matter?

CT. Please pay that awful man as soon as you can; I don't want him to get mad and let this somehow reach my father—that would be the last straw.

SYR. That won't happen; don't worry. You just go in and have a good time with your girl and order the table set and everything else to be got ready. When we get this matter over with, I will come back with some food.

10

CT. That's fine. Everything has gone so well today; let's make a holiday of it. (*Exit SYRUS to the market and CTESIPHO into the house.*)

15

ACT III

Enter SOSTRATA from the house with CANTHARA.

Sos. Tell me, dear nurse, how will it be with Pamphila?

CAN. You ask how it will be? Fine, I hope. My poor girl, the pains are just beginning. Are you afraid, as if you were never there yourself—had never given birth?

Sos. We have no one to help us; we are alone; and Geta is not here. There's no one to send for the midwife or for Æschinus.

20

CAN. But he'll be here soon. He never lets a day go by—he always comes.

Sos. He is the only one who helps me in my misfortune.

CAN. Under the circumstances, my mistress, it couldn't be better. Since this happened to her, it's good that her lover was such a fine man, of such good character and of such a good family.

25

Sos. You are indeed right. I pray the gods he may remain with us.

Enter GETA.

GETA. It has come to such a point that if all the people got together with their plans and looked for a way out of this mess which my mistress and her daughter and I am in, they couldn't find a way out. Oh, me! We are hemmed in by all these evils and no way out of them! Violence, poverty, injustice, loneliness, disgrace—what a time! What terrible crimes, what sinful acts, what a wicked man!

30

Sos. Goodness me, why is Geta so upset and worried and in such a hurry?

35

GETA. Nothing influences him, not his word, nor any sense of loyalty nor even pity. It doesn't mean a thing to him that she is having his baby and that he so shamefully seduced her.

Sos. I can't make out what he is saying.

CAN. Let's go closer, Sostrata.

40

GETA. Oh unhappy man that I am! I'm out of my mind, I'm so angry.

I would like nothing better than to be able to meet that whole house so that I could let out my anger on them while I am still mad. I'd first choke the life out of that old man who produced that criminal. Then Syrus, who egged him on—I'd tear him limb from limb. I'd catch him
 5 by the middle and dash his head on the ground and scatter his brains all over the road. I'd tear out the young man's eyes and then throw him over a cliff. As for the rest of them, I'd throw them down, trample on them, and crush them. But I ought to hurry and tell my mistress about this latest misfortune.

10 SOS. Let's call him. Geta!

GETA. Whoever you are, don't stop me now.

SOS. But it's Sostrata.

GETA (*turning around*). Where are you? You're the very one I'm looking for. I was waiting for you. It's the best of luck that you met me. My

15 mistress . . .

SOS. What is it? Why are you trembling so?

GETA. What a mess!

CAN. What's your great hurry, my dear Geta? You'd better get your breath back.

20 GETA. Utterly.

SOS. What do you mean by that "utterly"?

GETA. We are done for. It's all over.

SOS. Tell me, please, what are you talking about?

GETA. Now . . .

25 SOS. Now what, Geta?

GETA. Æschinus . . .

SOS. What has he done?

GETA. He's left us now.

SOS. Oh, that's terrible. Why?

30 GETA. He's fallen in love with somebody else.

SOS. The gods help me!

GETA. And he makes no secret of it; he himself took her away from the slave dealer's.

SOS. Are you absolutely sure?

35 GETA. Absolutely. I saw it with my own eyes, Sostrata.

SOS. Heaven help me! What can you believe or whom can you believe any more! Our own Æschinus, our mainstay, who furnished all our hope and prospects, . . . has he left us? He swore that he could never live another day without her; he said that he would put the baby in his
 40 father's arms to persuade him to let him marry her.

GETA. Please, my mistress, stop crying and let us see what we need to do. Do you think we ought just to accept this or shall we tell someone?

CAN. Geta, can you be in your senses? Do you really think that we can tell anybody about this?

45 GETA. No. I don't really. First, it's quite clear that he no longer cares anything about us; now if we let this out, he will deny it; I'm sure of that. (*To SOSTRATA.*) Your good name and your daughter's life would be in danger; and even if he confessed everything, since he's in love with

another girl, it wouldn't be right for them to get married. Therefore, however you look at it, we must keep quiet.

SOS. No. I think you're entirely wrong. I won't do it.

GETA. What are you going to do?

SOS. I'll tell it.

5

CAN. My dear Sostrata, do you know what you are doing?

SOS. Well, things couldn't be worse than they are now. First, she has no dowry; secondly, the next most important thing is gone—she can't be married as a virgin now. There's only one thing left; if he denies it, this ring which he left will do as evidence. And finally, since I know that I have not done anything wrong, since there was no money or anything else improper given—to her discredit or mine—I'll take it to court.

10

GETA. I think you have a good idea—better than mine.

SOS. You go as fast as you can and tell all of this to Hegio; he's her closest relative. He was a good friend to my husband Simulus, and he has always taken the greatest interest in us.

15

GETA. You're right. Nobody else has taken any interest in us at all. *(Exit.)*

SOS. And you, Canthara, hurry, quick, get the midwife so she will be here when we need her. *(SOSTRATA goes into the house and CANTHARA and GETA go off to town.)*

20

Enter DEMEA.

DEMEA. Damnation! I have just heard that my boy Ctesipho went along with Æschinus in carrying off the girl. This is the last straw—if he can lead astray my boy who is still good for something. Where can I find him now? I suppose he's gone to some brothel. That Æschinus persuaded him, I'm sure. But I see Syrus coming. I'll soon know where my son is. But he's one of them too, and if he knows that I'm looking for him, the skunk will never tell me anything; I won't let him know what I want.

25

Enter SYRUS.

SYRUS *(aside, although he sees DEMEA.)* We just told the whole story to our old man; I have never seen more joy.

30

D. *(aside).* By Jupiter. What a stupid man!

SYR. He certainly praised his son; he even thanked me for the help I gave him.

D. I can't take much more of this.

SYR. He counted out the money on the spot. Besides he gave me enough money for a party. I've just spent that in fine fashion.

35

D. This is the man for you if you want a job completely done. *(Comes forward.)*

SYR. Hello, there, Demea, I didn't see you. What's up?

D. You ask that? I'm amazed at the conduct of all of you.

40

SYR. I suppose it is silly. To speak frankly, it's downright foolish. *(Speaking within the door.)* Clean the other fish, Dromo, but leave that large eel in water a while; you can bone it after I get back, not before.

D. What goings on!

SYR. You're right, and I keep saying so. Stephanio, see to it that the salt fish are soaked enough.

D. By the gods! Does he spoil the boy deliberately or does he think it's to his credit? What a mess! I can already see the day when he will be penniless and have to run off somewhere and enter the army.

5 SYR. O Demea, that is really wisdom, not only to see what is before you but even to look into the future.

D. Enough of that. Is that chorus girl still in your house?

SYR. She's right there.

10 D. He's going to keep her there, then?

SYR. I think so; he's crazy enough.

D. It's hard to believe.

SYR. His father's foolishly soft and easy on him.

D. I'm disgusted with my brother.

15 SYR. There's a difference between you, Demea—I don't say it because you are here—a great difference. You are, every inch of you, nothing but wisdom. He's a dupe. You would never let your son do those things, would you?

D. Would I let him? I would have smelled it out six months before he did anything.

20 SYR. Are you telling me how smart you are?

D. My only hope is that he will stay the way he is now.

SYR. Then your sons are just what you each want them to be.

D. What about him? Have you seen him today?

25 SYR. You mean your son? (*Aside.*) I'll send him back to the country. (*Aloud.*) I believe he's been working at the farm for some time.

D. Are you sure he's there?

SYR. Oh, yes. I went with him.

D. That's fine. I was afraid he was hanging around here.

30 SYR. And he certainly was angry.

D. Why?

SYR. He was getting after his brother right in the market about that chorus girl.

D. Is that the truth?

35 SYR. Yes. And he didn't leave out a thing. He happened to be counting out the money when Ctesipho came up unexpectedly and he began to shout at him: "Æschinus, can you possibly do such a thing? Can you do things that will bring disgrace to our family?" . . .

D. That makes me so happy I could cry.

40 SYR. "You're not giving away money, but your life" . . .

D. God bless him! He shows his background.

SYR. There's no doubt of it.

D. Syrus, he's full of such wisdom as that.

SYR. You're right. He learned it at home.

45 D. I try hard. I keep at it and try to make it natural to him. I always tell him to look into the lives of others like a mirror and thus find an example for himself; I always tell him what to do . . .

SYR. You're very right.

D. And what to avoid . . .

SYR. That's the best way.

D. And what will do credit to him . . .

SYR. That's the way.

D. And what is shameful . . .

SYR. Couldn't be better.

D. And then I tell him what . . .

SYR. By Hercules! I don't have time to listen to more now. I found some good fish; I've got to see to it that they don't ruin them. For it's as bad, Demea, for us slaves not to do what you just said, and I do my best to teach my fellow slaves the same thing. I say to them: "This is too salty, that's burned; this has not been properly cleaned." I give them as good advice as I am capable of. Finally, Demea, I tell them to look into their pots as into a mirror and I show them what they ought to do. I know that what we do is not of great importance and rather foolish. But what can you do? You must treat a man according to his character. Anything more before I go?

D. Yes. Try to have one of you show some sense.

SYR. Are you going to the country now?

D. Right now.

SYR. You're right. What are you doing here where nobody listens to your good advice? (*Exit into house.*)

D. Yes, I'm going back to the country, since he's gone back there and I only came to meet him. I love that boy above everything else, and he takes after me. My brother can look after the other the way he wants. But who is that I see over there? Isn't that my relative, Hegio? Why, by Hercules, I believe it is. He's been a friend of ours since we were children. There surely is a great lack of men of his sort now—men with the old honor and loyalty. He certainly is not the sort to commit any public disgrace. I'm very glad to see him. When I see men like him still left to us, there's a reason for living. I'll go say hello to him and talk to him.

Enter HEGIO and GETA, who don't see DEMEA.

HEGIO. By the immortal gods, Geta; that's an awful thing you tell me.

GETA. It's every word true.

HEG. And this ungentlemanly act was committed by one from such a good family! Æschinus, by Pollux, you certainly haven't acted like your father.

D. (*aside*). He must have heard about the music girl. He's a stranger and it worries him, but the father doesn't give a hang. Oh well, I just wish he had been around so that he could have heard this.

HEG. If they don't do the right thing for them, they'll never get away with it.

GETA. We're depending entirely on you now, Hegio. You're the only one we have; you are our benefactor; you take the place of a father to us. Our old man when he was dying entrusted us to you. If you leave us, we are done for.

HEG. There's no need even to mention that. I won't leave you now; I couldn't so desert my duty.

D. I'll go speak to him. (*Aloud.*) I hope you are in good health, Hegio.

HEG. Oh, I was looking for you, Demea. How are you?

5 D. You were looking for me?

HEG. Your elder son, Æschinus, the one you let your brother adopt, has done something unworthy of an upright man and a gentleman.

D. Tell me about it.

HEG. You knew my friend—the same age as we are—Simulus, didn't
10 you?

D. Of course.

HEG. He seduced Simulus' daughter.

D. What's that?

HEG. But just wait; you haven't heard the worst yet.

15 D. Can there be anything more?

HEG. I should say so. This even could be endured somehow; he was carried away by passion, wine, the soft night, and youth—that's only human. When he realized what he had done, he came to the girl's mother, weeping, begging, pleading, giving his word voluntarily and
20 swearing that he would marry her. He was forgiven, taken at his word, the matter kept quiet. The girl became pregnant and is now at her time. And that fine young man, the gods help us, has got himself a chorus girl and is living with her. He has deserted the other girl.

D. Are you sure of all of this?

25 HEG. Of course. The girl's mother is here and the girl herself about to give birth; and here's Geta, not a bad fellow, as slaves go, and resourceful. He takes care of them by himself, supports the whole family. If you think you'd be better satisfied, take Geta off and lock him up and get the truth from him.

30 GETA. That's right, Demea. Strike me dead if this is not the truth. Æschinus himself wouldn't deny it; ask him yourself.

D. (*aside*). I'm terribly ashamed of all this. I don't know what to do or say.

PAMPHILA (*from within the house*). O Lord, the pains are terrible! Dear

35 Juno, help me! For pity's sake, save me!

HEG. Does that mean that the child is coming now?

GETA. That's right, Hegio.

HEG. There you are, Demea; you can hear her pleading for help. You should do with good grace what you have to do. I pray the gods that
40 everything will be done by you as it should; but if you, Demea, have any other idea about it, I shall defend this girl with my whole resources—her and her father—my departed friend. He was related to me; we were brought up together from the time we were little boys. We were always together in the army; we suffered the same poverty. Therefore
45 I shall try, I shall strive, even go to court—I would give my life rather than abandon them now. And what do you say to all this?

D. I'll go talk to my brother.

HEG. See to it, Demea, that you give this plenty of thought. The richer

you and your brother are, the more fortunate and well born and influential, the more obligation you have to see that justice is done, if you want to be known as upright men.

D. You can go home now; everything that's proper will be done.

HEG. That's only what a man like you ought to do. Geta, let's go in to see Sostrata. (*Exeunt.*) 5

D. These things have all happened not without my warning. And if only this would be the last. The too great freedom he is given will certainly end in something far worse. I'll go look for my brother and pour all this out to him. 10

HEG. (*re-enters, but speaks into the house*). Keep your spirits up, Sostrata, and do your best to comfort her. I shall find Micio, if he is at the Forum, and I will tell him all about this. If he intends to do what is right about this, fine; but if he doesn't, he had better let me know and then I will know what to do next. (*Exit.*) 15

ACT IV

Enter CTESIPHO and SYRUS from MICIO's house.

CTESIPHO. Did you say that my father has gone back to the farm?

SYRUS. He left quite a while ago.

CT. Please tell me all about it.

SYR. He's at the farm now. I imagine he's busy at work this very moment.

CT. I hope so. I'd like for him to get so tired out, without hurting his health, that he couldn't get out of bed for the next three days. 20

SYR. I agree with you—and even more.

CT. You're right. I'd certainly like to spend this entire day, as I have begun, having a good time; the main thing I dislike about our country place is that it is so near here. If it were farther off, night would catch him before he could get back here. As it is now, when he doesn't find me there, he will come hurrying back here; I'm sure of it. He will ask me where I've been: "I haven't seen you this whole day"—and what will I answer? 25

SYR. And you couldn't think of anything? 30

CT. Nothing at all.

SYR. You're not very resourceful. Don't you have a friend or anybody who might ask you out?

CT. Of course; but, so what?

SYR. Couldn't you have business with them? 35

CT. But I haven't—that's out.

SYR. But it isn't.

CT. It might work in the daytime, but suppose I spend the night here. What do I say then, Syrus?

SYR. By Hercules, I wish it were the custom to do business with a friend at night. But just take it easy; I know him pretty well. When he's the fiercest, I can make him as gentle as a lamb. 40

CT. How?

SYR. He likes to hear you praised; I'll make a god of you. I'll list all your virtues.

CT. Mine?

SYR. Yes, yours. He will begin to weep from pleasure—like a boy with
5 a new toy. Look! Here's your chance.

CT. What on earth is it?

SYR. The wolf in the fable.

CT. My father?

SYR. In person.

10 CT. What are we going to do, Syrus?

SYR. You run inside; I'll see.

CT. If he asks you anything, tell him you haven't seen me. Do you hear?

SYR. Can't you shut up? (*Exit CTESIPHO.*)

Enter DEMEA.

DEMEA (*aside*). I am certainly an unlucky man. I couldn't find my
15 brother anywhere. Besides, while I was looking for him, I met one of the workmen from the farm, and he said that my son wasn't there. Now I don't know what to do.

CT. (*from doorway*). Syrus.

SYR. What is it?

20 CT. Is he looking for me?

SYR. He is.

CT. I'm in for it.

SYR. You just keep your chin up.

D. (*aside*). What bad luck. I can't understand it unless I believe I
25 was born only to endure misery. I always hear of troubles first, get all the details first—I always have to tell the bad news first. I am the only one to shoulder any burden.

SYR. (*aside*). He makes me laugh. He says he is the first one to know, and he is the only one who knows nothing.

30 D. I am coming back now to see if my brother has come back.

CT. (*at the door*). Syrus, I beg you; see to it that he doesn't come bursting in here.

SYR. Can't you keep quiet and leave it to me?

CT. I certainly can't leave this to you today. I'll shut myself up in some
35 room with her—that's the safest way.

SYR. Go ahead; but I'll get rid of him anyway. (*Exit CTESIPHO.*)

D. There's that rascal Syrus.

SYR. (*pretending not to see DEMEA*). By Hercules, nobody would want to go on staying here, things are in such a mess. I would certainly like to
40 know who my masters are. This is a terrible situation!

D. What's he got to complain about? What does he want? (*Aloud.*) Here, my good man, is my brother at home?

SYR. Why the devil do you "good man" me? I'm almost done for.

D. What's the matter?

45 SYR. You ask that? Ctesipho almost beat me and that chorus girl to death.

D. What's that? What are you saying?

SYR. Look how he cut my lip.

D. What did he do it for?

SYR. He claims that I was the one who urged buying the girl.

D. Didn't you say a while ago that you went with him to the farm? 5

SYR. I did go with him. But he came back all excited. Nothing could stop him. He wasn't ashamed to beat up an old man—and not so long ago I used to dandle him on my knee.

D. Good for you, Ctesipho—just like your father. You've really become a man. 10

SYR. You think that's good? If he has any sense, he'll restrain himself in the future.

D. He did well.

SYR. Very well indeed! To beat up a poor girl and a defenseless old slave who couldn't hit back. A fine thing! 15

D. He couldn't have done better. He feels the way I do—that you started all this business. But is my brother inside?

SYR. No, he's not.

D. I wonder where I can find him.

SYR. I know where he is, but I will never tell you. 20

D. What do you mean by that?

SYR. Just what I say.

D. Would you like your head broken open now?

SYR. I know the place, but I don't know the name of the man.

D. Then tell me the place. 25

SYR. Do you know the colonnade by the meat-market down this street?

D. Certainly I do.

SYR. Well, go this way, straight up this street; when you get there, there's a steep slope right in front of you. Hurry down that. And then on this side there's a little chapel, with an alley running along by it. 30

D. What alley is that?

SYR. That's the one where the large fig tree is.

D. I know it.

SYR. Well, go down that alley.

D. But that's a blind alley. 35

SYR. By Hercules, so it is. I wonder what you must take me for. I made a mistake. Let's go back to the colonnade. You can go a nearer and better way. Do you know the house of the rich man, Cratinus?

D. Yes.

SYR. When you pass it, turn left and keep straight along that street. When you come to the Temple of Diana, turn right. Just before you get to the city gate, right by the pool, there's a little mill and workshop facing you. That's where it is. 40

D. What's he doing there?

SYR. He's having some garden furniture made. 45

D. To be used for parties, no doubt. A fine thing! But I'd better go find him. (*Exit.*)

SYR. Yes, go ahead. You'll get enough exercise today, old dry bones. But

Æschinus is unforgivably late. The dinner will be spoiled; Ctesipho is absorbed in his girl, so I'll go now and look out for myself. I'll pick out the best parts of the meal for myself, and with a drink or two I'll manage to get through the day. (*Exit into the house.*)

Enter MICIO and HEGIO.

- 5 MICIO. I can see no reason for being praised so by you, Hegio. I am only doing my duty—correcting a wrong done by us. Unless you imagined that I am one of those men who think that they are being wronged if you reproach them for something they have done and then begin to attack you. Do you thank me because I didn't actually act that way?
- 10 HEG. Oh, not at all; I have never thought you to be different from what you are. But please come with me to see the mother of the girl, Micio, and tell her exactly what you have just told me—that he's taken all this blame to protect his brother and that the chorus girl belongs to Ctesipho.
- 15 M. If you think that is the proper thing and necessary, let's go.
HEG. That's good of you; you will relieve her mind, which is wasting away from grief and worry, and you will have done your duty. But if you are of a different mind, I'll tell her what you told me.
M. No, I'll go with you.
- 20 HEG. That's really good of you. All people who are less prosperous are somehow more suspicious. They take everything as an insult. Because of their own lack, they always think they are being made fun of. Therefore it is better if you explain in person.
M. You are absolutely right.
- 25 HEG. Then come in with me.
M. Of course. (*Exeunt into the house of SOSTRATA.*)

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

- Æs. I am all torn up. I have run into such an awful mess that I don't know what to do or how to act. I'm weak from fear; I'm overcome with fright. I can't decide on any plan of action. How am I going to get
- 30 out of this tangle? The burden of all this has fallen on me, and I don't deserve it. Sostrata believes that I was the one who bought this chorus girl. The old nurse made her think so. When she happened to be sent for the midwife, I ran into her. Right away I asked her how Pamphila was and whether her time had come, since she had come for the midwife.
- 35 She cried out: "Go away, go away, Æschinus. You've deceived us long enough. We've had enough of your broken promises." And I said: "Please, what do you mean by that?" "Good-day," she said. "Keep your new favorite." I knew immediately what she was talking about, but I couldn't say anything to that talkative old woman about my brother
- 40 because it would become common gossip. And what am I to do now? Can I say that she belongs to my brother—that certainly must not get out now. I'll pass that up; we can still keep it completely quiet. Besides, I am afraid that now they won't believe the truth; appearances are against me. I took her away from the house; I paid the money; she was

brought to my home. I admit that all of these things were my fault. Why didn't I tell my father just exactly what I had done? I could have persuaded him to let me marry her. I have let things slide up to this moment; from now on, Æschinus, stay awake. This is the first thing to do: I shall go to them and explain. I'll go to their house. Damnation! I always get the shakes when I knock at this door. "Hey there! Hey there! It's Æschinus. Open the door, somebody." Somebody's coming out. I'll stand over here.

Enter MICIO from the house.

M. Do exactly what I told you, Sostrata. I will find Æschinus and let him know all about this. But who knocked at the door? 10

Æs. (*aside*). By Hercules, it's father; I am done for.

M. Æschinus.

Æs. (*aside*). What's he doing here?

M. Did you knock at this door? He doesn't answer. (*Aside.*) Why shouldn't I have a little fun with him? That's what he gets for not telling me himself. (*Aloud.*) Aren't you going to answer me? 15

Æs. Not at that door so far as I know.

M. Is that so? I wondered what you would be doing here. (*Aside.*) He blushed. Everything is all right.

Æs. Tell me, Father, what are you doing here? 20

M. I am not here for myself. A friend brought me here from the Forum a while ago to give him some advice on a legal matter.

Æs. What matter?

M. I'll tell you. Some very poor women live here. I don't think you know them, or rather I am sure of it; they haven't been here long. 25

Æs. Go on.

M. There's a young girl and her mother.

Æs. Yes—

M. The girl has no father; this friend of mine is the nearest relative. The law forces him to marry her. 30

Æs. I'm undone.

M. What did you say?

Æs. Nothing; it's all right. Go ahead.

M. He has come to take her with him to Miletus where he lives.

Æs. Did you say he's taking the girl with him? 35

M. That's right.

Æs. All the way to Miletus?

M. Yes.

Æs. (*aside*). I'm going out of my mind. (*Aloud.*) What about the women? What do they say? 40

M. What do you think? Nothing. The mother made up a story about a child by some man or other, but she doesn't say who he is. She says that he has a greater right and the girl ought not be made to marry the man from Miletus.

Æs. And tell me, don't you think they are right? 45

M. No, I don't.

Æs. And why not? And he's going to take her away, Father?

M. Why shouldn't he take her away?

Æs. You both are acting harshly and without pity, and, to be quite frank, not like gentlemen, Father.

5 M. How do you arrive at that?

Æs. Do you ask: What do you think that poor man who first loved her will feel like? That poor wretch may still be in love with her now—when he's there to see her taken away from him, snatched from him before his very eyes! Oh, Father, this is a very shameful thing.

10 M. How do you figure that? Who became engaged to her? Who gave her away? To whom and when was she married? Who gave his consent? Why did he take a girl who belonged to another?

Æs. Should she have sat at home and waited, a girl her age, until her relative came from Miletus? That's what you ought to have said,

15 Father, and stuck to it.

M. That's foolish. Should I have talked against the man whom I had come to help? What business is all of this of ours, Æschinus? What do we have to do with them? Let's go. But what's the matter? Why are you so upset?

20 Æs. Father, please; listen to me.

M. Æschinus, my son, I have heard it all and know all about it; for I love you and worry about everything you do.

Æs. I only hope I can be worthy of your love, as long as you live, Father. I'm ashamed of what I have done to you, and it hurts me and grieves me.

25 M. By Hercules, I believe in you, for I know your gentlemanly nature. But I'm afraid that you are too impulsive. What country do you think you live in, pray? You seduced a girl whom you had no right even to touch. That was first of all a sin, but it's human enough; other gentlemen have often done the same thing. But after it happened, tell me, what
30 regard did you have—did you even think for yourself what should be done, or how? If you didn't want to tell me yourself, how was I to know about it? While you were making up your mind, nine months have passed by. You have betrayed yourself and that poor girl and the child as much as you could. Did you believe, indeed, that while you dallied
35 the gods would do all this for you and that she would be brought home to you and put in your room without any effort on your part? I should hate to see you as careless about all your other affairs. But don't worry. You will marry her.

Æs. What did you say?

40 M. I say don't worry about anything.

Æs. Father, please; you're not joking with me now, are you?

M. Me? Why should I?

Æs. I don't know—because I want this so much, and therefore I'm afraid.

M. Go home and pray the gods to help you get your wife—go on.

45 Æs. Do you mean I can get married today?

M. That's right.

Æs. Right away?

M. As soon as possible.

Æs. May the gods strike me, Father, if I don't love you more than life itself.

M. But not more than her?

Æs. Just as much.

M. That's good of you.

5

Æs. But where is that fellow from Miletus?

M. He's gone; he left; he set sail. But why don't you go?

Æs. You go, Father. You pray to the gods; I am sure they will heed you more since you are a much better man than I am.

M. Well, I will go in to get everything ready. You do as I say, if you know what's good for you. (*Exit.*)

10

Æs. What a situation! Does this seem like father and son? If he had been a brother or friend, could he have been better to me? Isn't he a lovable man—a man to be worshiped? I should say! He's so kind that I am afraid that I may happen to do something against his will. I will try to be careful. But I better go right in; I don't want to delay my own wedding.

15

Enter DEMEA.

D. I am all worn out from walking. May almighty Jupiter blast you, Syrus, with all your directions. I have crawled over the entire town—even to the city gate, and the pool and I don't know where all. I didn't find a workshop there, and no one had seen my brother. I've decided now to sit at his door until he comes back.

20

MICIO enters and talks within to ÆSCHINUS.

M. I will go and tell them that we are ready.

D. But there he is now. I've been looking for you a long time, Micio.

M. Why?

25

D. I want to tell you of the other terrible things that your fine young man has done.

M. Here we go again!

D. But these are new ones and of the worst sort.

M. Oh, come now!

30

D. You don't really know him.

M. Oh, yes I do.

D. How foolish you are; you think I am still concerned with the chorus girl. This time he's tricked a nice girl who is a citizen.

M. I know all about it.

35

D. So you know and you still let it happen?

M. And why shouldn't I?

D. Tell me, don't you even protest? Don't you even get mad?

M. No; of course, I would prefer—

D. There's a baby just born—

40

M. The gods bless it!

D. The girl has nothing.

M. I've heard that, too.

D. And she must be married without a dowry.

M. Naturally.

45

- D. What's going to happen now?
 M. The best thing in the situation. The girl will be brought home here.
 D. By Jupiter! Is that the right thing to do?
 M. What more can I do?
- 5 D. What can you do? If you aren't upset by all this, at least you might act like a human being and pretend that you are.
 M. I have already had them engaged; it is all arranged. There will be a wedding. There's no longer anything to worry about. I think that this is more the way of a human being.
- 10 D. But do you like all of this, Micio?
 M. No, not if I could change it; but since I can't, I just accept it calmly. Life is just like a game of cards; if you don't get the card you need most, you make the most of what you do get.
 D. Make the most! You lost five hundred on the music girl! She better
- 15 be sold right away to any bidder, and if not, she ought to be given away for nothing.
 M. That's not the right thing, and I don't really want to, anyway.
 D. And what do you propose to do?
 M. Keep her here.
- 20 D. The gods help us! A wife and mistress in the same house?
 M. And why not?
 D. Are you in your right mind?
 M. I think so.
 D. So help me, I think I begin to see your idea. I believe you want
- 25 somebody to play around with.
 M. And why not?
 D. And the bride will join in?
 M. That's right.
 D. You intend to frolic with both of them?
- 30 M. Exactly.
 D. Exactly?
 M. And you can join our party if we need a fourth.
 D. Oh my! Aren't you ashamed of all this?
 M. Let's drop the subject now, Demea; you ought to put aside your
- 35 anger and act gay and happy for your son's wedding. I'm going to get them. After I come back— (*Exit.*)
 D. By Jupiter, what a way of living! What morals! What foolishness! The bride comes without a cent; there's a chorus girl inside; the house is extravagant; the boy is lost in luxury; the father is losing his mind.
- 40 The gods themselves, if they wanted to, couldn't save this home now.

ACT V

Enter SYRUS, drunk.

SYR. By Pollux, Syrus, you've taken care of yourself in fine style and done your duty elegantly. Fine! But after I had enough of everything inside, I thought I'd come out for a little walk in the air.

D. Just look at that. A fine example of discipline!

SYR. But just look. Here's our old man. What goes on? Why so sour?

D. Oh, you wretch!

SYR. Come now. Are you still spouting words of wisdom?

D. If you only belonged to me—

5

SYR. You'd be a rich man, Demea, and in much better shape.

D. I would see to it that you would serve as an example to all the rest.

SYR. What makes you say that? What have I done?

D. Can you ask? In this awful mess, when this terrible thing has happened, and it has hardly been straightened out as yet, you get 10 drunk, you wretch, as if everything were just fine.

SYR. (*aside*). I shouldn't have come out.

Enter DROMO.

DROMO. Hey, Syrus, Ctesipho wants you to come back in.

SYR. Go on back in. (*Exit DROMO.*)

D. What did he say about Ctesipho?

15

SYR. Nothing.

D. Tell me, you villain, is Ctesipho inside here?

SYR. No.

D. Why did that man call his name?

SYR. Oh that's somebody else, a little loafer; do you know him?

20

D. I will soon.

SYR. What are you doing? Where are you going? (*Holding DEMEA back.*)

D. Let go of me.

SYR. I tell you not to go in there.

D. Take your hands off me, you scoundrel. Or would you rather have 25 your head bashed in? (*Rushes into the house.*)

SYR. He's gone. By Pollux, he's not a very welcome addition to the party—especially to Ctesipho. I wonder what I ought to do now. Until all of this quiets down, I'd better find some corner and sleep off these drinks—that's what I'll do. (*Exit.*)

30

MICIO enters from SOSTRATA's house.

M. As I've already told you, Sostrata, everything's ready, when you are. But who's that knocking so loudly at my door?

Enter DEMEA.

D. Goodness! How am I to act? What shall I do? I don't know what to complain of first. O heaven, O earth, O great sea of Neptune!

M. (*aside*). Well, there he is for you. He has the whole story; he's raving. 35 It's all up. There's going to be a row. I better bring up my reserves.

D. Well, there he is; he's the one who leads our boys astray.

M. Try to calm yourself and talk sense.

D. All right; I'm not angry any more. I'm restraining myself. Let's look at the facts. Didn't we agree (and I think you suggested it yourself) 40 that you would let my boy alone, and I would let yours alone?

M. That's right. I don't deny it.

- D. Then why is he getting drunk at your house? Why do you take him in? Why do you get a girl for him? Why is it unfair, Micio, that you respect my rights as I respect yours? If I don't interfere with your son, why do you interfere with mine?
- 5 M. You've got it all wrong.
D. Have I?
M. It's an old saying that friends share all things.
D. A fine saying; but don't you think it's a little late?
M. Listen to me a bit, Demea, if you can stand it. In the first place, if
- 10 you are worried about the money the boys spend, I beg of you to think of it in this light: you started to bring up the two boys according to your means, because you thought you had enough for both and at that time you thought I was going to get married. Now just keep to that old plan of yours; save your money, make more, be thrifty, try
- 15 to leave them as much as possible—that can be your main objective. Let them spend what I have which has come to them without their expecting it. Your estate will not be the poorer, and what I give them you can put down as pure profit. If you would think this way about it, you'd relieve them and yourself and me of a lot of worry.
- 20 D. I'm not talking about money now; it's the conduct of both of them—
M. Just a moment, Demea. I know. I was coming to that; there are many signs in a man from which you can draw a judgment; when two people do the same thing, it is often possible to say: "One of them can do this and get away with it; the other can't." It's not the thing that's different,
- 25 but the one who does it. I see in both these boys qualities that indicate that they will develop just as we want them to. I see them to be sensible, intelligent, respectful at the proper times, and fond of each other. You can trust to their gentlemanly natures; whenever you want, you can bring them back to the right path. But I know that you are afraid that
- 30 they are a little too careless about money. But remember, my dear Demea, that we become wiser as we grow older in all other respects; but there is one vice that afflicts men even in old age; we all pay more attention to getting more money than just enough for our needs. Age will teach them enough in this respect.
- 35 D. I only hope, Micio, that those fine ideas of yours and that generous spirit do not ruin both you and me.
M. You can be assured that won't happen; let's forget all this. Give in for today and stop looking so glum.
D. I suppose that's what I will have to do now. But tomorrow at
- 40 daybreak I will go back to the farm with my son.
M. You can go tonight, if you like; just try to be happy today.
D. And I shall drag that chorus girl along with me.
M. That's it; in that way, you will keep your son tied down there. Only see to it that you can hold on to her.
- 45 D. I'll see to that, and there I will have her cook and grind corn until she's full of ashes and smoke and meal. More than that she'll be gathering straw all day in the hot sun; she'll be cooked as black as charcoal.

M. That's fine. Now you seem to me to have got some sense. And even if he is unwilling, you ought to make your son go to bed with her.

D. Are you making fun of me? You are lucky to have such an easy nature. I think . . .

M. Are you thinking again?

D. All right. I give in.

M. Go inside then and let us spend this day the way it ought to be spent. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter DEMEA, later, dressed for the wedding.

D. No one has ever worked out for himself such a complete philosophy of life but that he learns something new from circumstances, age, and experience, or gets some warning from them. That you don't know something that you thought you knew is an old story—and something that you believed to be of the greatest importance, you disregard in the actual experience. And this is what is happening to me now. For that strict way of life that I have followed up to the present—now that I have almost come to the end of my course—I am casting aside. And you may ask why. From actual experience I have learned that the best qualities for a man to have are a good nature and tolerance. That this is the true way can be easily seen by comparing my brother and me. He has always lived a leisurely and pleasant life—easygoing, even-tempered; he offends no one, he sees the bright side of everything. He has not worried about expenses; everybody likes him and speaks well of him. But I, on the other hand, I have lived the life of a rustic, stern, forbidding, thrifty, sour, stingy—I got married. What trouble that brought me! There were two sons. Another worry! Just see how I wasted my youth and strength in doing my best to take care of them. Now at the end of my life spent in work for them, I get this reward—hatred. But he without any work has all the advantages of being a father. They love him, but they avoid me. They confide everything in him, they make a lot over him, they both like to stay with him, while I am left alone. They wish him a long life, but they look forward, naturally, to my death. So these boys that I have brought up at great expense and worry have really become his at little cost. I get all the trouble; he gets all the pleasure. Come now, come—let me try the opposite course; let's see whether I can speak persuasively and act graciously—since he has offered this challenge. I too would like to be loved and made much of by my own. If this can be brought about by giving them whatever they want, I will not play second fiddle. The money will give out, but that is of little concern to me since I am the oldest.

Enter SYRUS.

SYR. Hello there, Demea; your brother doesn't want you to go away very far.

D. Who is this speaking? Oh, my dear Syrus, I hope you are well. What's up? How's everything going?

SYR. Everything is fine.

D. That's excellent. (*Aside.*) I have already used three phrases not natural to me: "my dear," "what's up?" and "how's everything going." (*Aloud.*) Though a slave, you are far from being ungentlemanly, and I would like to do you a favor.

5 SYR. (*incredulously*). I am grateful.

D. But I mean it, and you will soon know it. (*Exit SYRUS to side of stage.*)

Enter GETA.

GETA (*to SOSTRATA within house*). I'm going to see, my mistress, how soon they will send for the girl. But here's Demea. Good day to you.

10 D. Oh, what's your name?

GETA. Geta.

D. I've decided today, Geta, that you are a man of great worth. For to me surely that slave who looks after his master's affairs has proved himself; and I have found that to be true of you, Geta. And therefore,
15 if the occasion ever arises, I would be glad to do you a favor. (*Aside.*) I think I am doing pretty well in trying to be nice.

GETA. You are very kind to think so well of me.

D. (*aside*). I am getting a good start in playing up to the people—one by one.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

20 Æs. They are killing me; they are trying so hard to make the ceremony formal. The whole day is being spent just in making arrangements.

D. What's going on, Æschinus?

Æs. Oh, my dear Father, is that you?

D. By Hercules, it is—your father in his love for you and by nature; who
25 loves you more than life itself. But why haven't you brought your wife home?

Æs. That's what I want; but we have been held up, waiting for the musicians and the singers.

D. Tell me, would you take the advice of an old man?

30 Æs. What is it?

D. Pass all these things up: the torches, musicians, the ceremony, and the fuss, and have a hole knocked in this garden wall as soon as you can; take your wife home that way and make one home out of the two; bring over her mother and all the servants to our house.

35 Æs. That's an excellent idea—you're a wonderful father.

D. (*aside*). Isn't that fine? Now I'm called "wonderful." My brother's house will become a thoroughfare; he will bring home a mob of people; there will be great expense—but what do I care? I am a wonderful man who's becoming popular. Now that Cræsus can count out his thousands.

40 But Syrus, why aren't you doing it?

SYR. What?

D. Tearing a hole in the wall; go get the women and bring them over.

SYR. The gods bless you, Demea, for being so thoughtful of our house.

D. I think you all deserve it. (*Exit SYRUS; to ÆSCHINUS.*) What do you
45 think?

Æs. I agree with you.

D. It is much better that way than for a sick young mother to be carried through the streets.

Æs. I think that is really a good idea, my dear Father.

D. That's the way I always do things; but here's Micio coming out. 5

Enter MICIO.

M. My brother ordered this? Where is he? Did you have this done, Demea?

D. Yes I did; in this way and in all other ways I'd like both houses to be made into one—not only in actual union, but in support and assistance.

Æs. Please agree to it, Father. 10

M. I have nothing against the idea.

D. By Hercules! It's exactly what we ought to do. First, his wife has a mother.

M. That's right. So what?

D. She's a fine woman. 15

M. So they say.

D. Not so young.

M. I know.

D. She's too old to have another child, and there's nobody to look after her; she's quite alone. 20

M. What's he driving at?

D. You ought to marry her. (*To ÆSCHINUS.*) You ought to see that he does it.

M. I ought to marry?

D. Yes, you. 25

M. Me?

D. That's who I said.

M. You're joking.

D. (*To ÆSCHINUS.*) If you were a real man, you'd make him do it.

Æs. My dear Father— 30

M. Why do you pay any attention to him, you ass?

D. You won't get anywhere; you've got to do it.

M. You're out of your head.

Æs. Let me urge you, Father.

M. You're mad; get out of here. 35

D. Come, now; do it for your son.

M. Are you in your right mind? You want me to become a bridegroom after sixty-five years and marry a decrepit old woman? Is this really your idea?

Æs. Please do it; I promised them. 40

M. You promised? Make promises for yourself, boy.

D. Tell me, Micio, suppose he asked for something more?

M. As if this weren't the biggest thing he could ask for.

D. Do it as a favor.

Æs. Don't be stubborn. 45

D. Do it; give your word.

- M. You're not going to let me alone?
 Æs. Not until you promise.
 M. But this is using force.
 D. Come, do us a favor.
 5 M. Although this is absolutely wrong and foolish and ridiculous and entirely out of keeping with my character, if you want it so very much I don't see any way out.
 Æs. You're doing a fine thing.
 D. I'm right to be fond of you—but—
 10 M. What?
 D. I'll tell you, since I've got what I wanted.
 M. What else can there be?
 D. This Hegio is their nearest relative and therefore now related to us; he is poor. We ought to do something for him.
 15 M. What would you suggest?
 D. You have a little bit of land on the edge of the city which you usually rent out. Let's give the income from it to him.
 M. Do you think it's a *little* bit of land?
 D. Even if it were a large piece, nevertheless you ought to do it. He has
 20 been a father to her; He is a good man, one of us; I have finally made my own that saying which you used so wisely a while ago: "The one flaw common to old men is too great an interest in money." We must try to avoid such disgrace. It is a true saying and it ought to be lived up to.
 25 Æs. My dear Father!
 M. What then? Since Æschinus wants it so, I will give the farm to Hegio.
 Æs. That makes me very happy.
 D. Now you are brother to me in soul as well as body. (*Aside.*) I am beating him at his own game.

Enter SYRUS.

- 30 SYR. We've done what you told us, Demea.
 D. You're a good fellow. By Pollux, I think that Syrus ought to be a free man today.
 M. Free that one? Why on earth?
 D. For many reasons.
 35 SYR. Oh my dear Demea, you're a fine man. I have taken care of both of the boys for you since they were children; I have taught them, advised them, and given them the best instruction I knew.
 D. That's apparent. And all those things—buying food honestly, getting them women, preparing for a party early in the day—they are things
 40 that take a man of resources.
 SYR. What a man!
 D. And finally, today he helped to buy that chorus girl; he's the one who really took care of it; it's only just that he should benefit—it will be a good example for the others. Besides, "Æschinus would like it."
 45 M. Would you really like it, Æschinus?
 Æs. I certainly would.

M. Well, then, if you would . . . Syrus, come here to me. (*Touches him.*)
Be a free man.

SYR. Oh, thank you, I am grateful to all of you, but especially to you,
Demea.

D. I'm glad.

Æs. So am I!

SYR. Thanks. It would make my joy complete if my wife Phrygia were
free, too.

D. Yes, she's a fine woman.

SYR. And she was the first to nurse your grandson, your son's son, today. 10

D. By Hercules, seriously, if she was the first, there's no doubt that she
ought to be freed.

M. Just for that?

D. For that. I will pay whatever she's worth.

SYR. May the gods always give you everything you pray for. 15

M. Syrus, you certainly have done very well today.

D. But, Micio, you ought still, if you want to do your entire duty, to
give him a little bit of ready cash as a loan. He will pay you back soon.

M. (*snaps his fingers*). He'll get that much.

Æs. He's a deserving man. 20

SYR. If you give it to me, I swear I'll pay it back,

Æs. Please, Father.

M. I'll think about it later.

D. He's going to do it.

SYR. Oh, what a fine man you are! 25

Æs. Oh, dearest of fathers!

M. What's this all about? What has so suddenly changed your nature?
What whim is this? What is this sudden generosity?

D. Well, I'll tell you. It was to show you why those boys think you are
good-natured and agreeable—not because your way of life is so right, 30
nor because you are so just and good, but because you agree, and give
in to them, and are lavish with them. Now if my way of life doesn't
please you, Æschinus, because I don't give in to everything you want
at any time—whether it is right or wrong—then I'm through with that
way of life. Spend, buy, do whatever you want; but if you wish, whenever 35
your judgment is weak because of youth, when your desires are extreme
and you can't think what to do, and you need somebody to restrain
you and correct you and to encourage you at the proper time, then
I am here to help you.

Æs. We trust everything to you, Father; you know what's best. But what 40
about my brother?

D. I give my approval; he can have his girl. But let her be the last one.

M. I think you are right.

CANTOR. Applaud.

—ALBERT SUSKIN.



II. OPPOSITION TO EASTERN INFLUENCE

The Roman never hesitated to adapt to his own needs any element whatever of a foreign civilization that appealed to him. The trait is one factor in Rome's success. In early days more or less unconsciously Etruscan influences had their effect on government, religion, the arts. Greek influence also began early. The Roman alphabet came from Cumæ, a Greek city not far from Naples. And in the fifth century it may be that Rome's first codification of her laws was a result of Greek practice. Rome used what Rome thought useful, for Rome was a city of pragmatists.

That is not to say that the Romans were always, like St. Paul's Athenians, in search of "some new thing"; far from it. They were conservatives. To the introduction of Greek literature in Latin dress they had made no objection, seeing no harm in it. The gradual growth of the identification of Roman with Greek deities had also gone on unopposed, perhaps because not realized. But after the war with Hannibal, in the second century B.C., immediate contact with Greece led to the invasion of Italy by Greek cults, Greek philosophy, and Greek education. Many of the leading Romans began to benefit by Greek culture; but many more began to see forces at work to undermine the Roman type, and opposition to foreign ways began. The demoralizing cult of Bacchus was brought to the notice of the senate, and, because serious social and political effects were feared, it was absolutely forbidden by a decree in 186 B.C. This decree set a precedent. Less than fifty years later Chaldean astrologers were banished from Italy. At times officials or the senate would pay their respects to Greek philosophers and teachers, and suppress them. But there was no systematic policy of repression. Little by little the Greek and other eastern elements won their way, so that by the time of Cicero in the middle of the first century B.C., and thereafter, opposition practically ceased. Only for political reasons, or because the peace was disturbed, were any foreign elements suppressed. Eastern civilizations for good and ill developed their influences unopposed.

THE BACCHANALIAN REVELS

(186 B.C.)

LIVY

[From Book XXXIX]

The establishment of the cult of Bacchus is a striking example of the Roman's imitativeness in the matter of religious practices. The mad orgies that resulted opened his eyes to his mistake, and set on foot the movement to rid himself of objectionable foreign gods. (For Livy, see below p. 456.)

The making of inquisition concerning clandestine meetings was decreed to both the consuls. A Greek of mean condition came, first, into Etruria, not with one of the many trades which his nation, of all others the most skilful in the cultivation of the mind and body, has introduced among us,

but a low operator in sacrifices, and a soothsayer; nor was he one who, by open religious rites, and by publicly professing his calling and teaching, imbued the minds of his followers with terror, but a priest of secret and nocturnal rites. These mysterious rites were, at first, imparted to a few, but afterwards communicated to great numbers, both men and women. 5 To their religious performances were added the pleasures of wine and feasting to allure a greater number of proselytes. When wine, lascivious discourse, night, and the intercourse of the sexes had extinguished every sentiment of modesty, then debaucheries of every kind began to be practised, as every person found at hand that sort of enjoyment to which 10 he was disposed by the passion predominant in his nature. Nor were they confined to one species of vice—the promiscuous intercourse of free-born men and women; but from this store-house of villany proceeded false witnesses, counterfeit seals, false evidences, and pretended discoveries. From the same place, too, proceeded poison and secret murders, so that 15 in some cases, even the bodies could not be found for burial. Many of their audacious deeds were brought about by treachery, but most of them by force; it served to conceal the violence, that, on account of the loud shouting, and the noise of drums and cymbals, none of the cries uttered by the persons suffering violation or murder could be heard abroad. 20

The infection of this mischief, like that from the contagion of disease, spread from Etruria to Rome; where, the size of the city affording greater room for such evils, and more means of concealment, cloaked it at first; but information of it was at length brought to the consul, Postumius, principally in the following manner. Publius Æbutius, whose father had 25 held equestrian rank in the army, was left an orphan, and his guardians dying, he was educated under the eye of his mother Duronia, and his stepfather Titus Sempronius Rutilus. Duronia was entirely devoted to her husband; and Sempronius having managed the guardianship in such a manner that he could not give an account of the property, wished that 30 his ward should be either made away with, or bound to compliance with his will by some strong tie. The Bacchanalian rites were the only way to effect the ruin of the youth. His mother told him, that, “during his sickness, she had made a vow for him, that if he should recover, she would initiate him among the Bacchanalians; that being, through the kindness of the 35 gods, bound by this vow, she wished now to fulfil it; that it was necessary he should preserve chastity for ten days, and on the tenth, after he should have supped and washed himself, she would conduct him into the place of worship.” There was a freedwoman called Hispala Fecenia, a noted courtesan, but deserving of a better lot than the mode of life to which 40 she had been accustomed when very young, and a slave, and by which she had maintained herself since her manumission. As they lived in the same neighbourhood, an intimacy subsisted between her and Æbutius, which was far from being injurious either to the young man’s character or property; for he had been loved and wooed by her unsolicited; and as his 45 friends supplied his wants illiberally, he was supported by the generosity of this woman; nay, to such a length did she go under the influence of her affection, that, on the death of her patron, because she was under the protection of no one, having petitioned the tribunes and prætors for a

guardian, when she was making her will, she constituted Æbutius her sole heir.

As such pledges of mutual love subsisted, and as neither kept any thing secret from the other, the young man, jokingly, bid her not be surprised if
 5 he separated himself from her for a few nights; as, "on account of a religious duty, to discharge a vow made for his health, he intended to be initiated among the Bacchanalians." On hearing this, the woman, greatly alarmed, cried out, "May the gods will more favourably!" affirming that
 10 "it would be better, both for him and her, to lose their lives than that he should do such a thing": she then imprecated curses, vengeance, and destruction, on the head of those who advised him to such a step. The young man, surprised both at her expressions and at the violence of her alarm, bid her refrain from curses, for "it was his mother who ordered him to do so, with the approbation of his stepfather." "Then," said she,
 15 "your stepfather (for perhaps it is not allowable to censure your mother) is in haste to destroy, by that act, your chastity, your character, your hopes, and your life." To him, now surprised by such language, and inquiring what was the matter, she said (after imploring the favour and pardon of the gods and goddesses, if, compelled by her regard for him,
 20 she disclosed what ought not to be revealed), that "when in service, she had gone into that place of worship, as an attendant on her mistress; but that, since she had obtained her liberty, she had never once gone near it: that she knew it to be the receptacle of all kinds of debaucheries; that it was well known that, for two years past, no one older than twenty
 25 had been initiated there. When any person was introduced, he was delivered as a victim to the priests, who led him away to a place resounding with shouts, the sound of music, and the beating of cymbals and drums, lest his cries, while suffering violation, should be heard abroad." She then entreated and besought him to put an end to that matter in some way or
 30 other; and not to plunge himself into a situation, where he must first suffer, and afterwards commit, every thing that was abominable. Nor did she quit him until the young man gave her his promise to keep himself clear of those rites.

When he came home, and his mother made mention of such things
 35 pertaining to the ceremony as were to be performed on that day, and on the several following days, he told her that he would not perform any of them, nor did he intend to be initiated. His stepfather was present at this discourse. Immediately the woman observed, that "he could not deprive himself of the company of Hispala for ten nights; that he was so
 40 fascinated by the caresses and baneful influence of that serpent, that he retained no respect for his mother or stepfather, or even the gods themselves." His mother on one side and his stepfather on the other loading him with reproaches, drove him out of the house, assisted by four slaves. The youth on this repaired to his aunt Æbutia, told her the reason of his
 45 being turned out by his mother, and the next day, by her advice, gave information of the affair to the consul Postumius, without any witnesses of the interview. The consul dismissed him, with an order to come again on the third day following. In the mean time, he inquired of his mother-in-

law Sulpicia, a woman of respectable character, "whether she knew an old matron called Æbutia, who lived on the Aventine hill?" When she had answered that "she knew her well, and that Æbutia was a woman of virtue, and of the ancient purity of morals"; he said that he required a conference with her, and that a message should be sent for her to come. Æbutia, on receiving the message, came to Sulpicia's house, and the consul, soon after, coming in, as if by accident, introduced a conversation about Æbutius, her brother's son. The tears of the woman burst forth, and she began to lament the unhappy lot of the youth: "who, after being robbed of his property by persons whom it least of all became, was then residing with her, being driven out of doors by his mother, because, being a good youth (may the gods be propitious to him), he refused to be initiated in ceremonies devoted to lewdness, as report goes."

The consul, thinking that he had made sufficient inquiries concerning Æbutius, and that his testimony was unquestionable, having dismissed Æbutia, requested his mother-in-law to send again to the Aventine, and bring from that quarter Hispala, a freedwoman, not unknown in that neighbourhood; for there were some queries which he wished to make of her. Hispala being alarmed because she was sent for by a woman of such high rank and respectable character, and being ignorant of the cause, after she saw the lictors in the porch, the multitude attending on the consul and the consul himself, was very near fainting. The consul led her into a retired part of the house, and, in the presence of his mother-in-law, told her, that "she need not be uneasy, if she could resolve to speak the truth. She might receive a promise of protection either from Sulpicia, a matron of such dignified character, or from himself. That she ought to tell him, what was accustomed to be done at the Bacchanalia, in the nocturnal orgies in the grove of Stimula." When the woman heard this, such terror and trembling of all her limbs seized her, that for a long time she was unable to speak; but recovering, at length she said, that "when she was very young, and a slave, she had been initiated, together with her mistress; but for several years past, since she had obtained her liberty, she knew nothing of what was done there." The consul commended her so far, as not having denied that she was initiated, but charged her to explain all the rest with the same sincerity; and told her, affirming that she knew nothing further, that "there would not be the same tenderness or pardon extended to her, if she should be convicted by another person, and one who had made a voluntary confession; that there was such a person, who had heard the whole from her, and had given him a full account of it." The woman, now thinking without a doubt that it must certainly be Æbutius who had discovered the secret, threw herself at Sulpicia's feet, and at first began to beseech her, "not to let the private conversation of a freedwoman with her lover be turned not only into a serious business, but even capital charge"; declaring that "she had spoken of such things merely to frighten him, and not because she knew anything of the kind." On this Postumius, growing angry, said, "she seemed to imagine that then too she was wrangling with her gallant Æbutius, and not that she was speaking in the house of a most respectable matron, and

to a consul." Sulpicia raised her, terrified, from the ground, and while she encouraged her to speak out, at the same time pacified her son-in-law's anger. At length she took courage, and, having censured severely the perfidy of Æbutius, because he had made such a return for the extraordinary kindness shown to him in that very instance, she declared that
 5 "she stood in great dread of the gods, whose secret mysteries she was to divulge; and in much greater dread of the men implicated, who would tear her asunder with their hands if she became an informer. Therefore she entreated the favour of Sulpicia, and likewise of the consul, that they
 10 would send her away to some place out of Italy, where she might pass the remainder of her life in safety." The consul desired her to be of good spirits, and said that it should be his care that she might live securely in Rome.

Hispala then gave a full account of the origin of the mysteries. "At
 15 first," she said, "those rites were performed by women. No man used to be admitted. They had three stated days in the year on which persons were initiated among the Bacchanalians, in the day-time. The matrons used to be appointed priestesses, in rotation. Pasculla Minia, a Campanian, when priestess, made an alteration in every particular, as if by the direction of
 20 the gods. For she first introduced men, who were her own sons, Minucius and Herennius, both surnamed Cerrinius; changed the time of celebration, from day to night; and, instead of three days in the year, appointed five days of initiation, in each month. From the time that the rites were thus made common, and men were intermixed with women, and the licentious
 25 freedom of the night was added, there was nothing wicked, nothing flagitious, that had not been practised among them. . . . The men, as if bereft of reason, uttered predictions, with frantic contortions of their bodies; the women, in the habit of Bacchantes, with their hair dishevelled, and carrying blazing torches, ran down to the Tiber; where, dipping their
 30 torches in the water, they drew them up again with the flame unextinguished, being composed of native sulphur and charcoal. They said that those men were carried off by the gods, whom the machines laid hold of and dragged from their view into secret caves. These were such as refused to take the oath of the society, or to associate in their crimes, or to submit
 35 to defilement. Their number was exceedingly great now, almost a second state in themselves, and among them were many men and women of noble families. During the last two years it had been a rule that no person above the age of twenty should be initiated; for they sought for people of such age as made them more liable to suffer deception and personal
 40 abuse." When she had completed her information, she again fell at the consul's knees, and repeated the same entreaties, that he might send her out of the country. The consul requests his mother-in-law to clear some part of the house, into which Hispala might remove; accordingly, an apartment was assigned her in the upper part of it, of which the stairs,
 45 opening into the street, were stopped up, and the entrance made from the inner court. Thither all Fecenia's effects were immediately removed, and her domestics sent for. Æbutius, also, was ordered to remove to the house of one of the consul's clients.

When both the informers were by these means in his power, Postumius represented the affair to the senate, laying before them the whole circumstance, in due order; the information given to him at first, and the discoveries gained by his inquiries afterwards. Great consternation seized on the senators; not only on the public account, lest such conspiracies and, 5 nightly meetings might be productive of secret treachery and mischief, but, likewise, on account of their own particular families, lest some of their relations might be involved in this infamous affair. The senate voted, however, that thanks should be given to the consul because he had investigated the matter with singular diligence, and without exciting any 10 alarm. They then commit to the consuls the holding an inquiry, out of the common course, concerning the Bacchanals and their nocturnal orgies. They order them to take care that the informers, Æbutius and Fecenia, might suffer no injury on that account; and to invite other informers in the matter, by offering rewards. They ordered that the officials in those 15 rites, whether men or women, should be sought for, not only at Rome, but also throughout all the market towns and places of assembly, and be delivered over to the power of the consuls; and also that proclamation should be made in the city of Rome, and published through all Italy, that "no persons initiated in the Bacchanalian rites should presume to come 20 together or assemble on account of those rites, or to perform any such kind of worship"; and above all, that search should be made for those who had assembled or conspired for personal abuse, or for any other flagitious practices. The senate passed these decrees. The consuls directed the curule ædiles to make strict inquiry after all the priests of those 25 mysteries, and to keep such as they could apprehend, in custody until their trial; they at the same time charged the plebeian ædiles to take care that no religious ceremonies should be performed in private. To the capital triumvirs the task was assigned to post watches in proper places of the city, and to use vigilance in preventing any meetings by night. In order 30 likewise to guard against fires, five assistants were joined to the triumvirs, so that each might have the charge of the buildings in his own separate district, on this side the Tiber.

After despatching these officers to their several employments, the consuls mounted the rostrum; and, having summoned an assembly of the people, 35 one of the consuls, when he had finished the solemn form of prayer which the magistrates are accustomed to pronounce before they address the people, proceeded thus: "Romans, to no former assembly was this solemn supplication to the gods more suitable or even more necessary; as it serves to remind you, that these are the deities whom your forefathers pointed 40 out as the objects of your worship, veneration, and prayers: and not those which infatuated men's minds with corrupt and foreign modes of religion, and drove them, as if goaded by the furies, to every lust and every vice. I am at a loss to know what I should conceal, or how far I ought to speak out; for I dread lest, if I leave you ignorant in any particular, I 45 should give room for carelessness, or if I disclose the whole, that I should too much awaken your fears. Whatever I shall say, be assured that it is less than the magnitude and atrociousness of the affair would justify;

exertions will be used by us that it may be sufficient to set us properly on our guard. . . .

“Each of you, therefore, ought to pray that his kindred may have behaved with wisdom and prudence; and if lust, if madness, has dragged
5 any of them into that abyss, to consider such a person as the relation of those with whom he has conspired for every disgraceful and reckless act, and not as one of your own. I am not secure, lest some, even of yourself, may have erred through mistake; for nothing is more deceptive in appearance than false religion. When the authority of the gods is held out as
10 a pretext to cover vice, fear enters our minds, lest, in punishing the crimes of men, we may violate some divine right connected therewith. Numberless decisions of the pontiffs, decrees of the senate, and even answers of the haruspices, free you from religious scruples of this character. How often in the ages of our fathers was it given in charge to the magistrates, to
15 prohibit the performance of any foreign religious rites; to banish strolling sacrificers and soothsayers from the forum, the circus, and the city; to search for, and burn, books of divination; to abolish every mode of sacrificing that was not conformable to the Roman practice! For they, completely versed in every divine and human law, maintained, that
20 nothing tended so strongly to the subversion of religion as sacrifice, when we offered it not after the institutions of our forefathers, but after foreign customs. This much I thought necessary to mention to you beforehand, that no vain scruple might disturb your minds when you should see us demolishing the places resorted to by the Bacchanalians, and dispersing
25 their impious assemblies. We shall do all these things with the favour and approbation of the gods; who, because they were indignant that their divinity was dishonoured by those people’s lusts and crimes, have drawn forth their proceedings from hidden darkness into the open light; and who have directed them to be exposed, not that they may escape with impunity,
30 but in order that they may be punished and suppressed. The senate have committed to me and my colleague, an inquisition extraordinary concerning this affair. What is requisite to be done by ourselves, in person, we will do with energy. The charge of posting watches through the city, during the night, we have committed to the inferior magistrates; and, for your
35 parts, it is incumbent on you to execute vigorously whatever duties are assigned you, and in the several places where each will be placed, to perform whatever orders you shall receive, and to use your best endeavours that no danger or tumult may arise from the treachery of the party involved in the guilt.”

40 They then ordered the decrees of the senate to be read, and published a reward for any discoverer who should bring any of the guilty before them, or give information against any of the absent, adding, that “if any person accused should fly, they would limit a certain day upon which, if he did not answer when summoned, he would be condemned in his absence; and if
45 any one should be charged who was out of Italy, they would allow him a longer time, if he should wish to come and make his defence.” They then issued an edict, that “no person whatever should presume to buy or sell any thing for the purpose of leaving the country; or to receive or conceal,

or by any means aid the fugitives." On the assembly being dismissed, great terror spread throughout the city; nor was it confined merely within the walls, or to the Roman territory, for every where throughout the whole of Italy alarm began to be felt, when letters from the guest-friends were received, concerning the decree of the senate, and what passed in the assembly, and the edict of the consuls. During the night, which succeeded the day in which the affair was made public, great numbers, attempting to fly, were seized, and brought back by the triumvirs, who had posted guards at all the gates; and informations were lodged against many, some of whom, both men and women, put themselves to death. Above seven thousand men and women are said to have taken the oath of the association. But it appeared that the heads of the conspiracy were the two Catinii, Marcus and Caius, Roman plebeians; Lucius Oпитurnius, a Faliscan; and Minius Cerrinius, a Campanian: that from these proceeded all their criminal practices, and that these were the chief priests and founders of the sect. Care was taken that they should be apprehended as soon as possible. They were brought before the consuls, and, confessing their guilt, caused no delay to the ends of justice.

But so great were the numbers that fled from the city, that because the lawsuits and property of many persons were going to ruin, the prætors, Titus Mænius and Marcus Licinius, were obliged, under the direction of the senate, to adjourn their courts for thirty days, until the inquiries should be finished by the consuls. The same deserted state of the law-courts, since the persons, against whom charges were brought, did not appear to answer, nor could be found in Rome, necessitated the consuls to make a circuit of the country towns, and there to make their inquisitions and hold the trials. Those who, as it appeared, had been only initiated, and had made after the priest, and in the most solemn form, the prescribed imprecations, in which the accursed conspiracy for the perpetuation of every crime and lust was contained, but who had not themselves committed, or compelled others to commit, any of those acts to which they were bound by the oath, —all such they left in prison. But those who had forcibly committed personal defilements or murders, or were stained with the guilt of false evidence, counterfeit seals, forged wills, or other frauds, all these they punished with death. A greater number were executed than thrown into prison; indeed, the multitude of men and women who suffered in both ways, was very considerable. The consuls delivered the women, who were condemned, to their relations, or to those under whose guardianship they were, that they might inflict the punishment in private; but if there did not appear any proper person of the kind to execute the sentence, the punishment was inflicted in public. A charge was then given to demolish all the places where the Bacchanalians had held their meetings; first, in Rome, and then throughout all Italy; excepting those wherein should be found some ancient altar, or consecrated statue. With regard to the future, the senate passed a decree, "that no Bacchanalian rites should be celebrated in Rome or in Italy": and ordered that, "in case any person should believe some such kind of worship incumbent on him, and necessary; and that he could not, without offence to religion, and incurring

guilt, omit it, he should represent this to the city prætor, and the prætor should lay the business before the senate. If permission were granted by the senate, when not less than one hundred members were present, then he might perform those rites, provided that no more than five persons
5 should be present at the sacrifice, and that they should have no common stock of money, nor any president of the ceremonies, nor priest."

Another decree connected with this was then made, on a motion of the consul, Quintus Marcius, that "the business respecting the persons who had served the consuls as informers should be proposed to the senate in its
10 original form, when Spurius Postumius should have finished his inquiries, and returned to Rome." They voted that Minius Cerrinius, the Campanian, should be sent to Ardea, to be kept in custody there; and that a caution should be given to the magistrates of that city, to guard him with more than ordinary care, so as to prevent not only his escaping, but his having
15 an opportunity of committing suicide. Spurius Postumius some time after came to Rome, and on his proposing the question, concerning the reward to be given to Publius Æbutius and Hispala Fecenia, because the Bacchanalian ceremonies were discovered by their exertions, the senate passed a vote, that "the city quæstors should give to each of them, out of
20 the public treasury, one hundred thousand asses; and that the consuls should desire the plebeian tribunes to propose to the commons as soon as convenient, that the campaigns of Publius Æbutius should be considered as served, that he should not become a soldier against his wishes, nor should any censor assign him a horse at the public charge." They voted
25 also, that "Hispala Fecenia should enjoy the privileges of alienating her property by gift or deed; of marrying out of her rank, and of choosing a guardian, as if a husband had conferred them by will; that she should be at liberty to wed a man of honourable birth, and that there should be no disgrace or ignominy to him who should marry her; and that the consuls
30 and prætors then in office, and their successors, should take care that no injury should be offered to that woman, and that she might live in safety. That the senate wished, and thought proper, that all these things should be so ordered." All these particulars were proposed to the commons, and executed according to the vote of the senate; and full permission was
35 given to the consuls to determine respecting the impunity and rewards of the other informers.

—W. A. M'DEVITTE.



EXPULSION OF GREEK TEACHERS

AULUS GELLIUS

[From *Attic Nights*, Book XV]

Aulus Gellius, a Roman writer of the second century after Christ, has preserved in his only extant work, Noctes Atticæ, an extremely miscellaneous, but often valuable collection of historical and literary material from earlier times.

The decree of the senate, quoted by him, was issued in 161 B.C., and the censor's edict in 92 B.C.

The wording of a decree of the senate on expelling philosophers from the city of Rome; also the wording of an edict of the censors, in which the men, who had begun to establish and practice training in rhetoric at Rome, were censured and suppressed.

In the consulship of C. Fannius Strabo and M. Valerius Messala a decree of the senate was passed on Latin philosophers and rhetoricians: "M. Pomponius, prætor, consulted the senate. Whereas mention has been made of philosophers and rhetoricians, on that subject the senators have decreed as follows, that M. Pomponius, prætor, should see to it and arrange, as seems good to him for the welfare of the state and his own honor, that they should not remain in Rome." 5

Some years after this decree of the senate, Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus and L. Licinius Crassus, the censors, issued this edict on the suppressing of Latin rhetoricians: "It has been reported to us that there are men who have established a new kind of training, and that our youth is going to school to them; that they have granted themselves the title of Latin rhetoricians; that in their schools young men spend whole days in idleness. Our ancestors have established what they would have their children learn and to what schools they would have them go. These new teachings, which are being given against the usage and custom of our ancestors, do not meet with approval, nor do they seem right. Wherefore it has seemed necessary that, to those who conduct those schools, and to those who have been in the habit of going to them, we declare our opinion that they do not meet with our approval." 10 15 20

Not only in those very rude times when the people were not yet refined by Greek training were philosophers driven from the city of Rome, but while Domitian was emperor by a decree of the senate they were ejected from the city and from Italy and forbidden to return. At that time Epictetus, the philosopher, owing to that decree went from Rome to Nicopolis. 25

—G. A. HARRER.



III. A ROMAN PURITAN

ON AGRICULTURE¹

CATO

Marcus Porcius Cato was born in 235 and died in 149 B.C. Cato is often spoken of as Cato the Censor, or Cato the Elder, to distinguish him from the Cato of Cicero's time. He was also called the Wise. For many years he served in Rome's armies, in Italy, Spain, and Greece. Then he took a very active part in the politics of Rome. When censor he particularly distinguished himself for vehement opposition to the growing luxury. To anything un-Roman he proved a fierce opponent, though as an old man he may have read Greek. Well known are his bitter hatred and fear of Carthage whose destruction he constantly sought, ending his senatorial speeches on any topic with the words, Carthago delenda est. In after times he always stood as the very embodiment of Roman puritanism.

The history of Roman oratory as a branch of Roman literature begins with him, since he was the first to make a practice of writing out and publishing his speeches. He made advances also in historiography over the annalists who preceded him, taking, for the first time, Latin instead of Greek for his medium, and to some extent breaking away from the limitations of the annalistic method. His precepts to his son contained practical treatises on many subjects of which only that on agriculture has survived.

Agriculture was in all periods a favorite subject of Roman authors, poets as well as writers of prose. Cato's treatise, written before 152 B.C., is the earliest extant piece of extended Latin prose, and is one of the sources from which Virgil drew for his *Georgics*. Its style is direct, without adornment, even crude; but the contents prove that its author was a practical farmer. In relation to the treatment of slaves it shows that humanitarian feelings were as yet undeveloped.

The pursuits of commerce would be as admirable as they are profitable if they were not subject to so great risks: and so, likewise, of banking, if it were always honestly conducted. For our ancestors considered, and so ordained in their laws, that, while the thief should be cast in double damages, the usurer should make four-fold restitution. From this we may judge how much less desirable a citizen they esteemed the banker than the thief. When they sought to commend an honest man, they termed him good husbandman, good farmer. This they rated the superlative of praise. Personally, I think highly of a man actively and diligently engaged in commerce, who seeks thereby to make his fortune, yet, as I have said, his career is full of risks and pitfalls. But it is from the tillers of the soil that spring the best citizens, the stanchest soldiers; and theirs are the enduring rewards which are most grateful and least envied. Such as devote themselves to that pursuit are least of all men given to evil counsels.

¹ From *Roman Farm Management*, by Fairfax Harrison. Copyright by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

And now, to get to my subject, these observations will serve as preface to what I have promised to discuss.

When you have decided to purchase a farm, be careful not to buy rashly; do not spare your visits and be not content with a single tour of inspection. The more you go, the more will the place please you, if it be worth your attention. Give heed to the appearance of the neighbourhood, —a flourishing country should show its prosperity. “When you go in, look about, so that, when needs be, you can find your way out.” 5

Take care that you choose a good climate, not subject to destructive storms, and a soil that is naturally strong. If possible, your farm should be at the foot of a mountain, looking to the South, in a healthy situation, where labour and cattle can be had, well watered, near a good sized town, and either on the sea or a navigable river, or else on a good and much frequented road. Choose a place which has not often changed ownership, one which is sold unwillingly, that has buildings in good repair. 15

Beware that you do not rashly condemn the experience of others. It is better to buy from a man who has farmed successfully and built well.

When you inspect the farm, look to see how many wine presses and storage vats there are; where there are none of these you can judge what the harvest is. On the other hand, it is not the number of farming implements, but what is done with them, that counts. Where you find few tools, it is not an expensive farm to operate. Know that with a farm, as with a man, however productive it may be, if it has the spending habit, not much will be left over. 20

When you have arrived at your country house and have saluted your household, you should make the rounds of the farm the same day, if possible; if not, then certainly the next day. When you have observed how the field work has progressed, what things have been done, and what remains undone, you should summon your overseer the next day, and should call for a report of what work has been done in good season and why it has not been possible to complete the rest, and what wine and corn and other crops have been gathered. When you are advised on these points you should make your own calculation of the time necessary for the work, if there does not appear to you to have been enough accomplished. The overseer will report that he himself has worked diligently, but that some slaves have been sick and others truant, the weather has been bad, and that it has been necessary to work the public roads. When he has given these and many other excuses, you should recall to his attention the program of work which you had laid out for him on your last visit and compare it with the results attained. If the weather has been bad, count how many stormy days there have been, and rehearse what work could have been done despite the rain, such as washing and pitching the wine vats, cleaning out the barns, sorting the grain, hauling out and composting the manure, cleaning seed, mending the old gear, and making new, mending the smocks and hoods furnished for the hands. On feast days the old ditches should be mended, the public roads worked, briers cut down, the garden dug, the meadow cleaned, the hedges trimmed and the clippings collected and burned, the fish pond cleaned out. On such 45

days, furthermore, the slaves's rations should be cut down as compared with what is allowed when they are working in the fields in fine weather.

When this routine has been discussed quietly and with good humor and is thoroughly understood by the overseer, you should give orders for the
5 completion of the work which has been neglected.

The accounts of money, supplies and provisions should then be considered. The overseer should report what wine and oil has been sold, what price he got, what is on hand, and what remains for sale. Security should be taken for such accounts as ought to be secured. All other
10 unsettled matters should be agreed upon. If anything is needed for the coming year, it should be bought; everything which is not needed should be sold. Whatever there is for lease should be leased. Orders should be given (and take care that they are in writing) for all work which next it is desired to have done on the farm or let to contract. You should go over
15 the cattle and determine what is to be sold. You should sell the oil, if you can get your price, the surplus wine and corn, the old cattle, the worn out oxen, and the cull sheep, the wool and the hides, the old and sick slaves, and if anything else is superfluous you should sell that.

The appetite of the good farmer is to sell, not to buy.

20 Be a good neighbour. Do not roughly give offense to your own people. If the neighbourhood regards you kindly, you will find a readier market for what you have to sell, you will more easily get your work done, either on the place or by contract. If you build, your neighbours will aid you with their services, their cattle and their materials. If any misfortune should
25 overtake you (which God forbid!) they will protect you with kindly interest.

If you ask me what is the best disposition to make of your estate, I would say that should you have bought a farm of one hundred *jugera* all told, in the best situation, it should be planted as follows: 1. a vineyard, if it
30 promises a good yield, 2. an irrigated garden, 3. an osier bed, 4. an olive yard, 5. a meadow, 6. a corn field, 7. a wood lot, 8. a cultivated orchard, and 9. a mast grove.

In his youth, the farmer ought diligently to plant his land, but he should ponder before he builds. Planting does not require reflection, but demands
35 action. It is time enough to build when you have reached your thirty-sixth year, if you have farmed your land well meanwhile. When you do build, let your buildings be proportioned to your estate, and your estate to your buildings. It is fitting that the farm buildings should be well constructed, that you should have ample oil cellars and wine vats, and a good supply
40 of casks, so that you can wait for high prices, something which will redound to your honour, your profit and your self-respect.

Build your dwelling house in accordance with your means. If you build well in a good situation and on good property, and furnish the house suitably for country life, you will come there more often and more
45 willingly. The farm will then be better, fewer mistakes will be made, and you will get larger crops. The face of the master is good for the land.

Plant elm trees along the roads and fence rows, so that you may have the leaves to feed the sheep and cattle, and the timber will be available if

you need it. If anywhere there are banks of streams or wet places, there plant reeds; and surround them with willows that the osiers may serve to tie the vines.

It is most convenient to set out the land nearest the house as an orchard, whence fire wood and faggots may be sold and the supply of the master obtained. In this enclosure should be planted everything fitting to the land and vines should be married to the trees.

Near the house lay out also a garden with garland flowers and vegetables of all kinds, and set it about with myrtle hedges, both white and black, as well as Delphic and Cyprian laurel.

An olive farm of two hundred and forty *jugera* ought to be stocked as follows: an overseer, a housekeeper, five labourers, three ox drivers, one swineherd, one ass driver, one shepherd; in all thirteen hands: three pair of oxen, three asses with pack saddles to haul out the manure, one other ass to turn the mill, and one hundred sheep.

These are the duties of the overseer: He should maintain discipline. He should observe the feast days. He should respect the rights of others and steadfastly uphold his own. He should settle all quarrels among the hands; if any one is at fault he should administer the punishment. He should take care that no one on the place is in want, or lacks food or drink; in this respect he can afford to be generous, for he will thus more easily prevent picking and stealing.

Unless the overseer is of evil mind, he will himself do no wrong, but if he permits wrong-doing by others, the master should not suffer such indulgence to pass with impunity. He should show appreciation of courtesy to encourage others to practise it. He should not be given to gadding or conviviality, but should be always sober. He should keep the hands busy, and should see that they do what the master has ordered. He should not think that he knows more than his master. The friends of the master should be his friends, and he should give heed to those whom the master has recommended to him. He should confine his religious practices to the cross roads altar on festival days or to his own house.

He should lend money to no man unbidden by the master, but what the master has lent he should collect. He should never lend any seed reserved for sowing, feed, corn, wine, or oil, but he should have relations with two or three other farms with which he can exchange things needed in emergency. He should state his accounts with his master frequently. He should not keep any hired men or day-hands longer than is necessary. He should not sell anything without the knowledge of the master, nor should he conceal anything from the master. He should not have any hangers-on, nor should he consult any soothsayer, fortune teller, necromancer, or astrologer. He should not spare seed in sowing, for that is bad economy. He should strive to be expert in all kinds of farm work, and, without exhausting himself, often lend a hand. By so doing, he will better understand the point of view of his hands, and they will work more contentedly; moreover, he will have less inclination to gad, his health will be better, and he will sleep more refreshingly.

First up in the morning, he should be the last to go to bed at night;

and before he does, he should see that the farm gates are closed, and that each of the hands is in his own bed, that the stock have been fed. He should see that the best of care is taken of the oxen, and should pay the highest compliments to the teamsters who keep their cattle in the best condition.

- 5 He should see to it that the ploughs and the plough shares are kept in good repair. Plan all the work in ample time, for so it is with farm work, if one thing is done late, everything will be late.

When it rains try to find something to do indoors. Clean up, rather than remain idle. Remember that while work may stop, expenses still go on.

- 10 The overseer should be responsible for the duties of the housekeeper. If the master has given her to you for a wife, you should be satisfied with her, and she should respect you. Require that she be not given to wasteful habits; that she does not gossip with the neighbours and other women. She should not receive visitors either in the kitchen or in her own quarters.
- 15 She should not go out to parties, nor should she gad about. She should not practise religious observances, nor should she ask others to do so for her without the permission of the master or the mistress. Remember that the master practises religion for the entire household. She should be neat in appearance and should keep the house swept and garnished. Every
- 20 night before she goes to bed she should see that the hearth is swept and clean. On the Kalends, the Ides, the Nones, and on all feast days, she should hang a garland over the hearth. On those days also she should pray fervently to the household gods. She should take care that she has food cooked for you and for the hands. She should have plenty of chickens
- 25 and an abundance of eggs. She should diligently put up all kinds of preserves every year.

- The following are the customary allowances for food: For the hands, four pecks of meal for the winter, and four and one-half for the summer. For the overseer, the housekeeper, the wagoner, the shepherd, three pecks
- 30 each. For the slaves, four pounds of bread for the winter, but when they begin to cultivate the vines this is increased to five pounds until the figs are ripe, then return to four pounds.

- The sum of the wine allowed for each hand per annum is eight quadrantals, or amphora, but add in the proportion as they do work.
- 35 Ten quadrantals per annum is not too much to allow them to drink.

- Save the wind fall olives as much as possible as relishes for the hands. Later set aside such of the ripe olives as will make the least oil. Be careful to make them go as far as possible. When the olives are all eaten, give them fish pickles and vinegar. One peck of salt per annum is enough for
- 40 each hand.

Allow each hand a smock and a cloak every other year. As often as you give out a smock or a cloak to any one, take up the old one, so that caps can be made out of it. A pair of heavy wooden shoes should be allowed every other year.

- 45 If the land is wet, it should be drained with trough shaped ditches dug three feet wide at the surface and one foot at the bottom and four feet deep. Blind these ditches with rock. If you have no rock, then fill them with green willow poles braced crosswise. If you have no poles, fill them with

faggots. Then dig lateral trenches three feet deep and four feet wide in such way that the water will flow from the trenches into the ditches.

In the winter surface water should be drained off the fields. On hillsides, courses should be kept clear for the water to flow off. During the rainy season at the beginning of Autumn is the greatest risk from water. When it begins to rain all the hands should go out with picks and shovels and clear out the drains so that the water may flow off into the roads, and the crops be protected.

What is the first principle of good agriculture? To plough well. What is the second? To plough again; and the third is to manure. When you plough corn land, plough well and in good weather, lest you turn a cloddy furrow. The other things of good agriculture are to sow seed plentifully, to thin the young sprouts, and to hill up the roots with earth.

Never plough rotten land nor drive flocks or carts across it.

If care is not taken about this, the land so abused will be barren for three years.

The flocks and herds should be well supplied with litter and their feet kept clean. If litter is short, haul in oak leaves, they will serve as bedding for sheep and cattle. Beware of scab among the sheep and cattle. This comes from hunger and exposure to rain.

To prevent the oxen from wearing down their hoofs, anoint the bottom of the hoof with liquid pepper before driving them on the highroad.

Take care that during the summer the cattle drink only sweet and fresh water. Their health depends on it.

To prevent scab among sheep, make a mixture of equal parts of well strained amurca, of water in which lupine has been steeped, and of lees of good wine. After shearing, anoint all the flock with this mixture, and let them sweat profusely for two or three days. Then dip them in the sea. If you have no sea water, make salt water and dip them in that. If you will do this they will suffer no scab, they will have more and better wool, and they will not be molested by ticks.

If an ox begins to sicken, give him without delay a raw hen's egg and make him swallow it whole. The next day make him drink from a wooden bowl a measure of wine in which has been scraped the head of an onion. Both the ox and his attendant should do these things fasting and standing upright.

If a serpent shall bite an ox, or any other quadruped, take a cup of that extract of fennel which the physicians call smyrnean, and mix it with a measure of old wine. Inject this through his nostrils, and at the same time poultice the wound with hog's dung. You can treat a man the same way.

If a bone is dislocated it can be made sound by this incantation. Take a green reed four or five feet long, cut it in the middle and let two men hold the pieces against your hips. Begin then to chant as follows:

"In Alio S. F. Motas Vaeta,
Daries Dardaries Astataries Dissunapiter."

and continue until the free ends of the reed are brought slowly together in front of you. Meanwhile wave a knife above the reeds, and when they

come together and one touches the other, seize them in your hand and cut them right and left. These pieces of reed bound upon a dislocated or fractured bone will cure it.

But every day repeat the incantation, or in place of it this one:

"Huat Hanat Huat
Ista Pista Sista
Domiabo Damnaustra."

—FAIRFAX HARRISON.



CATO THE CENSOR

LIVY

[From Book XXXIX]

Livy's sketch probably follows the traditional conception of the stoical type of character of the early Republic. (For Livy, see below p. 456.)

- 5 The censorship was the object of contention of the following candidates, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, Publius Scipio, Lucius Scipio, Cneius Manlius Vulso, and Lucius Furius Purpureo, patricians; Marcus Porcius Cato, Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, Tiberius Sempronius Longus, Marcus Sempronius Tuditanus, plebeians. But Marcus Porcius far surpassed all of
- 10 them, both plebeians and patricians of the highest ranks. So great powers of mind and energy of intellect were in this man, that, no matter how lowly the position in which he was born, he appeared capable of attaining to the highest rank. No one qualification for the management of business, either public or private, was wanting to him. He was equally skilled in
- 15 affairs relating to town and country. Some have been advanced to the highest honours by their knowledge of the law, others by their eloquence, some by military renown; but this man's genius was so versatile, and so well adapted to all things, that in whatever way engaged, it might be said, that nature formed him for that alone. In war, he was most courageous,
- 20 distinguishing himself highly in many remarkable battles; and, when he arrived at the highest posts, was likewise a most consummate commander. Then, in peace, if consulted on a point of law, he was the wisest counsellor; if a cause was to be pleaded, the most eloquent advocate. Nor was he one of those whose oratory was striking only during their own lives, without
- 25 leaving after them any monument of it. On the contrary, his eloquence still lives, and will long live, consecrated to memory by writings of every kind. His orations are many, spoken for himself, for others, and against others; for he harassed his enemies, not only by supporting prosecutions against them, but by maintaining causes in opposition to them. Enmities

in abundance gave him plenty of employment, and he never permitted them to lie dormant; nor was it easy to tell whether the nobility laboured harder to keep him down, or he to oppress the nobility. His temper, no doubt, was austere, his language bitter and unboundedly free, but his mind was never conquered by his passions, his integrity was inflexible, and he looked with contempt on popularity and riches. In spare diet, in enduring toil and danger, his body and mind were like iron; so that even old age, which brings all things to dissolution, did not break his vigour. In his eighty-sixth year he stood a trial, pleaded his own cause, and published his speech; and in his ninetieth year, he brought Servius Galba to trial, before the people.

On this occasion, when he was candidate for censorship, as in all his previous career, the nobility endeavoured to crush him. All the candidates, likewise, except Lucius Flaccus, who had been his colleague in the consulship, combined to disappoint him of the office, not merely with a view to their own success, in preference to him, or because they felt indignant at the idea of seeing a man of no family censor, but because from one who had received offence from most of them, and who wished to retaliate, they anticipated a severe censorship, that would endanger the reputations of many. For, even while soliciting, he uttered frequent menaces, and upbraided them with using their interest against him, because they dreaded an impartial and courageous execution of the duty of censor; at the same time, giving his interest to Lucius Valerius. He said, that "he was the only colleague, in conjunction with whom he could correct modern profligacy, and re-establish the ancient morals." People were so inflamed by such discourses, that, in spite of the opposition made by the nobility, they not only made Marcus Porcius censor, but gave him for his colleague Lucius Valerius Flaccus. . . .

The censors, Marcus Porcius and Lucius Valerius, while anxious curiosity was blended with fear, made their survey of the senate; they expelled seven from the senate, one of them a man of consular rank, highly distinguished by nobility of birth and honourable employments,—Lucius Quintius Flamininus. It is mentioned, as a practice instituted in the memory of our forefathers, that the censors should annex marks of censure to the names of such as they degraded from the senate. There are severe speeches of Cato, against those whom he either expelled from the senate, or degraded from the equestrian rank, but by far the most so is that against Lucius Quintius. Had he spoken in the character of prosecutor, previous to the censure, and not in that of censor after it, not even his brother Titus, if he were his colleague, could have suffered Quintius to remain in the senate. Among other charges, he objected to him, that he had, by hopes of extraordinary presents, prevailed on Philip, a Carthaginian and a catamite, to accompany him into his province of Gaul; that this youth, in order to enhance the merit of his complaisance to the consul, used frequently, in wanton squabbling, to upbraid him for having quitted Rome just before the show of gladiators. It happened, that while they were at a feast and heated with wine, a message was brought into the place of entertainment, that a Boian, of high rank, had come as a deserter with his

children, and wished to see the consul, that he might in person receive his assurance of protection. He was accordingly introduced into the tent, and began to address him through an interpreter; but while he was speaking, Quintius said to his catamite, "Since you left the show of gladiators, have
 5 you a mind to see this Gaul dying?" When he had assented, but scarcely in earnest, the consul, drawing a sword that hung over his head, first struck the Gaul as he was speaking, and then, when he was running out, and imploring the protection of the Roman people, and of those present, ran him through the side.

- 10 Valerius Antias, as he was one who never read Cato's speech, and only gave credit to a tale published without authority, tells the story in another manner, but similar to this in lust and cruelty. He writes, that, at Placentia, the consul invited to an entertainment a woman of ill fame, with whom he was desperately enamoured. There, displaying his importance to this
 15 courtesan, he told her, among other matters, with what severity he had conducted the inquisitions, and how many he had then in prison under sentence of death, whom he intended to behead. Then she, being next to him on the couch, said, that having never seen an executioner perform his office, she was very desirous of seeing such a thing; on which, the indulgent
 20 lover ordered one of those wretches to be dragged to the spot, and there cut off his head. The deed of death, whether committed as the censor or as Valerius reported it, was barbarous and inhuman; that in the midst of feasting and cups, when it is customary to offer libations to the gods, and to pray for happiness, a human victim should be butchered, and the table
 25 stained with his blood, and this for the entertainment of an acknowledged wanton. In the latter part of Cato's speech, he proposes to Quintius, that if he denied this fact, and the others of which he accused him, he should give security to abide a legal trial; but if he confessed them, could he suppose, he asked him, that any one would be sorry for his disgrace; the disgrace of him who, in the midst of a feast, being intoxicated with wine and
 30 lust, had sported with the blood of a human being.

- In the review of the knights, Lucius Scipio Asiaticus was degraded. In fixing the rates of taxation, also, the censor's conduct was harsh and severe to all ranks of men. People were to give account upon oath, of women's
 35 dress, and ornaments, and carriages exceeding in value fifteen thousand asses; and it was further ordered, that slaves, younger than twenty years, which, since the last survey, had been sold for ten thousand asses or more, should be estimated at ten times their value; and that, on all these articles, a tax should be laid of three denariuses for each thousand asses. The
 40 censors took away water, which belonged to the public, running or carried into any private building or field; and they demolished within thirty days all buildings or sheds, in possession of private persons, that projected into public ground. They then engaged contractors for executing national works, with the money decreed for that purpose,—for paving cisterns
 45 with stone, for cleansing the sewers where it was requisite, and forming new ones on the Aventine, and in other quarters where hitherto there had been none. Then, dividing their tasks, Flaccus built a mole at Neptunia, on the coast, and made a road through the Formian mountains. Cato pur-

chased for the use of the people two halls, the Mænian and Titian, in the Lautumiæ, and four shops, and built there a court of justice, which was called the Porcian. They farmed out the several branches of the revenue at the highest prices, and bargained with the contractors for the performance of the public services on the lowest terms. When the senate, overcome by the prayers and lamentations of the publicans, ordered those bargains to be revoked, and new agreements to be made, the censors, by an edict, excluded from competition the persons who had eluded the former contracts, and farmed out all the same branches at prices very little reduced. This was a remarkable censorship, and the origin of many deadly feuds: it rendered Marcus Porcius, to whom all the harshness was attributed, uneasy during the remainder of his life.

—W. A. M'DEVITTE.

*CATO ON EXTRAVAGANCE*

LIVY

[From Book XXXIV]

Amid the serious concerns of important wars, either scarcely brought to a close or impending, an incident intervened, trivial indeed to be mentioned, but which, through the zeal of the parties concerned, issued in a violent contest. Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, plebeian tribunes, proposed to the people the repealing of the Oppian law. This law, which had been introduced by Caius Oppius, plebeian tribune, in the consulate of Quintus Fabius and Tiberius Sempronius, during the heat of the Punic war, enacted that “no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colours, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses, in a city, or any town, or any place nearer than one mile; except on occasion of some public religious solemnity.” Marcus and Publius Junius Brutus, plebeian tribunes, supported the Oppian law, and declared, that they would never suffer it to be repealed; while many of the nobility stood forth to argue for and against the motion proposed. The Capitol was filled with crowds, who favoured or opposed the law; nor could the matrons be kept at home, either by advice or shame, nor even by the commands of their husbands; but beset every street and pass in the city, beseeching the men as they went down to the forum, that in the present flourishing state of the commonwealth, when the private fortune of all was daily increasing, they would suffer the women to have their former ornaments of dress restored. This throng of women increased daily, for they arrived even from the country towns and villages; and they had at length the boldness to come up to the consuls, prætors, and magistrates, to urge their request. One of the consuls, however, they

found especially inexorable—Marcus Porcius Cato, who, in support of the law proposed to be repealed, spoke to this effect:

“If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife,
 5 we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now, our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the forum, spurned and trodden under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately, we now dread their collective body. I was accustomed to think it a fabulous and fictitious tale, that, in a certain island, the whole
 10 race of males, was utterly extirpated by a conspiracy of the women. But the utmost danger may be apprehended equally from either sex, if you suffer cabals, assemblies, and secret consultations to be held: scarcely, indeed, can I determine, in my own mind, whether the act itself, or the precedent that it affords, is of more pernicious tendency. The latter of
 15 these more particularly concerns us consuls, and the other magistrates: the former, yourselves, my fellow-citizens. For, whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profitable to the state or not, is to be determined by you, who are about to go to the vote. As to the outrageous behaviour of these women, whether it be merely an act of their own, or
 20 owing to your instigations, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies culpable conduct in the magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls: on you certainly, if you have, on the present occasion, brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian seditions; on us, if we suffer
 25 laws to be imposed on us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people. It was not without painful emotions of shame, that I, just now, made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole
 30 number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should have said to them, ‘What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women’s husbands? Could not each have made the same request of her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private; and with
 35 other women’s husbands, than with your own? Although, if the modesty of matrons confined them within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about what laws might be passed or repealed here.’ Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director;
 40 but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of state affairs, and to introduce themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election. For, what are they doing, at this moment, in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support
 45 of the motion of the plebeian tribunes; others, for the repeal of the law? Will you give the reins to their intractable nature, and their uncontrolled passions, and then expect that themselves should set bounds to their licentiousness, when you have failed to do so? This is the smallest of the

injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all which women bear with impatience: they long for liberty; or rather, to speak the truth, for unbounded freedom in every particular. For what will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious?

“Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our fore- 5 fathers restrained their undue freedom, and by which they subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, you can scarcely keep them within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any 10 longer tolerable by you? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will have become your superiors. But, forsooth, they only object to any new law being made against them: they mean to deprecate, not justice, but severity. Nay, their wish is, that a law which you have admitted, established by your suffrages, and confirmed by the practice 15 and experience of so many years to be beneficial, should now be repealed; that is, that, by abolishing one law, you should weaken all the rest. No law perfectly suits the convenience of every member of the community: the only consideration is, whether, upon the whole, it be profitable to the greater part. If, because a law proves obnoxious to a private individual, 20 that circumstance should destroy and sweep it away, to what purpose is it for the community to enact general laws, which those, with reference to whom they were passed, could presently repeal? I should like, however, to hear what this important affair is which has induced the matrons thus to run out into public in this excited manner, scarcely restraining from 25 pushing into the forum and the assembly of the people. Is it to solicit that their parents, their husbands, children, and brothers may be ransomed from captivity under Hannibal? By no means: and far be ever from the commonwealth so unfortunate a situation. Yet, even when such was the case, you refused this to their prayers. But it is not duty, nor solicitude for 30 their friends; it is religion that has collected them together. They are about to receive the Idæan Mother, coming out of Phrygia from Pessinus! What motive, that even common decency will allow to be mentioned, is pretended for this female insurrection? Why, say they, that we may shine in gold and purple; that, both on festal and common days, we may ride 35 through the city in our chariots, triumphing over vanquished and abrogated law, after having captured and wrested from you your suffrages; and that there may be no bounds to our expenses and our luxury.

“Often have you heard me complain of the profuse expenses of the women—often of those of the men; and that not only of men in private 40 stations, but of the magistrates: and that the state was endangered by two opposite vices, luxury and avarice; those pests, which have been the ruin of all great empires. These I dread the more, as the circumstances of the commonwealth grow daily more prosperous and happy; as the empire increases; as we have now passed over into Greece and Asia, places 45 abounding with every kind of temptation that can inflame the passions; and as we have begun to handle even royal treasures; so much the more do I fear that these matters will bring us into captivity, rather than we them.

Believe me, those statues from Syracuse were brought into this city with hostile effect. I already hear too many commending and admiring the decorations of Athens and Corinth, and ridiculing the earthen images of our Roman gods that stand on the fronts of their temples. For my part I
5 prefer these gods,—propitious as they are, and I hope will continue to be, if we allow them to remain in their own mansions. In the memory of our fathers, Pyrrhus, by his ambassador Cineas, made trial of the dispositions, not only of our men, but of our women also, by offers of presents: at that time the Oppian law, for restraining female luxury, had not been made;
10 and yet not one woman accepted a present. What, think you, was the reason? That for which our ancestors made no provision by law on this subject: there was no luxury existing which needed to be restrained. As diseases must necessarily be known before their remedies, so passions came into being before the laws which prescribe limits to them. What
15 called forth the Licinian law, restricting estates to five hundred acres, but the unbounded desire for enlarging estates? What the Cincian law, concerning gifts and presents, but that the plebeians had become vassals and tributaries to the senate? It is not therefore in any degree surprising, that no want of the Oppian law, or of any other, to limit the expenses of
20 women, was felt at that time, when they refused to receive gold and purple that was thrown in their way, and offered to their acceptance. If Cineas were now to go round the city with his presents, he would find numbers of women standing in the public streets to receive them. There are some passions, the causes or motives of which I can no way account for. For
25 that that should not be lawful for you which is permitted to another, may perhaps naturally excite some degree of shame or indignation; yet, when the dress of all is alike, why should any one of you fear, lest she should not be an object of observation? Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or of poverty; but the law relieves you
30 with regard to both; since that which you have not it is unlawful for you to possess. This equalization, says the rich matron, is the very thing that I cannot endure. Why do not I make a figure, distinguished with gold and purple? Why is the poverty of others concealed under this cover of a law, so that it should be thought that, if the law permitted, they would have
35 such things as they are not now able to procure? Romans, do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort, that the rich should wish to have what no other can have; and that the poor, lest they should be despised as such, should extend their expenses beyond their means? Be assured, that when a woman once begins to be ashamed of what she ought
40 not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought. She who can, will purchase out of her own purse; she who cannot, will ask her husband. Unhappy is the husband, both he who complies with the request, and he who does not; for what he will not give himself, he will see given by another. Now, they openly solicit favours from other women's hus-
45 bands; and, what is more, solicit a law and votes. From some they obtain them; although, with regard to yourself, your property, or your children, they would be inexorable. So soon as the law shall cease to limit the expenses of your wife, you yourself will never be able to do so. Do not

suppose that the matter will hereafter be in the same state in which it was before the law was made on the subject. It is safer that a wicked man should even never be accused, than that he should be acquitted; and luxury, if it had never been meddled with, would be more tolerable than it will be, now, like a wild beast, irritated by having been chained, and then let loose. 5 My opinion is, that the Oppian law ought, on no account, to be repealed. Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it." . . .

Although all these considerations had been urged against the motion and in its favour, the women next day poured out into public in much 10 greater numbers, and in a body beset the doors of the tribunes who had protested against the measure of their colleagues; nor did they retire until this intervention was withdrawn. There was then no further doubt but that every one of the tribes would vote for the repeal of the law. Thus was this law annulled, in the twentieth year after it had been made. 15

—CYRUS EDMONDS.

World Conquest and Civil War

SECOND AND FIRST CENTURIES B.C.



In all the long centuries before the birth of Christ, Rome was usually engaged in war. Conquest brought about the enormous expansion from a little city with a few square miles of territory to an empire which controlled the Mediterranean. Fortune seems to have granted the Romans a very large measure of military ability and political genius. From every victorious war—and all important wars ended victoriously—Rome knew how to reap some stable benefit. By various methods, she would bind conquered cities and tribes to herself, now granting them partial, now full Roman citizenship, now entering into alliance with them. And usually the agreement resulted in lasting benefits to the conquered as well as to the conqueror. At first the process of expansion was a very slow one. From the founding of the city over 400 years passed before Rome controlled Italy. But the growth, though slow, was sound, for it stood the test of a hundred years of war which followed between Rome and Carthage. From three frightful wars, ending with the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C., the year which also witnessed the capture of Corinth, Rome emerged as the leading power of the time.

Before the wars with Carthage, Rome was an Italian power; at the close of them, she was a world power, for her victories had brought her vast territories in Sicily, Spain, Africa, which she kept. It is very doubtful whether many Romans realized that their country was engaged in an imperialistic policy until the great expansion at the defeat of Carthage. And even for long afterward no hasty steps were made to grasp additional territory. Rather a reluctance to go forward was the rule. Rome had then grown by facing each problem of foreign relations as it arose, never objecting to warfare if necessary or advantageous at the moment. A far-reaching policy of world conquest was not a cause of her growth.

But having obtained world power, her condition and her contacts were greatly changed. Political influence in countries independent of her came to her unasked. Wealth flowed in, and more luxurious ways of living were adopted. Soon it became very plain that conquest produced these things, and easily. And so by the first century conquest, to put it bluntly, for what there was in it, for the individual commander, his army, and for the Roman state, became the vogue. The great names of Sulla, Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar are the most significant in this era, but there were many others of less importance. And when the period ended, with the outbreak of civil war, every country around the Mediterranean belonged to Rome or was very directly under her influence.

With this outward growth had come naturally tremendous internal changes. The rise of the common people to political power is notable.

Economic difficulties, agrarian problems came up again and again and were never satisfactorily solved. Decisive in its political results was the failure ultimately of the governmental forms of the Republic to adapt themselves to the controlling of an empire. In the course of time it had become the practice to send out as governors of conquered territories, which the Romans termed provinces, men of high position in the senatorial order. Their terms were often of indefinite length; and while they were ultimately responsible to the senate, and could be tried for maladministration, during their tenure they were practically independent of control. Their armies for the time were wholly at their beck and call, and they became a standing menace to the very existence of the government. Sulla's career, thirty years before the end of the Republic, was prophetic. With his army behind him he returned from the East and settled political affairs at Rome to suit himself. Finally the two outstanding military and political leaders of Rome, Cæsar and Pompey, met in civil war, and with the victory of Cæsar the free Republic of Rome was no more.

I. EXPANSION

Fortunately for our understanding of the period of rapid and enormous growth of the Roman Empire, various of its literary products have been preserved. In keeping with an age that was materialistic, if anything, the practical spirit of the Roman had learned how to express itself, and well, in prose. At one time Cicero had stated that history did not exist as a branch of literature among the Romans—a statement which meant that, compared with Greek productions, the Roman efforts were as nothing. But the Romans had been learning from their Greek teachers and not many years passed before the publication of Cæsar's *Commentaries* and Sallust's great monographs robbed Cicero's remark of its meaning. The Roman had no longer need to fear comparisons. From Cicero's pen we have no history; but his letters and speeches furnish historical material of the first importance.

These writers were all men of affairs, intimately concerned with great public activities. Through their pages statesman, politician, military leader, governor, as well as the objective historian, speak directly. From the various angles of their interests a realistic conception can be gained of the problems, methods, and accomplishments of the time.

EXPANSION TOWARD THE SOUTH

ROME AND JUGURTHA

SALLUST

[From the *Jugurthine War*]

Gaius Sallustius Crispus was born in 86 and died in 34 B.C. Historical writing in the disturbed Ciceronian period was confined almost entirely to the production of short monographs on contemporary incidents. Sallust brought to the task a sincere desire to narrate the truth impartially and a philosophical conception of history which was well in advance of his time. Of his productions only the Jugurthine War and the Conspiracy of Catiline are extant.

Numidia, the realm of Jugurtha, bordered on the part of Africa that had fallen to Rome on the capture of Carthage, and conflict and conquest were ultimately inevitable in the imperialistic period. Sallust's interest in the conflict with Jugurtha, which lasted from 111 to 106 B.C., is twofold—historical and political. He does not spare the aristocratic government of the senate, but seems to foresee in its corrupt practices its ultimate downfall. He is too close to the events with which he deals to be fully aware of their bearing on the continued expansion of Rome's dominion.

Mankind unreasonably complain of their nature, that, being weak and shortlived, it is governed by chance rather than intellectual power; for, on the contrary, you will find, upon reflection, that there is nothing more noble or excellent, and that to nature is wanting rather human industry than ability or time.

5

The ruler and director of the life of man is the mind, which, when it pursues glory in the path of true merit, is sufficiently powerful, efficient, and worthy of honour, and needs no assistance from fortune, who can neither bestow integrity, industry, or other good qualities, nor can take them away. But if the mind, ensnared by corrupt passions, abandons itself to indolence and sensuality, when it has indulged for a season in pernicious gratifications, and when bodily strength, time, and mental vigour, have been wasted in sloth, the infirmity of nature is accused, and those who are themselves in fault impute their delinquency to circumstances.

10

If man, however, had as much regard for worthy objects, as he has spirit in the pursuit of what is useless, unprofitable, and even perilous, he would not be governed by circumstances more than he would govern them, and would attain to a point of greatness, at which, instead of being mortal, he would be immortalised by glory.

15

As man is composed of mind and body, so, of all our concerns and pursuits, some partake the nature of the body, and some that of the mind. Thus beauty of person, eminent wealth, corporeal strength, and all other things of this kind, speedily pass away; but the illustrious achievements of the mind are, like the mind itself, immortal.

20

Of the advantages of person and fortune, as there is a beginning, there is also an end; they all rise and fall, increase and decay. But the mind, incorruptible and eternal, the ruler of the human race, actuates and has power over all things, yet is itself free from control.

25

The depravity of those, therefore, is the more surprising, who, devoted to corporeal gratifications, spend their lives in luxury and indolence, but suffer the mind, than which nothing is better or greater in man, to languish in neglect and inactivity; especially when there are so many and various mental employments by which the highest renown may be obtained.

30

Of these occupations, however, civil and military offices, and all administration of public affairs, seem to me, at the present time, by no means to be desired; for neither is honour conferred on merit, nor are those, who have gained power by unlawful means, the more secure or respected for it. To rule our country or subjects by force, though we may have the ability, and may correct what is wrong, is yet an ungrateful undertaking; especially as all changes in the state lead to bloodshed, exile, and other evils of discord; while to struggle in ineffectual attempts, and to gain nothing, by wearisome exertions, but public hatred, is the extreme of madness; unless when a base and pernicious spirit, perchance, may prompt a man to sacrifice his honour and liberty to the power of a party.

35

40

Among other employments which are pursued by the intellect, the recording of past events is of pre-eminent utility; but of its merits I may, I think, be silent, since many have spoken of them, and since, if I were to praise my own occupation, I might be considered as presumptuously

45

praising myself. I believe, too, that there will be some, who, because I have resolved to live unconnected with political affairs, will apply to my arduous and useful labours the name of idleness; especially those who think it an important pursuit to court the people, and gain popularity by
5 entertainments. But if such persons will consider at what periods I obtained office, what sort of men were then unable to obtain it, and what description of persons have subsequently entered the senate, they will think, assuredly, that I have altered my sentiments rather from prudence than from indolence, and that more good will arise to the state from my retirement,
10 than from the busy efforts of others.

I have often heard that Quintus Maximus, Publius Scipio, and many other illustrious men of our country, were accustomed to observe, that, when they looked on the images of the ancestors, they felt their minds irresistibly excited to the pursuit of honour. Not, certainly, that the wax,
15 or the shape, had any such influence; but, as they called to mind their forefathers' achievements, such a flame was kindled in the breasts of those eminent persons, as could not be extinguished till their own merit had equalled the fame and glory of their ancestors.

But, in the present state of manners, who is there, on the contrary, that
20 does not rather emulate his forefathers in riches and extravagance, than in virtue and labour? Even men of humble birth, who formerly used to surpass the nobility in merit, pursue power and honour rather by intrigue and dishonesty, than by honourable qualifications; as if the prætorship, consulate, and all other offices of the kind, were noble and dignified in
25 themselves, and not to be estimated according to the worth of those who fill them.

But, in expressing my concern and regret at the manners of the state, I have proceeded with too great freedom, and at too great length. I now return to my subject.

I am about to relate the war which the Roman people carried on with
30 Jugurtha, King of the Numidians; first, because it was great, sanguinary, and of varied fortune; and secondly, because then, for the first time, opposition was offered to the power of the nobility; a contest which threw everything, religious and civil, into confusion, and was carried to
35 such a height of madness, that nothing but war, and the devastation of Italy, could put an end to civil dissensions. But before I fairly commence my narrative, I will take a review of preceding particulars, in order that the whole subject may be more clearly and distinctly understood.

In the second Punic war, in which Hannibal, the leader of the Carthaginians, had weakened the power of Italy more than any other enemy
40 since the Roman name became great, Masinissa, King of the Numidians, being received into alliance by Publius Scipio, who, from his merits was afterwards surnamed Africanus, had performed for us many eminent exploits in the field. In return for which services, after the Carthaginians
45 were subdued, and after Syphax, whose power in Italy was great and extensive, was taken prisoner, the Roman people presented to Masinissa, as a free gift, all the cities and lands that they had captured. Masinissa's friendship for us, accordingly, remained faithful and inviolate; his reign

and his life ended together. His son, Micipsa, alone succeeded to his kingdom; Mastanabal and Gulussa, his two brothers, having been carried off by disease. Micipsa had two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal, and had brought up in his house, with the same care as his own children, a son of his brother Mastanabal, named Jugurtha, whom Masinissa, as being the son of a concubine, had left in a private station. 5

Jugurtha, as he grew up, being strong in frame, graceful in person, but, above all, vigorous in understanding, did not allow himself to be enervated by pleasure and indolence, but, as is the usage of his country, exercised himself in riding, throwing the javelin, and contending in the race with his equals in age; and, though he excelled them all in reputation, he was yet beloved by all. He also passed much of his time in hunting; he was first, or among the first, to wound the lion and other beasts; he performed very much, but spoke very little of himself. 10

Micipsa, though he was at first gratified with these circumstances, considering that the merit of Jugurtha would be an honour to his kingdom, yet, when he reflected that the youth was daily increasing in popularity, whilst he himself was advanced in age, and his children but young, he was extremely disturbed at the state of things, and revolved it frequently in his mind. The very nature of man, ambitious of power, and eager to gratify its desires, gave him reason for apprehension, as well as the opportunity afforded by his own age and that of his children, which was sufficient, from the prospect of such a prize, to lead astray even men of moderate desires. The affection of the Numidians, too, which was strong towards Jugurtha, was another cause for alarm; among whom, if he should cut off such a man, he feared that some insurrection or war might arise. 15 20 25

Surrounded by such difficulties, and seeing that a man, so popular among his countrymen, was not to be destroyed either by force or by fraud, he resolved, as Jugurtha was of an active disposition, and eager for military reputation, to expose him to dangers in the field, and thus make trial of fortune. During the Numantine war, therefore, when he was sending supplies of horse and foot to the Romans, he gave him the command of the Numidians, whom he despatched into Spain, hoping that he would certainly perish, either by an ostentatious display of his bravery, or by the merciless hand of the enemy. But this project had a very different result from that which he had expected. For when Jugurtha, who was of an active and penetrating intellect, had learned the disposition of Publius Scipio, the Roman general, and the character of the enemy, he quickly rose, by great exertion and vigilance, by modestly submitting to orders, and frequently exposing himself to dangers, to such a degree of reputation, that he was greatly beloved by our men, and extremely dreaded by the Numantines. He was indeed, what is peculiarly difficult, both brave in action, and wise in council; qualities, of which the one, from forethought, generally produces fear, and the other, from confidence, rashness. The general, accordingly, managed almost every difficult matter by the aid of Jugurtha, numbered him among his friends, and grew daily more and more attached to him, as a man whose advice and whose efforts were never 30 35 40 45

useless. With such merits were joined generosity of disposition, and readiness of wit, by which he united to himself many of the Romans in intimate friendship.

There were at that time, in our army, a number of officers, some of low,
 5 and some of high birth, to whom wealth was more attractive than virtue or honour; men who were attached to certain parties, and of consequence in their own country; but, among the allies, rather distinguished than respected. These persons inflamed the mind of Jugurtha, of itself sufficiently aspiring, by assuring him, "that if Micipsa should die, he might
 10 have the kingdom of Numidia to himself; for that he was possessed of eminent merit, and that anything might be purchased at Rome."

When Numantia, however, was destroyed, and Scipio had determined to dismiss the auxiliary troops, and to return to Rome, he led Jugurtha, after having honoured him, in a public assembly, with the noblest presents
 15 and applauses, into his own tent; where he privately admonished him "to court the friendship of the Romans rather by attention to them as a body, than by practising on individuals; to bribe no one, as what belonged to many could not without danger be bought from a few; and adding that if he would but trust to his own merits, glory and regal power would
 20 spontaneously fall to his lot; but, should he proceed too rashly, he would only, by the influence of his money, hasten his own ruin."

Having thus spoken, he took leave of him, giving him a letter, which he was to present to Micipsa, and of which the following was the purport: "The merit of your nephew Jugurtha, in the war against Numantia, has
 25 been eminently distinguished; a fact which I am sure will afford you pleasure. He is dear to us for his services, and we shall strive, with our utmost efforts, to make him equally dear to the senate and people of Rome. As a friend, I sincerely congratulate you; you have a kinsman worthy of yourself, and of his grandfather Masinissa."

30 Micipsa, when he found from the letter of the general, that what he had already heard reported was true, being moved, both by the merit of the youth, and by the interest felt for him by Scipio, altered his purpose, and endeavoured to win Jugurtha by kindnesses. He accordingly, in a short time, adopted him as his son, and made him, by his will, joint-heir
 35 with his own children.

A few years afterwards, when, being debilitated by age and disease, he perceived that the end of his life was at hand, he is said, in the presence of his friends and relations, and of Adherbal and Hiempsal, his sons, to have spoken with Jugurtha in the following manner:

40 "I received you, Jugurtha, at a very early age, into my kingdom, at a time when you had lost your father, and were without prospects or resources, expecting that, in return for my kindness, I should not be less loved by you than by my own children, if I should have any. Nor have my anticipations deceived me; for, to say nothing of your other great and
 45 noble deeds, you have lately, on your return from Numantia, brought honour and glory both to me and my kingdom; by your bravery, you have rendered the Romans, from being previously our friends, more friendly to us than ever; the name of our family is revived in Spain; and finally,

what is most difficult among mankind, you have suppressed envy by pre-eminent merit.

"And now, since nature is putting a period to my life, I exhort and conjure you, by this right hand, and by the fidelity which you owe to my kingdom, to regard these princes, who are your cousins by birth, and your 5 brothers by my generosity, with sincere affection; and not to be more anxious to attach to yourself strangers, than to retain the love of those connected with you by blood. It is not armies, or treasures, that form the defences of a kingdom, but friends, whom you can neither command by force nor purchase with gold; for they are acquired only by good offices 10 and integrity. And who can be a greater friend than one brother to another? Or what stranger will you find faithful, if you are at enmity with your own family? I leave you a kingdom, which will be strong if you act honourably, but weak, if you are ill-affected to each other; for by concord even small states are increased, but by discord, even the greatest fall to 15 nothing.

"But on you, Jugurtha, who are superior in age and wisdom, it is incumbent, more than on your brothers, to be cautious that nothing of a contrary tendency may arise; for, in all disputes, he that is the stronger, even though he receive the injury, appears, because his power is greater, 20 to have inflicted it. And do you, Adherbal and Hiempsal, respect and regard a kinsman of such a character; imitate his virtues, and make it your endeavour to show that I have not adopted a better son than those whom I have begotten."

To this address, Jugurtha, though he knew that the king had spoken 25 insincerely, and though he was himself revolving thoughts of a far different nature, yet replied with good feeling, suitable to the occasion. A few days afterwards Micipsa died.

When the princes had performed his funeral with due magnificence, they met together to hold a discussion on the general condition of their affairs. 30 Hiempsal, the youngest, who was naturally violent, and who had previously shown contempt for the mean birth of Jugurtha, as being inferior on his mother's side, sat down on the right hand of Adherbal, in order to prevent Jugurtha from being the middle one of the three, which is regarded by the Numidians as the seat of honour. Being urged by his 35 brother, however, to yield to superior age, he at length removed, but with reluctance, to the other seat.

In the course of this conference, after a long debate about the administration of the kingdom, Jugurtha suggested, among other measures, "that all the acts and decrees made in the last five years should be annulled, as 40 Micipsa, during that period, had been enfeebled by age, and scarcely sound in intellect." Hiempsal replied, "that he was exceedingly pleased with the proposal, since Jugurtha himself, within the last three years, had been adopted as joint-heir to the throne." This repartee sank deeper into the mind of Jugurtha than any one imagined. From that very time, 45 accordingly, being agitated with resentment and jealousy, he began to meditate and concert schemes, and to think of nothing but projects for secretly cutting off Hiempsal. But his plans proving slow in operation, and

his angry feelings remaining unabated, he resolved to execute his purpose by any means whatsoever.

At the first meeting of the princes, of which I have just spoken, it had been resolved, in consequence of their disagreement, that the treasures
5 should be divided among them, and that limits should be set to the jurisdiction of each. Days were accordingly appointed for both these purposes, but the earlier of the two for the division of the money. The princes, in the mean time, retired into separate places of abode in the neighbourhood of the treasury. Hiempsal, residing in the town of Thirmida, happened to
10 occupy the house of a man, who, being Jugurtha's chief lictor, had always been liked and favoured by his master. This man, thus opportunely presented as an instrument, Jugurtha loaded with promises, and induced him to go to his house, as if for the purpose of looking over it, and provide himself with false keys to the gates; for the true ones used to be given to
15 Hiempsal; adding, that he himself, when circumstances should call for his presence, would be at the place with a large body of men. This commission the Numidian speedily executed, and, according to his instructions, admitted Jugurtha's men in the night, who, as soon as they had entered the house, went different ways in quest of the prince; some of his attendants
20 they killed while asleep, and others as they met them; they searched into secret places, broke open those that were shut, and filled the whole premises with uproar and tumult. Hiempsal, after a time, was found concealed in the hut of a maid-servant, where, in his alarm and ignorance of the locality, he had at first taken refuge. The Numidians, as they had been ordered,
25 brought his head to Jugurtha.

The report of so atrocious an outrage was soon spread throughout Africa. Fear seized on Adherbal, and on all who had been subject to Micipsa. The Numidians divided into two parties, the greater number following Adherbal, but the more warlike Jugurtha; who, accordingly,
30 armed as large a force as he could, brought several cities, partly by force and partly by their own consent, under his power, and prepared to make himself sovereign of the whole of Numidia. Adherbal, though he had sent ambassadors to Rome, to inform the senate of his brother's murder and his own circumstances, yet, relying on the number of his troops, prepared
35 for an armed resistance. When the matter, however, came to a contest, he was defeated, and fled from the field of battle into our province, and from hence hastened to Rome.

Jugurtha, having thus accomplished his purpose, and reflecting, at leisure, on the crime which he had committed, began to feel a dread of the
40 Roman people, against whose resentment he had no hopes of security but in the avarice of the nobility, and in his own wealth. A few days afterwards, therefore, he despatched ambassadors to Rome, with a profusion of gold and silver, whom he directed, in the first place, to make abundance of presents to his old friends, and then to procure him new
45 ones; and not to hesitate, in short, to effect whatever could be done by bribery.

When these deputies had arrived at Rome, and had sent large presents, according to the prince's direction, to his intimate friends, and to others

whose influence was at that time powerful, so remarkable a change ensued, that Jugurtha, from being an object of the greatest odium, grew into great regard and favour with the nobility; who, partly allured with hope, and partly with actual largesses, endeavoured, by soliciting the members of the senate individually, to prevent any severe measures from being adopted against him. When the ambassadors, accordingly, felt sure of success, the senate, on a fixed day, gave audience to both parties. . . .

Both parties then withdrew from the senate-house, and the senate immediately proceeded to deliberate. The partisans of the ambassadors, with a great many others, corrupted by their influence, expressed contempt for the statements of Adherbal, extolled with the highest encomiums the merits of Jugurtha, and exerted themselves as strenuously, with their interest and eloquence, in defence of the guilt and infamy of another, as they would have striven for their own honour. A few, however, on the other hand, to whom right and justice were of more estimation than wealth, gave their opinion that Adherbal should be assisted, and the murder of Hiempsal severely avenged. Of all these the most forward was Æmilius Scaurus, a man of noble birth and great energy, but factious, and ambitious of power, honour, and wealth; yet an artful concealer of his own vices. He, seeing that the bribery of Jugurtha was notorious and shameless, and fearing that, as in such cases often happens, its scandalous profusion might excite public odium, restrained himself from the indulgence of his ruling passion.

Yet that party gained the superiority in the senate, which preferred money and interest to justice. A decree was made, "that ten commissioners should divide the kingdom, which Micipsa had possessed, between Jugurtha and Adherbal." Of this commission the leading person was Lucius Opimius, a man of distinction, and of great influence at that time in the senate, from having in his consulship, on the death of Caius Gracchus and Marcus Fulvius Flaccus, prosecuted the victory over the nobility with great severity.

Jugurtha, though he had already counted Scaurus among his friends at Rome, yet received him with the most studied ceremony, and, by presents and promises, wrought on him so effectually, that he preferred the prince's interest to his own character, honour, and all other considerations. The rest of the commissioners he assailed in a similar way, and gained over most of them; by a few only integrity was more regarded than lucre. In the division of the kingdom, that part of Numidia which borders on Mauretania, and which is superior in fertility and population, was allotted to Jugurtha; of the other part, which, though better furnished with harbours and buildings, was more valuable in appearance than in reality, Adherbal became the possessor. . . .

When the commissioners, after dividing the kingdom, had left Africa, and Jugurtha saw that, contrary to his apprehensions, he had obtained the object of his crimes, he then, being convinced of the truth of what he had heard from his friends at Numantia, "that all things were purchasable at Rome," and being also encouraged by the promises of those whom he had recently loaded with presents, directed his views to the domain of

Adherbal. He was himself bold and warlike, while the other, at whose destruction he aimed, was quiet, unfit for arms, of a mild temper, a fit subject for injustice, and prey to fear rather than an object of it. Jugurtha, accordingly, with a powerful force, made a sudden irruption into his dominions, took several prisoners, with cattle and other booty, set fire to the buildings, and made hostile demonstrations against several places with his cavalry. He then retreated, with all his followers, into his own kingdom, expecting that Adherbal, roused by such provocation, would avenge his wrongs by force, and thus furnish a pretext for war. But Adherbal, thinking himself unable to meet Jugurtha in the field, and relying on the friendship of the Romans more than on the Numidians, merely sent ambassadors to Jugurtha to complain of the outrage; and, although they brought back but an insolent reply, yet he resolved to endure anything rather than have recourse to war, which, when he attempted it before, had ended in his defeat. By such conduct the eagerness of Jugurtha was not at all allayed; for he had now, indeed, in imagination, possessed himself of all Adherbal's dominions. He therefore renewed hostilities, not, as before, with a predatory band, but at the head of a large army which he had collected, and openly aspired to the sovereignty of all Numidia. Wherever he marched, he ravaged the towns and the fields, drove off booty, and raised confidence in his own men and dismay among the enemy.

Adherbal, when he found that matters had arrived at such a point, that he must either abandon his dominions, or defend them by force of arms, collected an army from necessity, and advanced to meet Jugurtha. Both armies took up their position near the town of Cirta, at no great distance from the sea; but, as evening was approaching, encamped without coming to an engagement. But when the night was far advanced, and twilight was beginning to appear, the troops of Jugurtha, at a given signal, rushed into the camp of the enemy, whom they routed and put to flight, some half asleep, and others resuming their arms. Adherbal, with a few of his cavalry, fled to Cirta; and, had there not been a number of Romans in the town, who repulsed his Numidian pursuers from the walls, the war between the two princes would have been begun and ended on the same day.

Jugurtha proceeded to invest the town, and attempted to storm it with the aid of mantelets, towers, and every kind of machines; being anxious, above all things, to take it before the ambassadors could arrive at Rome, who, he was informed, had been despatched thither by Adherbal before the battle was fought. But as soon as the senate heard of their contention, three young men were sent as deputies into Africa, with directions to go to both of the princes, and to announce to them, in the words of the senate and people of Rome, "that it was their will and resolution that they should lay down their arms, and settle their disputes rather by arbitration than by the sword; since to act thus would be to the honour both of the Romans and themselves."

These deputies soon arrived in Africa, using the greater despatch, because, whilst they were preparing for their journey, a report was spread

at Rome of the battle which had been fought, and of the siege of Cirta; but this report told much less than the truth. Jugurtha, having given them an audience, replied, "that nothing was of greater weight with him, nothing more respected, than the authority of the senate; that it had been his endeavour, from his youth, to deserve the esteem of all men of worth; 5 that he had gained the favour of Publius Scipio, a man of the highest eminence, not by dishonourable practices, but by merit; that, for the same good qualities, and not from want of heirs to the throne, he had been adopted by Micipsa; but that, the more honourable and spirited his conduct had been, the less could his feelings endure injustice; that Adherbal 10 had formed designs against his life, on discovering which, he had counteracted his malice; that the Romans would act neither justly nor reasonably, if they withheld from him the common right of nations; and, in conclusion, that he would soon send ambassadors to Rome to explain the whole of his proceedings." On this understanding, both parties 15 separated. Of addressing Adherbal the deputies had no opportunity.

Jugurtha, as soon as he thought that they had quitted Africa, surrounded the walls of Cirta, which, from the nature of its situation, he was unable to take by assault, with a rampart and a trench; he also erected towers, and manned them with soldiers; he made attempts on the place, by force 20 or by stratagem, day and night; he held out bribes, and sometimes menaces, to the besieged; he roused his men, by exhortations, to efforts of valour, and resorted, with the utmost perseverance, to every possible expedient.

Adherbal, on the other hand, seeing that his affairs were in a desperate condition, that his enemy was determined on his ruin, that there was no hope of succour, and that the siege, from want of provisions, could not long be protracted, selected, from among those who had fled with him to Cirta, two of his most resolute supporters, whom he induced, by numerous promises, and an affecting representation of his distress, to make their way in the night, through the enemy's lines, to the nearest point of 30 the coast, and from thence to Rome.

The Numidians, in a few days, executed their commission; and a letter from Adherbal was read in the senate, of which the following was the purport:

"It is not through my own fault, Conscript Fathers, that I so often send 35 requests to you; but the violence of Jugurtha compels me; whom so strong a desire for my destruction has seized, that he pays no regard either to you or to the immortal gods; my blood he covets beyond everything. Five months, in consequence, have I, the ally and friend of the Roman people, been besieged with an armed force; neither the remembrance of my father Micipsa's benefits, nor your decrees, are of any avail for my relief; and whether I am more closely pressed by the sword or by famine, I am unable to say. 40

"From writing further concerning Jugurtha, my present condition deters me; for I have experienced, even before, that little credit is given to 45 the unfortunate. Yet I can perceive that his views extend further than to myself, and that he does not expect to possess, at the same time, your friendship and my kingdom; which of the two he thinks the more desirable,

must be manifest to every one. For, in the first place, he murdered my brother Hiempsal; and, in the next, expelled me from my dominions; which, however, may be regarded as our own wrongs, and as having no reference to you. But now he occupies your kingdom with an army; he
5 keeps me, whom you appointed a king over the Numidians, in a state of blockade; and in what estimation he holds the words of your ambassadors, my perils may serve to show. What then is left, except your arms, that can make an impression upon him?

"I could wish, indeed, that what I now write, as well as the complaints
10 which I lately made before the senate, were false, rather than that my present distresses should confirm the truth of my statements. But since I am born to be an example of Jugurtha's villany, I do not now beg a release from death or distress, but only from the tyranny of an enemy, and from bodily torture. Respecting the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own
15 property, determine as you please, but if the memory of my grandfather Masinissa is still cherished by you, deliver me, I entreat you, by the majesty of your empire, and by the sacred ties of friendship, from the inhuman hands of Jugurtha."

When this letter was read, there were some who thought that an army
20 should be despatched into Africa, and relief afforded to Adherbal, as soon as possible; and that the senate, in the mean time, should give judgment on the conduct of Jugurtha, in not having obeyed the ambassadors. But by the partisans of Jugurtha, the same that had before supported his cause, effectual exertions were made to prevent any decree from being passed;
25 and thus the public interest, as is too frequently the case, was defeated by private influence.

An embassy was, however, despatched into Africa, consisting of men of advanced years, and of noble birth, and who had filled the highest offices of the state; among whom was Marcus Scaurus, already mentioned,
30 a man who had held the consulship, and who was at that time chief of the senate. These ambassadors, as their business was an affair of public odium, and as they were urged by the entreaties of the Numidians, embarked in three days; and having soon arrived at Utica, sent a letter from thence to Jugurtha, desiring him "to come to the province as quickly as possible,
35 as they were deputed by the senate to meet him."

Jugurtha, when he found that men of eminence, whose influence at Rome he knew to be powerful, were come to put a stop to his proceedings, was at first perplexed, and distracted between fear and cupidity. He dreaded the displeasure of the senate, if he should disobey the ambas-
40 sadors; while his eager spirit, blinded by the lust of power, hurried him on to complete the injustice which he had begun. At length the evil incitements of ambition prevailed. He accordingly drew his army round the city of Cirta, and endeavoured, with his utmost efforts, to force an entrance; having the strongest hopes, that by dividing the attention of
45 the enemy's troops, he should be able, by force or artifice, to secure an opportunity of success. When his attempts, however, were unavailing, and he found himself unable, as he had designed, to get Adherbal into his power before he met the ambassadors, fearing that, by further delay, he

might irritate Scaurus, of whom he stood in great dread, he proceeded with a small body of cavalry into the Province. Yet, though serious menaces were repeated to him in the name of the senate, because he had not desisted from the siege, nevertheless, after spending a long time in conference, the ambassadors departed without making any impression upon him. 5

When news of this result was brought to Cirta, the Italians, by whose exertions the city had been defended, and who trusted that, if a surrender were made, they would be able, from respect to the greatness of the Roman power, to escape without personal injury, advised Adherbal to deliver himself and the city of Jugurtha, stipulating only that his life should be spared, and leaving all other matters to the care of the senate. Adherbal, though he thought nothing less trustworthy than the honour of Jugurtha, yet, knowing that those who advised could also compel him if he resisted, surrendered the place according to their desire. Jugurtha immediately proceeded to put Adherbal to death with torture, and massacred all the inhabitants that were of age, whether Numidians or Italians, as each fell in the way of his troops. 10 15

When this outrage was reported at Rome, and became a matter of discussion in the senate, the former partisans of Jugurtha applied themselves, by interrupting the debates and protracting the time, sometimes exerting their interest and sometimes quarrelling with particular members, to palliate the atrocity of the deed. And had not Caius Memmius, one of the tribunes of the people elect, a man of energy, and hostile to the power of the nobility, convinced the people of Rome that an attempt was being made, by the agency of a small faction, to have the crimes of Jugurtha pardoned, it is certain that the public indignation against him would have passed off under the protraction of the debates; so powerful was party interest, and the influence of Jugurtha's money. When the senate, however, from consciousness of misconduct, became afraid of the people, Numidia and Italy, by the Sempronian law, were appointed as provinces to the succeeding consuls, who were declared to be Publius Scipio Nasica, and Lucius Bestia Calpurnius. Numidia fell to Calpurnius, and Italy to Scipio. An army was then raised to be sent into Africa; and pay, and all other necessities of war, were decreed for its use. 20 25 30 35

When Jugurtha received this news, which was utterly at variance with his expectations, as he had felt convinced that all things were purchasable at Rome, he sent his son, with two of his friends, as deputies to the senate, and directed them, like those whom he had sent on the murder of Hiempsal, to attack everybody with bribes. Upon the approach of these deputies to Rome, the senate was consulted by Bestia, whether they would allow them to be admitted within the gates; and the senate decreed, "that, unless they came to surrender Jugurtha's kingdom and himself, they must quit Italy within the ten following days." The consul directed this decree to be communicated to the Numidians, who consequently returned home without effecting their object. 40 45

Calpurnius, in the mean time, having raised an army, chose for his officers men of family and intrigue, hoping that whatever faults he might

commit, would be screened by their influence; and among these was Scaurus, of whose disposition and character we have already spoken. There were, indeed, in our consul Calpurnius, many excellent qualities, both mental and personal, though avarice interfered with the exercise of them; 5 he was patient of labour, of a penetrating intellect, of great foresight, not inexperienced in war, and extremely vigilant against danger and surprise.

The troops were conducted through Italy to Rhegium, from thence to Sicily, and from Sicily into Africa; and Calpurnius's first step, after 10 collecting provisions, was to invade Numidia with spirit, where he took many prisoners, and several towns, by force of arms.

But when Jugurtha began, through his emissaries, to tempt him with bribes, and to show the difficulties of the war which he had undertaken to conduct, his mind, corrupted with avarice, was easily altered. His accom- 15 plice, however, and manager in all his schemes, was Scaurus; who, though he had at first, when most of his party were corrupted, displayed violent hostility to Jugurtha, yet was afterwards seduced, by a vast sum of money, from integrity and honour to injustice and perfidy. Jugurtha, however, at first sought only to purchase a suspension of hostilities, expecting to be 20 able, during the interval, to make some favourable impression, either by bribery or by interest, at Rome; but when he heard that Scaurus was co-operating with Calpurnius, he was elated with great hopes of regaining peace, and resolved upon a conference with them in person respecting the terms of it. In the mean time, for the sake of giving confidence to 25 Jugurtha, Sextus the quæstor was despatched by the consul to Vaga, one of the prince's towns; the pretext for his journey being the receiving of corn, which Calpurnius had openly demanded from Jugurtha's emissaries, on the ground that a truce was observed through their delay to make a surrender. Jugurtha, then, as he had determined, paid a visit to the 30 consul's camp, where, having made a short address to the council, respecting the odium cast upon his conduct, and his desire for a capitulation, he arranged other matters with Bestia and Scaurus in secret; and the next day, as if by an evident majority of voices, he was formally allowed to surrender. But, as was demanded in the hearing of the council, thirty 35 elephants, a considerable number of cattle and horses, and a small sum of money, were delivered into the hands of the quæstor. Calpurnius then returned to Rome to preside at the election of magistrates, and peace was observed throughout Numidia and the Roman army.

When rumour had made known the affairs transacted in Africa, and the 40 mode in which they had been brought to pass, the conduct of the consul became a subject of discussion in every place and company at Rome. Among the people there was violent indignation; as to the senators, whether they would ratify so flagitious a proceeding, or annul the act of the consul, was a matter of doubt. The influence of Scaurus, as he was said to be the 45 supporter and accomplice of Bestia, was what chiefly restrained the senate from acting with justice and honour. But Caius Memmius, of whose boldness of spirit, and hatred to the power of the nobility, I have already spoken, excited the people by his harangues, during the perplexity and

delay of the senators, to take vengeance on the authors of the treaty; he exhorted them not to abandon the public interest or their own liberty; he set before them the many tyrannical and violent proceedings of the nobles, and omitted no art to inflame the popular passions. . . .

By repeating these and similar sentiments, Memmius prevailed on the people to send Lucius Cassius, who was then prætor, to Jugurtha, and to bring him, under guarantee of the public faith, to Rome, in order that, by the prince's evidence, the misconduct of Scaurus and the rest, whom they charged with having taken bribes, might more easily be made manifest.

During the course of these proceedings at Rome, those whom Bestia had left in Numidia in command of the army, following the example of their general, had been guilty of many scandalous transactions. Some, seduced by gold, had restored Jugurtha his elephants; others had sold him his deserters; others had ravaged the lands of those at peace with us; so strong a spirit of rapacity, like the contagion of a pestilence, had pervaded the breasts of all.

Cassius, when the measure proposed by Memmius had been carried, and whilst all the nobility were in consternation, set out on his mission to Jugurtha, whom, alarmed as he was, and despairing of his fortune, from a sense of guilt, he admonished "that, since he had surrendered himself to the Romans, he had better make trial of their mercy than their power." He also pledged his own word, which Jugurtha valued not less than that of the public, for his safety. Such, at that period, was the reputation of Cassius.

Jugurtha, accordingly, accompanied Cassius to Rome, but without any mark of royalty, and in the garb, as much as possible, of a suppliant; and, though he felt great confidence on his own part, and was supported by all those through whose power or villany he had accomplished his projects, he purchased, by a vast bribe, the aid of Caius Bæbius, a tribune of the people, by whose audacity he hoped to be protected against the law, and against all harm.

An assembly of the people being convoked, Memmius, although they were violently exasperated against Jugurtha (some demanding that he should be cast into prison, others that, unless he should name his accomplices in guilt, he should be put to death, according to the usage of their ancestors, as a public enemy), yet, regarding rather their character than their resentment, endeavoured to calm their turbulence and mitigate their rage; and assured them that, as far as depended on him, the public faith should not be broken. At length, when silence was obtained, he brought forward Jugurtha, and addressed them. He detailed the misdeeds of Jugurtha at Rome and in Numidia, and set forth his crimes towards his father and brothers; and admonished the prince, "that the Roman people, though they were well aware by whose support and agency he had acted, yet desired further testimony from himself; that, if he disclosed the truth, there was great hope for him in the honour and clemency of the Romans; but if he concealed it, he would certainly not save his accomplices, but ruin himself and his hopes for ever."

But when Memmius had concluded his speech, and Jugurtha was expected to give his answer, Caius Bæbius, the tribune of the people, whom I have just noticed as having been bribed, enjoined the prince to hold his peace; and though the multitude, who formed the assembly, were
5 desperately enraged, and endeavoured to terrify the tribune by outcries, by angry looks, by violent gestures, and by every other act to which anger prompts, his audacity was at last triumphant. The people, mocked and set at nought, withdrew from the place of assembly; and the confidence of Jugurtha, Bestia, and the others, whom this investigation had alarmed, was
10 greatly augmented.

There was at this period in Rome a certain Numidian named Massiva, a son of Gulussa, and grandson of Masinissa, who, from having been, in the dissensions among the princes, opposed to Jugurtha, had been obliged, after the surrender of Cirta and the murder of Adherbal, to make his
15 escape out of Africa. Spurius Albinus, who was consul with Quintus Minucius Rufus the year after Bestia, prevailed upon this man, as he was of the family of Masinissa, and as odium and terror hung over Jugurtha for his crimes, to petition the senate for the kingdom of Numidia. Albinus, being eager for the conduct of a war, was desirous that affairs should be
20 disturbed, rather than sink into tranquillity; especially as, in the division of the provinces, Numidia had fallen to himself, and Macedonia to Minucius.

When Massiva proceeded to carry these suggestions into execution, Jugurtha, finding that he had no sufficient support in his friends, as a
25 sense of guilt deterred some, and evil report or timidity others, from coming forward in his behalf, directed Bomilcar, his most attached and faithful adherent, to procure by the aid of money, by which he had already effected so much, assassins to kill Massiva; and to do it secretly if he could; but, if secrecy should be impossible, to cut him off in any way whatsoever.
30 This commission Bomilcar soon found means to execute; and, by the agency of men versed in such service, ascertained the direction of his journeys, his hours of leaving home, and the times at which he resorted to particular places, and, when all was ready, placed his assassins in ambush. One of their number sprung upon Massiva, though with too
35 little caution, and killed him; but being himself caught, he made, at the instigation of many, and especially of Albinus the consul, a full confession. Bomilcar was accordingly committed for trial, though rather on the principles of reason and justice than in accordance with the law of nations, as he was in the retinue of one who had come to Rome on a pledge of
40 the public faith for his safety. But Jugurtha, though clearly guilty of the crime, did not cease to struggle against the truth, until he perceived that the infamy of the deed was too strong for his interest or his money. For which reason, although, at the commencement of the proceedings, he had given fifty of his friends as bail for Bomilcar, yet, thinking more of his
45 kingdom than of the sureties, he sent him off privately into Numidia; for he feared that if such a man should be executed, his other subjects would be deterred from obeying him. A few days after, he himself departed, having been ordered by the senate to quit Italy. But, as he was going from

Rome, he is said, after frequently looking back on it in silence, to have at last exclaimed, "That it was a venal city, and would soon perish, if it could but find a purchaser!"

—J. S. WATSON.



EXPANSION TOWARD THE EAST

ON POMPEY'S COMMAND

CICERO

[From the *Manilian Law*]

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born in 106 and died in 43 B.C.

Coming from a well-to-do family of the town of Arpinum, with little political influence to assist him, Cicero won his way to the consulship, the greatest office of the state, by real ability, genius as a speaker, and honest patriotism. During his year as consul he caused the failure of Catiline's conspiracy to overthrow the government. This service Cicero regarded as his greatest to his country, and the senate gave him the honorable title of father of his country (*pater patriæ*) in recognition of it. He stood apart from the first triumvirate of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, which controlled Rome for a time. He acquiesced in the dictatorship of Cæsar; but after his death made a noble, if pathetic, attempt to save the Republic. The effort cost him his life at the hands of Antony's followers.

Cicero, more than any other Latin author, represents the combination of Greek learning and culture and its practical application and use in Roman thought and institutions, that characterizes the whole of Roman literature. He is not a philosopher, but rather an interpreter of philosophy. It is possible to discover Greek sources for nearly all his work, except such parts as have to do only with immediate problems of politics and the courts; but he skillfully modifies and alters what he finds to make it express more accurately the Roman life. He perfected himself especially in the art of oratory, and is reckoned the greatest master of speech of his race. By reason of the fact that he was a prolific writer of private letters, into which he poured his inmost thoughts and feelings, no man of antiquity is personally better known to us. The letters have the additional great values of covering an important period of history not otherwise known to us in detail, and of coming from the pen of one of the leading public men in an era of political upheaval.

The ever-widening sphere of Rome's activity brought not only problems of war and of provincial government, but also problems of a political nature at home growing out of the foreign policy. Cicero is convinced of the wisdom of going ahead with the program of expansion, on the one hand; and on the other, he is not afraid of entrusting extraordinary power to one man. Pompey's almost limitless command against Mithridates was granted him in 66 B.C.

Though your crowded assemblies, Romans, be always a grateful sight to me; though this place appears the most conspicuous for counsel, and the most honourable for debate: yet not choice, but the way of life I have engaged in from my early youth, have hitherto excluded me from this theatre of praise, ever open to the worthy and the wise. For as till now I had not reached the age necessary to entitle me to so distinguished an honour, and as I judged nothing worthy of this tribunal, in which the most consummate genius and industry were not conspicuous; I thought it best to dedicate my whole time to the concerns of my friends. Accordingly this place has always abounded with able pleaders in the cause of the republic: and my talents, employed in the defence of private citizens, have by your suffrages been crowned with a glorious reward. For when by reason of the adjournment of the comitia, I found myself thrice chosen first prætor by all the centuries, it was easy for me thence to collect, both what your sentiments of me were, and what qualifications you required in others. Now what I am clothed with all that authority which is annexed to the offices you have honoured me with; and as my talents for business are such as the constant exercise of pleading may produce in a man of industry; be assured, that whatever authority I possess, shall be exercised in behalf of those from whom I derived it; and if my eloquence carries any weight, I will display it chiefly to those who have thought it worthy of reward. And here I think I may justly congratulate myself, that, unaccustomed as I am to harangue in this manner, and from this place, a subject presents itself, on which it is impossible not to be eloquent. I am to speak of the singular and amazing virtues of Pompey; a theme where I shall find it more difficult to know where to stop, than how to begin; and where my principal study must be, not to search for materials, but to set bounds to my oration.

But that my discourse may run back to the source of the present debate; an important and dangerous war is carried on against your tributaries and allies, by two very powerful monarchs, Mithridates and Tigranes: of whom the one being provoked, and the other not pushed after his defeat; they think a favourable opportunity offers to possess themselves of all Asia. Letters are daily brought from that quarter to the Roman knights, men of character and eminence, who have a great interest in the collection of your revenues; and on account of my near connection with their order, have thought proper to lay before me the cause of the republic, and the danger to which their own private fortunes are exposed: that in Bithynia, now a Roman province, a great number of villages are burnt down: that the kingdom of Ariobarzanes, which borders on your tributaries, is wholly in the power of your enemy: that Lucullus, after a series of great exploits, is about to relinquish that war: that his successor is but ill provided for the execution of so difficult an enterprise: and that the unanimous voice of citizens and allies, points at and demands one person for the conduct of this war, as the only man alive who strikes terror into our enemies. You see then the point in question: it now remains to consider what is fit to be done. To me it seems necessary to speak, first of the nature, then of the greatness of the war, and lastly of the choice of a general. The nature of the war is such as ought to rouse all your courage,

and kindle your warmest resentment. It regards the glory of the Roman people, which your ancestors have transmitted with so much lustre in all things, but principally in the science of arms. It regards the safety of your friends and allies, in defence of which your forefathers have sustained many heavy and dangerous wars. It regards the surest and fairest revenues of the commonwealth, without which we can neither support peace with dignity, nor furnish the necessary expenses during the war. In fine, it regards the private fortunes of many illustrious citizens, whose prosperity demands your utmost attention, both on their own and the republic's account.

And because the thirst of glory, and the passion for fame, has always been stronger in you, than in any other people; you must wipe out that stain contracted in the last Mithridatic war, which has given so deep and dangerous a wound to the reputation of the Roman people: that the man who in one day, over all Asia, through so many states, by a simple courier, and the contents of a single letter, marked out the Roman citizens to butchery and destruction, has not only hitherto escaped without any suitable punishment, but now counts the twenty-third year of his reign from that period: a reign too so prosperous, that instead of seeking to hide himself in Pontus, and the fastnesses of Cappadocia, he has broken through the limits of his paternal inheritance, and riots among your tributary provinces in the rich and fertile country of Asia. For hitherto your generals have fought in such a manner with this prince, as to carry off the trophies of victory, not victory itself. L. Sulla triumphed; L. Murena triumphed over Mithridates; both brave men, and accomplished commanders: but their triumphs were such as to leave him, after all his losses and defeats, in full possession of royalty. Nevertheless these generals deserve praise for what they did, and pardon for what they left undone; for the concerns of the commonwealth recalled Sulla, and Sulla himself recalled Murena from the prosecution of that war.

But Mithridates employed the interval that followed, not in endeavours to blot out the memory of the ancient quarrel, but in concerting measures to renew the war: and, after building and equipping vast fleets; levying great armies in all the countries whence troops could be had; and causing a report to be spread, that his design was to make war upon the people of the Bosphorus, his neighbours; he sent ambassadors from Ecbatana into Spain, to treat with the generals then at war with the republic: that obliging you to make head both by sea and land, against two mighty enemies acting in concert, and in provinces so very remote and distant from each other, you may find yourselves embarrassed by the double attack, and be reduced to the necessity of fighting for your empire. But one part of this storm, which proceeded from Sertorius and Spain, and was by far the most formidable and threatening, was dissipated by the divine conduct and singular valour of Pompey: and in the other scene of action, affairs were so managed by Lucullus, that great and illustrious commander, that his glorious successes in the beginning may be justly attributed to his prudence, not to his good fortune; whereas those later disasters, which have since befallen him, seem purely the work of chance, and are not

imputable to his misconduct. But of Lucullus I will speak elsewhere, and speak in such a manner, Romans, as neither to deprive him of any due praise, nor load him with false commendations. At present, as the chief design of my speech is the honour and dignity of your empire, see what
 5 ought to be your resentments upon this occasion.

Your forefathers often engaged in a war, to revenge the insults offered to their merchants and seamen. How then ought you to be fired, when you call to mind, that in consequence of a single express, so many thousand Roman citizens were butchered in one day? Corinth, the pride and
 10 ornament of Greece, was by your ancestors doomed to utter destruction, because of the insolent behaviour of the citizens to their ambassadors: and will you suffer the tyrant to escape with impunity, by whom a consular senator of the Roman people was condemned to be bound, scourged, and put to death with the most cruel torments? Your fathers would not permit
 15 the least infringement of their privileges; and will you tamely overlook the murder of Roman citizens? These avenged even a verbal insult upon the dignity of their ambassador; and shall the blood of a Roman senator, shed in the most cruel manner, cry for no vengeance from you? Beware, citizens, beware, lest, as it was glorious for them to transmit so extensive
 20 an empire to posterity, your inability to preserve and defend it prove not infamous for you. What, to appear unconcerned when the very safety and being of your allies is at stake! Ariobarzanes, a sovereign prince, the friend and confederate of the Roman people, is expelled his dominions. Two potent kings, the inveterate foes not only of Rome, but of every state in
 25 amity and alliance with her, threaten all Asia. The provinces of Greece, and beyond the Hellespont, unable to repel the danger, look to you for aid; but without daring, or thinking it safe to name the particular general they want, because you have already put another into that commission. They see and know, as you do, that there is one man, in whom all great
 30 qualities meet; and are the more impatient to be without him, as he is so near at hand to undertake their defence: a man, whose very name and approach, though he came only vested with a naval commission, they nevertheless perceive to have checked and retarded the enemies' attempts. And because they dare not openly proclaim their desires, they silently
 35 implore you to consider them, in common with the other allied provinces, as worthy of the protection of such a hero. This request is the more reasonable, as we have lately sent them commanders, who indeed defended them from the enemy, but whose entrance into their cities differed little from taking them by storm. As to the general now in their eye, they have
 40 formerly heard, but at present find him so full of gentleness, moderation, and humanity, that happiest appears the people among whom he longest resides.

If then your ancestors, unprovoked by any injury themselves, and merely for the sake of their allies, engaged in war with Antiochus, Philip, the
 45 Ætolians, and Carthaginians: how much more ought you, irritated by a series of personal affronts, to exert yourselves warmly in a quarrel, where the dignity of your empire is united with the cause of your confederates; more especially as the fairest revenues of the republic are at stake?

For the revenues of the other provinces are such as scarce to defray the expense of protecting them: but Asia is a country so opulent and fertile, that whether we regard the richness of the soil, the variety of fruits, its abundant pastures, and the multitude of commodities for exportation, it easily claims the preference to all other climates. And therefore, Romans, 5
if you aspire either at success in war, or dignity in peace, you must not only defend this province from conquest, but even from the apprehension of being invaded. For in other affairs, the loss is felt when the disaster happens: but in what regards the revenues of a state, not only real misfortunes but the very apprehension of them is productive of mischief. 10
For when an enemy approaches, though no irruption be yet made, the cattle are abandoned, agriculture is neglected, and commerce stagnates. Thus all taxes, whether upon shipping, manufactures, or the fruits of the earth, necessarily cease; insomuch that the bare rumour of danger, the very apprehension of a war, often sinks the revenues of a whole year. 15
What then may you suppose to be the situation, either of those who pay, or those who collect the public tributes, when they see themselves threatened with an invasion from two formidable monarchs? When a single incursion of the enemy's cavalry may rifle at once the revenue of an entire year? when the farmers of the taxes shall perceive, that all the people 20
employed under them, in the forests, in the fields, in sea-ports, and in garrisons, are exposed to imminent danger? Do you imagine it possible to enjoy the labour of all these, without preserving the labourers themselves, not only from the reality, but, as I said before, from the very dread of danger? 25

Nor ought you to overlook the last point I proposed to mention, in speaking of the nature of the war: I mean what regards the fortunes of many Roman citizens; to which, my countrymen, your wisdom ought to pay a particular regard. For the farmers of the revenue, men of worth and rank in the republic, have conveyed all their wealth and effects into that 30
province; and it is incumbent upon you, to bestow your utmost attention upon the preservation of their fortunes. For if we have ever considered the public tributes as the sinews of the state, sure that order of men who are employed in collecting them, may be justly looked upon as the cement and support of all the other orders. Besides, a number of active and industrious 35
men of other denominations, whose interest you ought to take care of in their absence, are some now trading in Asia, while others have laid out their money to a great extent in that province. Humanity therefore requires you, to protect the fortunes of such a multitude of citizens; and prudence dictates, that the ruin of so many individuals cannot fail 40
to affect the public prosperity. For it will avail but little to recover by a victory, what the officers of the revenue may have lost; because such as enjoyed the customs before, will be disabled from renewing the farm, and others will avoid engaging through fear. Besides, instructed by past misfortunes, we ought surely to keep in mind, what the same province, 45
and the same Mithridates, taught us towards the beginning of the Asiatic war. For a number of citizens sustaining at that time great losses in Asia, we know that public credit was at a stand at Rome, from a general

stoppage of payment. And indeed, where a multitude of individuals in any state suffer an entire shipwreck of their fortunes, it is impossible but others must be involved in the same calamity. Shield the commonwealth therefore from this danger, and give credit to a principle which experience
 5 must have taught you. The public credit at Rome, the circulation of money in the forum, is connected with, and dependent upon the revenues of Asia; the loss of which must infallibly draw after it the ruin of the other. Judge, then, whether you ought not to bend all your cares to the vigorous prosecution of a war, in which the glory of your empire, the safety
 10 of your allies, the principal revenues of the state, and the properties of many illustrious citizens. are connected with the defence of the republic.

Having thus finished what I had to say concerning the nature of the war, it now remains that I speak of its greatness. And this much I will venture
 15 to affirm; that it is indeed a necessary and unavoidable war, yet not so considerable as to give cause of fear. My principal endeavour therefore, on this occasion, must be, that some particulars which deserve your utmost attention, be not slightly overlooked as scarce worthy of notice. And here, that every one may be sensible how I am disposed to allow all that praise
 20 to Lucullus, which is due to a brave citizen, a wise man, and a great general; I readily own, that at his arrival, the numerous forces of Mithridates were provided with every thing necessary or convenient; that Cyzicum, the noblest city of Asia, and the best affected to Rome, was invested and vigorously pressed by the king in person, at the head of a
 25 formidable army; and that the courage, assiduity and admirable conduct of Lucullus, freed it from the imminent danger to which it was exposed. I must add, that a strong and well appointed fleet, fitted out by Sertorius's lieutenants, who burned with desire to wreak their vengeance upon Italy, was by the same general defeated and sunk: that in numberless encounters
 30 besides, great bodies of the enemies' forces were overthrown: that Pontus, hitherto inaccessible to the Roman people, was exposed to the depredations of our legions: that Sinope and Amisus, two cities of royal residence, adorned and provided with all the means of defence, with many other towns of Pontus and Cappadocia, were taken in one march, and in one
 35 approach: that Mithridates himself, despoiled of his hereditary and paternal dominions, was forced to fly a suppliant to other kings and states: and that all these great actions were performed, without loss to our allies or diminution of our revenues. This, I think, sufficiently speaks his praise; and I believe you will readily allow, Romans, that none of the opposers
 40 of this law and measure, have so fully enlarged upon the merits of Lucullus from this place.

But now, perhaps, it will be asked, if these things are so, how can so difficult a war still remain? Let us examine into this matter a little; for the question is not without foundation. Know then, Romans, that Mithridates
 45 fled from this kingdom, just as the famed Medea is said to have escaped out of the same Pontus: whom report feigns to have scattered the limbs of her murdered brother in those places through which her father was to pass, that the care of collecting them, and paternal grief, might stay the

celerity of his pursuit. Thus Mithridates, to favour his flight, left in Pontus an immense collection of gold and silver, and other valuable and costly ornaments, which he had either inherited from his ancestors, or got by plunder in the last Asiatic war, and treasured up in his own dominions. While our troops were employed in pillaging these, the person of the king escaped. Thus in the former case grief, in the latter joy, checked the eager desire of pursuit. In this flight, and under the influence of these terrors, he took refuge with Tigranes, king of Armenia, who received him kindly, roused him from his diffidence, cheered him in his distress, and restored him to some degree of hope. Lucullus followed him with his army into this prince's territories, where he found many nations ready to oppose him, from the dread they entertained of the Roman forces, though they were far from any design either to provoke or attack them. A prevalent and general persuasion had likewise taken hold of the minds of these barbarians, that the design of pillaging a rich and awful temple, had brought our armies into these parts. Thus many very powerful nations were spirited up against us, by a new kind of terror and dread. Meanwhile our troops, though they took the capital of Tigranes's kingdom, and routed the enemy in several encounters, were, nevertheless, dismayed at the distance of the provinces in which they fought, and seized with a desire to return to their own country. Here let me stop: for the issue of all was, that our soldiers discovered a greater inclination to retire, than to advance. But Mithridates had by this time revived the courage of his troops, and found his army greatly increased by multitudes that flocked to him from his own dominions, and the numerous reinforcements of many foreign kings and nations. This we learn from experience to be frequently the case, that the eminent distresses of princes, by the compassion they are apt to excite, raise powerful confederates in their favour, especially of such as are either monarchs themselves, or live in subjection to monarchy; because to them the name of royalty sounds great and venerable. Accordingly he was able to effect more after his defeat, than in the very height of his prosperity he durst presume to hope. For when he returned to his own kingdom, not contented with so unexpected a piece of good fortune, in recovering the possession of a country whence he thought himself expelled for ever, he even had the boldness to attack your brave and victorious army. Suffer me, Romans, in this place, after the example of the poets, who write of your affairs, to suppress the mention of our calamity: a calamity so great, that it reached the ears of Lucullus, not by any messenger escaped from the battle, but by the reports of public rumour. In this scene of distress, and amidst the heavy losses of so destructive a war, L. Lucullus, who might in some measure, perhaps have found a remedy for these evils, constrained by your orders, which, in imitation of former times, set bounds to the duration of his command, dismissed that part of the army which had completed its legal term of service, and delivered over the other to Glabrio. I designedly pass over many things; leaving it to your own conjectures to inform you how important that war is like to prove, in which, after the defeat of your former army, you are still to oppose, under the auspices of a new com-

mander, the confederacy of two powerful kings, the renewed hostilities of resentful nations, and the entire forces of unsubdued countries.

I think I have said enough to prove that this war is in its nature necessary, and by its importance dangerous. Let me now speak of the
 5 choice of a general fit to command in such a war, and have charge of so great an undertaking. It were to be wished, Romans, that this state so abounded with men of courage and probity, as to make it a matter of difficulty to determine, to whom chiefly you should entrust the conduct of so important and dangerous a war. But as Pompey is universally
 10 allowed, not only to surpass the generals of the present age, but even those of antiquity, in military fame; what reason can any man assign, why he should hesitate a moment in the present choice? To me four qualifications seem requisite to form a complete general, a thorough knowledge of war, valour, authority, and good fortune. But where is the man that possesses,
 15 or indeed can be required to possess greater abilities in war, than Pompey? One that from a boy, and the exercises of the school, passed into his father's camp, and began the study of the military art, during the progress of a raging war, maintained by a furious enemy? who, before the period of childhood was elapsed, commenced a soldier under a great general?
 20 who, in the very dawn of youth, was himself at the head of a mighty army? who has fought more pitched battles, than others have maintained personal disputes; carried on more wars, than others have acquired by knowledge of reading; reduced more provinces, than others have aspired to even in thought? whose youth was trained to the profession of arms,
 25 not by precepts derived from others, but the highest offices of command; not by personal mistakes in war, but a train of important victories; not by a series of campaigns, but by a succession of triumphs? In fine, what species of war can be named, in which the fortune of the republic has not given him an opportunity of exercising himself? the civil, the African, the
 30 Transalpine, the servile, the naval; together with that of Spain, in which such a multitude of our own citizens and warlike foreigners were concerned. So many and different wars, against such a variety of foes, not only carried on, but happily terminated by this one man, sufficiently proclaim, that there is no part of military knowledge in which he is not an
 35 accomplished master. . . .

As, therefore, this war is so necessary, that it cannot be avoided; so important, that it must be managed with the utmost address: and as you may now commit it into the hands of a general, who, to the most consummate knowledge in the art of war, joins eminent courage, an illustrious
 40 reputation, and unparalleled success: will you hesitate, Romans, to employ so favourable an opportunity, presented and put into your hands by the immortal gods, for the preservation and enlargement of your empire?

Were Pompey at this time in Rome, in the station of a private citizen, he is yet the only person fit to be chosen for the management of so great a war.
 45 But now, when with other urgent advantages, this powerful motive likewise concurs; that he is already upon the spot; that he is at the head of an army, that he can immediately join it to the forces now in those parts; what wait we for? Or why do we not, when the gods so clearly discover

their pleasure, intrust likewise this royal war to the care of the man, who has already terminated so many others with the highest advantage to the state? But, Q. Catulus, a man of an illustrious character, a great lover of his country, and distinguished by the most eminent proofs of your regard; and Q. Hortensius, conspicuous by all the advantages of honour, fortune, 5 virtue, and genius, differ from my opinion. These, I own, are men, whose sentiments have always had great weight with you, and doubtless very deservedly: but on this occasion, though some of the best and bravest men in Rome be against me, yet setting authority aside, I think we may come at the truth by reason and enquiry; the rather, because my very adversaries 10 agree to all I have advanced, that this war is necessary, and important; and that all the great qualities requisite for conducting it are to be found in Pompey. What then is the argument of Hortensius? If all important affairs are to pass through the hands of one man, Pompey is doubtless the most deserving: but it were dangerous to trust so much power with one 15 person. This position, refuted rather by facts than by reasoning, is now become quite stale. For you, Q. Hortensius, with that masterly and commanding eloquence which is peculiar to you, spoke fully and forcibly against Aulus Gabinius, a brave tribune; both in the senate, when his law for putting the war against the pirates into the hands of one general was brought before that assembly: and from this place, when it was proposed 20 to the consideration of the people. But tell me, in the name of all the gods! if your authority had availed more with the Roman people, than the consideration of their own safety and true interest, should we at this day have been in possession of so much glory, or really enjoyed the sovereignty 25 of the universe? For could we then be deemed to possess this sovereignty, when the ambassadors, prætors, and quæstors of the Roman people, were liable to an ignominious captivity? When we were deprived of all communication, either public or private, with our provinces? When navigation was so totally at a stand, that we could transact no business beyond sea, 30 whether it regarded the interest of the whole state, or the properties of particular persons?

For was there ever a state, I speak not of the Athenians, who are said to have been once very powerful at sea; nor of the Carthaginians, renowned for their fleets and naval strength; nor of the Rhodians, the glory of whose 35 maritime expeditions have reached even our days: but was there, I say, ever a state so inconsiderable, an island so small, that could not herself defend her own ports and territory, with some part at least of the maritime coast and region? And yet, for a continued train of years before the Gabinian law, the very people of Rome, whose reputation in sea-affairs 40 has remained even to our day without stain, were not only divested of far the greatest part of their traffick, but were even wounded in their dignity and naval dominion. We, whose ancestors vanquished king Antiochus and Perseus at sea, and came off victorious in all naval engagements with the Carthaginians, a nation thoroughly expert and practised in maritime 45 affairs: we, I say, were then no where a match for a band of pirates. We too, who heretofore not only guarded Italy from insults, but by the very reputation of our strength secured the quiet of our allies in all parts,

however remote; insomuch that the island of Delos, distant from Rome so far as the Ægean sea, the mart of all nations, abounding in wealth, small in circumference, unprotected by walls, had yet nothing to fear: even we, these very Romans, were then not only excluded from our provinces, the maritime parts of Italy, and our harbours on the sea-coast, but durst not so much as appear on the Appian way. And yet at that very time, the magistrates of the Roman people were not ashamed to mount this tribunal, adorned by their ancestors with naval spoils, and the beaks of ships taken from the enemy.

- 10 The people of Rome were sensible, Q. Hortensius, that when you, and such as were in your way of thinking, delivered your sentiments upon the law proposed, you did it with an honest intention. And yet, in an affair that regarded the common safety, they were more swayed by a sense of their own sufferings, than a respect for your authority. Therefore one law, one man, one year, not only delivered us from that state of wretchedness and infamy, but effectually proved to all nations and people, that we were at length become the real lords of the earth and sea. On this account I cannot forbear expressing a greater indignation at the affront offered to Gabinius, shall I say, or Pompey, or, as was really the case, to both, in refusing to let Pompey have Gabinius for his lieutenant-general, though he earnestly sought and desired it? Ought the general who demanded an agreeable lieutenant to assist him in so great a war, to have been refused; when other commanders, who marched out to plunder the provinces, and pillage our allies, carried with them what lieutenant-generals they pleased?
- 25 Or ought the man who proposed a law tending to secure the honour and safety of Rome and all nations, to have been excluded from sharing the glory of that general and army, whose destination was the fruit of his counsels, and effected at his personal peril? Could C. Falcidius, Q. Metellus, Q. Cœlius Latinensis, Cn. Lentulus, all of whom I mention with respect, be one year tribunes of the people, and the next appointed lieutenant-generals: and shall such a vigorous opposition be formed against Gabinius alone, who in a war carried on in consequence of his law, and by an army and general of his appointment, ought, doubtless, to have the preference to all others? But I hope the consuls will bring the affair before the senate: or if they shall decline it, or raise any difficulties, I here declare, that I myself will undertake the business; nor shall the contradictory decrees of any man, Romans, deter me, under your protection, from asserting your just rights and privileges; nor shall I regard anything but the interposition of the tribunes, which I hope will not, without repeated consideration, be exerted upon this occasion, even by those who threaten us with it. And truly, in my opinion, Romans, Aulus Gabinius, the author of the maritime war, and all that was then done, is the only person proper to act as an assistant to Pompey; because the one by your suffrages, devolved that war upon the other; and he on whom it was devolved, undertook and brought it to a period.

It now remains that I speak to the opinion and judgment of Q. Catulus, who having put the question, that if in all emergencies you placed your hopes on Pompey alone, to whom could you have recourse in case of any

disaster befalling him? he reaped the genuine fruit of his own virtue and dignity, when with unanimous voice you called out, that, in such an event, he himself was the man on whom you would rest your hopes. And indeed he is a man of such a character, that no undertaking is so great or difficult, which he cannot direct by his counsels, support by his integrity, and terminate by his valour. But in the point now before us, I entirely differ from him; because the more uncertain, and the shorter human life is, the more it behoves the commonwealth, while the gods indulge that favour, to avail herself of the virtues and talents of a great man. But it is dangerous to allow of innovations contrary to the customs and precedents of former ages. I shall not observe here, that our ancestors in peace always adhered to custom, but during war always yielded to necessity: that they were ever ready to change their measures as new emergencies required an alteration of counsels: neither shall I take notice, that two very important wars, the Carthaginian and the Spanish, were finished by one general: that two very powerful cities, Carthage and Numantia, which threatened to check the growth of our empire, were both destroyed by the same Scipio. I shall not mention the late example of C. Marius, upon whom you and your fathers thought it proper to rest your whole hopes of empire, and commit to his sole management the wars with Jugurtha, with the Teutones, and with the Cimbri. I shall only desire you to call to mind, how many things contrary to custom passed in the case of this very Pompey, with the hearty concurrence of Catulus, who now so strenuously opposes the granting him any new powers.

For what could be more contrary to custom, than for a young man, without any public character, at a juncture dangerous to his country, to levy an army? he did levy one. To command it in person? he did command it. To conduct it with ability and success? he did with both. What could be more unprecedented, than to commit the charge of an army and province to a mere youth, whose age fell far short of that usually required in a senator? to entrust him with the government of Sicily and Africa, and the conduct of the war in those parts? He behaved notwithstanding with singular integrity, wisdom, and courage; terminated the war in Africa with success; and brought home his army victorious. Was there ever an instance of a Roman knight honoured with a triumph? yet this sight the people of Rome not only beheld, but considered as of all others the most desirable, and worthy their regard. Was it ever known, when we had two consuls of distinguished valour and renown, that a Roman knight should be sent in place of one of them, to command in a great and formidable war? Yet he was sent; and when some at that time objected in the senate, that a private man ought not to be sent in place of a consul; L. Philippus is reported to have said, that it was his opinion he should be sent, not in place of one, but of both the consuls. So well were all men persuaded of his capacity for the administration of public affairs, that, though but a youth, he was entrusted with the functions of two consuls. What could be more extraordinary, than that the senate should for his sake dispense with the laws, and suffer him to be chosen consul, before he was of an age to exercise the lowest magistracy? What could be more incredible, than

that, while only a Roman knight, he should be a second time permitted to triumph by a decree of the senate? All the novelties that have happened among men, since the first memory of time, fall short of those that meet in the person of Pompey alone. And what is still more, all these numerous
5 honours, new and extraordinary as they are, were conferred upon him by the advice of Q. Catulus, and other illustrious persons of the same dignity.

It behooves them therefore to consider, whether it may not seem unjust and presumptuous, if after having been so warmly seconded by you in the design of promoting and honouring Pompey, they should now oppose
10 your judgment, and the authority of the Roman people, in favour of the same person: especially as you are armed with sufficient power to support your choice against all opposition; having already in spite of their endeavours to prevent it, singled out this man from amongst all your other generals to command in the war with the pirates. If you did this rashly,
15 and without due regard to the interests of your country, they have reason to oppose their authority, and endeavour to rectify your deliberations. But if you formed a truer judgment of what was advantageous to the state; if, though opposed by them, you took the justest measures for securing the dignity of the empire, and the repose of the universe; let these rulers of
20 the senate at length acknowledge, that both they and others ought to submit to the authority of the whole body of the Roman people. But in this Asiatic war against two powerful kings, there is not only occasion for those military talents so conspicuous in Pompey, but for many other great and eminent virtues. It is difficult in Asia, Cilicia, Syria, and other
25 nations so remote from Rome, for a general to behave in such a manner, as that he shall think of nothing but war and conquest. And even where modesty and temperance hold some under restraint, yet nobody believes it, so great is the number of the greedy and rapacious. It is indeed impossible to express, Romans, how odious we are become among foreign
30 nations, on account of the iniquities and oppressions of those, whom of late years we have sent to govern them. What temple in these lands have our magistrates left unprofaned? What city have they held sacred? What house has been free from their violations? Pretences are sought to attack every wealthy and opulent place, whose plunder promises to gratify the
35 avarice of our commanders. Willingly would I debate these matters with Q. Catulus, and Q. Hortensius, men of eminent worth and dignity. For they are acquainted with the sufferings of our allies, see their distresses, and hear their complaints. Is it against the enemies of Rome, and in defence of your allies, that you send an army; or are you minded under
40 this pretence to attack your friends and confederates? Where is the state in all Asia, that can set bounds to the ambition and avarice, I will not say of a general, or his lieutenant, but of a single tribune of the army?

Supposing therefore you should have a general who may appear capable of defeating the forces of these two powerful kings in a pitched battle;
45 yet unless he is also one, that can refrain his hands, eyes, and thoughts, from the riches of our allies, from their wives and children, from the ornaments of their cities and temples, and from the gold and treasures of their palaces, he is by no means fit to command in an Asiatic and a regal

war. Is any state suffered to enjoy tranquillity, that is known to be rich? Or was ever any state rich, which your generals permitted to remain in tranquillity? The sea-coast, O Romans, demanded Pompey, not only on account of his military glory, but likewise for his known probity and moderation of mind. The Roman people observed, that the public 5 money from year to year enriched only a few; and that all the advantage we gained by the empty name of a fleet was an increase of infamy from repeated losses. Are those who oppose the conferring such an extensive command upon one person, ignorant with what avaricious views, through what a profusion of bribery, and on what infamous conditions our 10 magistrates now repair to their provinces? Insomuch that Pompey appears no less great by the contrast of their vices, than by the lustre of his own proper virtues. Therefore hesitate no longer to commit all to the care of a man, who alone of late years has so far gained the confidence of your allies, that they rejoice to see him enter their cities at 15 the head of an army. But if you think it likewise needful, Romans, that in a point so material your choice should be backed by authorities; I can name P. Servilius, a man eminently skilled in war, and great affairs: one whose exploits by sea and land have acquired him so much reputation, that in all military deliberations, no man's opinion ought to challenge 20 greater regard. I can name C. Curio, so distinguished by your signal favours and his own great actions, so illustrious for his matchless abilities and prudence. I can name Cn. Lentulus, in whom you have always found a capacity and talents, equal to the great honours you have conferred upon him. In fine, I can name C. Cassius, who for integrity, probity, 25 and firmness, acknowledges no superior. Thus you see how easily, by the authority of so many great men, we can put to silence those who oppose this law.

For all these reasons, C. Manilius, I here in the first place declare my entire approbation of your law, your purpose, and your opinion: in the 30 next place I exhort you, with the assistance of the Roman people, to continue unshaken in this purpose, and to suffer no threats nor violence to daunt you. In fact, I have no reason to doubt of your courage and firmness: and as we are supported with a greater zeal and unanimity, than was ever known in the like case before; what ground have we, either to 35 distrust the measure itself, or our success in the prosecution of it? For my own part, whatever talents I enjoy from nature, or have acquired by application and study; whatever influence I derive from the favours of the Roman people, and the prætorian dignity wherewith they have invested me; whatever I can effect by my authority, and perserverance; 40 I here promise and make it all over to you and my fellow-citizens, for the carrying of this point. I attest all the gods, particularly those who preside over this place and temple, and who see into the real designs of all concerned in the administration of public affairs, that I have not undertaken this part at the solicitations of any person whatever, nor with the view of 45 ingratiating myself with Pompey, nor to procure from any one's greatness, a shelter against dangers, or an increase of honours: for as to the dangers, I shall always easily repel them by my innocence, as it becomes every

virtuous man to do: and in the pursuit of honours, I shall neither trust to one man's favour, nor solicit them from this place, but endeavour to merit them by the same laborious course of life, which I have hitherto followed with your approbation. Whatever therefore I have done in this
 5 cause, Romans, I here affirm was done with a view to the good of my country: and so far have I been from pursuing any private interest, that I am sensible I have drawn much hatred upon myself, partly secret, partly open, which I might have avoided, and by which you may profit. But clothed with this honourable office, and indebted as I am to your favours,
 10 I consider it as my indispensable duty, to prefer your determinations, the dignity of the commonwealth, and the safety of our provinces and allies, to all partial and particular views of advantage.

—W. DUNCAN.



EXPANSION TOWARD THE NORTH

GAUL AND THE GERMANS ¹

CÆSAR

[From the *Gallic War*, Book VI]

Gaius Julius Cæsar was born in 100 and was killed in 44 B.C. He was the greatest military genius and perhaps the greatest political genius that Rome produced. He became prominent at the time when Cicero was elected consul, at first for his support of Catiline for consul, and later for his speech in the senate against the death penalty for the conspirators. In 60 B.C., with Crassus and Pompey, he formed a political group, called the first triumvirate, which controlled the destinies of Rome for several years. Through it Cæsar was elected consul and then appointed to command in Gaul, where he began to subdue the tribes, to create a great army devoted to himself, and to amass wealth which he freely used for political purposes. In 56 the coalition was renewed, Cæsar gained the extension of his command for five years, and in that time thoroughly subdued all Gaul to the Rhine. Meantime Crassus had lost his life in his unfortunate expedition against the Parthians in the East. Pompey at Rome and Cæsar in Gaul were left as the outstanding leaders in the state. Pompey was won over to the senatorial party which had been hostile to Cæsar since his complete estrangement from it during his consulship. Civil war was the result. Cæsar won in a series of campaigns which extended over several years. He made himself dictator, and probably planned a reorganization of the constitution; but he was murdered before permanent arrangements could be made. He had, however, carried through numerous reforms of primary importance to Rome. Well known is his correction of the calendar.

It is greatly to be regretted that this foremost statesman of Rome should have left us no record from his own pen of his plans and policies, of his

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

conceptions and ideals. We learn of his views on politics and statecraft rather from his deeds than from his books. Only his military writings have come down to us, and in them he keeps for the most part strictly to the subject in hand. They are fine examples of the historical monographs characteristic of the period, like those of Sallust; but unlike those of Sallust, they show no tendency to philosophize on politics, government, and morals. His other writings included a treatise on grammar, political pamphlets, a work on astronomy, speeches and letters. Such is his genius as a military commander and his lucidity of expression as a writer that his Gallic War takes rank as a unique human document.

The Gallic War is an account of Cæsar's activities in acquiring and consolidating new territory to the north for the Roman Republic in the years 59 to 50 B.C. In this passage Cæsar reveals his interest in other matters than the merely military. He is an explorer as well as a soldier and statesman.

Since I have arrived at this point, it would seem to be not inappropriate to set forth the customs of Gaul and of Germany, and the difference between these nations. In Gaul, not only in every state and every canton and district, but almost in each several household, there are parties; and the leaders of the parties are men who in the judgment of their fellows are deemed to have the highest authority, men to whose decision and judgment the supreme issue of all cases and counsel may be referred. And this seems to have been an ordinance from ancient days, to the end that no man of the people should lack assistance against a more powerful neighbour; for each man refuses to allow his own folk to be oppressed and defrauded, since otherwise he has no authority among them. The same principle holds in regard to Gaul as a whole taken together; for the whole body of states is divided into two parties.

When Cæsar arrived in Gaul the leaders of one party were the Ædui, of the other the Sequani. The latter, being by themselves inferior in strength—since the highest authority from ancient times rested with the Ædui, and their dependencies were extensive—had made Ariovistus and the Germans their friends, and with great sacrifices and promises had brought them to their side. Then, by several successful engagements and the slaughter of all the Ædunan nobility, they had so far established their predominance as to transfer a great part of the dependents from the Ædui to themselves, receiving from them as hostages the children of their chief men, compelling them as a state to swear that they would entertain no design against the Sequani, occupying a part of the neighbouring territory which they had seized by force, and securing the chieftaincy of all Gaul. This was the necessity which compelled Diviciacus to set forth on a journey to the Senate at Rome for the purpose of seeking aid; but he had returned without achieving his object. By the arrival of Cæsar a change of affairs was brought about. Their hostages were restored to the Ædui, their old dependencies restored, and new ones secured through Cæsar's efforts (as those who had joined in friendly relations with them found that they enjoyed a better condition and a fairer rule), and their influence and position were increased in all other respects: in result whereof the Sequani had lost the chieftaincy. To their place the Remi had succeeded;

and as it was perceived that they had equal influence with Cæsar, the tribes which, by reason of ancient animosities, could in no wise join the Ædui were delivering themselves as dependents to the Remi. These tribes the Remi carefully protected, and by this means they sought to maintain their
5 new and suddenly acquired authority. The state of things then at the time in question was that the Ædui were regarded as by far the chief state, while the Remi held the second place in importance.

Throughout Gaul there are two classes of persons of definite account and dignity. As for the common folk, they are treated almost as slaves,
10 venturing naught of themselves, never taken into counsel. The most part of them, oppressed as they are either by debt, or by the heavy weight of tribute, or by the wrongdoing of the more powerful men, commit themselves in slavery to the nobles, who have, in fact, the rights over them as masters over slaves. Of the two classes above mentioned one consists of
15 Druids, the other of knights. The former are concerned with divine worship, the due performance of sacrifices, public and private, and the interpretation of ritual questions; a great number of young men gather about them for the sake of instruction and hold them in great honour. In fact, it is they who decide in almost all disputes, public and private;
20 and if any crime has been committed, or murder done, or there is any dispute about succession or boundaries, they also decide it, determining rewards and penalties: if any person or people does not abide by their decision, they ban such from sacrifice, which is their heaviest penalty. Those that are so banned are reckoned as impious and criminal; all men
25 move out of their path and shun their approach and conversation, for fear they may get some harm from their contact, and no justice is done if they seek it, no distinction falls to their share. Of all these Druids one is chief, who has the highest authority among them. At his death, either any other who is preeminent in position succeeds, or, if there be several of
30 equal standing, they strive for the primacy by the vote of the Druids, or sometimes even with armed force. These Druids, at a certain time of the year, meet within the borders of the Carnutes, whose territory is reckoned as the centre of all Gaul, and sit in conclave in a consecrated spot. Thither assemble from every side all that have disputes, and they obey the decisions
35 and judgments of the Druids. It is believed that their rule of life was discovered in Britain and transferred thence to Gaul; and to-day those who would study the subject more accurately journey, as a rule, to Britain to learn it.

The Druids usually hold aloof from war, and do not pay war-taxes
40 with the rest; they are excused from military service and exempt from all liabilities. Tempted by these great rewards, many young men assemble of their own motion to receive their training; many are sent by parents and relatives. Report says that in the schools of the Druids they learn by heart a great number of verses, and therefore some persons remain twenty
45 years under training. And they do not think it proper to commit these utterances to writing, although in almost all other matters, and in their public and private accounts, they make use of Greek letters. I believe that they have adopted the practice for two reasons—that they do not wish

the rule to become common property, nor those who learn the rule to rely on writing and so neglect the cultivation of the memory; and, in fact, it does usually happen that the assistance of writing tends to relax the diligence of the student and the action of the memory. The cardinal doctrine which they seek to teach is that souls do not die, but after death pass from one to another; and this belief, as the fear of death is thereby cast aside, they hold to be the greatest incentive to valour. Besides this, they have many discussions as touching the stars and their movement, the size of the universe and of the earth, the order of nature, the strength and the powers of the immortal gods, and hand down their lore to the young men. 5 10

The other class are the knights. These, when there is occasion, upon the incidence of a war—and before Cæsar's coming this would happen well-nigh every year, in the sense that they would either be making wanton attacks themselves or repelling such—are all engaged therein; and according to the importance of each of them in birth and resources, so is the number of liegemen and dependents that he has about him. This is the one form of influence and power known to them. 15

The whole nation of the Gauls is greatly devoted to ritual observances, and for that reason those who are smitten with the more grievous maladies and who are engaged in the perils of battle either sacrifice human victims or vow so to do, employing the Druids for such sacrifices. They believe, in effect, that, unless for a man's life a man's life be paid, the majesty of the immortal gods may not be appeased; and in public, as in private, life they observe an ordinance of sacrifices of the same kind. Others use figures of immense size, whose limbs, woven out of twigs, they fill with living men and set on fire, and the men perish in a sheet of flame. They believe that the execution of those who have been caught in the act of theft or robbery or some crime is more pleasing to the immortal gods; but when the supply of such fails they resort to the execution even of the innocent. 20 25 30

Among the gods, they most worship Mercury. There are numerous images of him; they declare him the inventor of all arts, the guide of every road and journey, and they deem him to have the greatest influence for all money-making and traffic. After him they set Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. Of these deities they have almost the same idea as all other nations: Apollo drives away diseases, Minerva supplies the first principles of arts and crafts, Jupiter holds the empire of the heavens, Mars controls wars. To Mars, when they have determined on a decisive battle, they dedicate as a rule whatever spoil they may take. After a victory they sacrifice such living things as they have taken, and all the other effects they gather into one place. In many states heaps of such objects are to be seen piled up in hallowed spots, and it has not often happened that a man, in defiance of religious scruple, has dared to conceal such spoils in his house or to remove them from their place, and the most grievous punishment, with torture, is ordained for such an offence. 35 40 45

The Gauls affirm that they are all descended from a common father, Dis, and say that this is the tradition of the Druids. For that reason they determine all periods of time by the number, not of days, but of nights, and

in their observance of birthdays and the beginnings of months and years day follows night. In the other ordinances of life the main difference between them and the rest of mankind is that they do not allow their own sons to approach them openly until they have grown to an age when they can bear the burden of military service, and they count it a disgrace for a son who is still in his boyhood to take his place publicly in the presence of his father.

The men, after making due reckoning, take from their own goods a sum of money equal to the dowry they have received from their wives and place it with the dowry. Of each such sum account is kept between them and the profits saved; whichever of the two survives receives the portion of both together with the profits of past years. Men have the power of life and death over their wives, as over their children; and when the father of a house, who is of distinguished birth, has died, his relatives assemble, and if there be anything suspicious about his death they make inquisition of his wives as they would of slaves, and if discovery is made they put them to death with fire and all manner of excruciating tortures. Their funerals, considering the civilization of Gaul, are magnificent and expensive. They cast into the fire everything, even living creatures, which they believe to have been dear to the departed during life, and but a short time before the present age, only a generation since, slaves and dependents known to have been beloved by their lords used to be burnt with them at the conclusion of the funeral formalities.

Those states which are supposed to conduct their public administration to greater advantage have it prescribed by law that any one who has learnt anything of public concern from his neighbours by rumour or report must bring the information to a magistrate and not impart it to any one else; for it is recognised that oftentimes hasty and inexperienced men are terrified by false rumours, and so are driven to crime or to decide supreme issues. Magistrates conceal what they choose, and make known what they think proper for the public. Speech on state questions, except by means of an assembly, is not allowed.

The Germans differ much from this manner of living. They have no Druids to regulate divine worship, no zeal for sacrifices. They reckon among the gods those only whom they see and by whose offices they are openly assisted—to wit, the Sun, the Fire-god, and the Moon; of the rest they have learnt not even by report. Their whole life is composed of hunting expeditions and military pursuits; from early boyhood they are zealous for toil and hardship. Those who remain longest in chastity win greatest praise among their kindred; some think that stature, some that strength and sinew are fortified thereby. Further, they deem it a most disgraceful thing to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year; and there is no secrecy in the matter, for both sexes bathe in the rivers and wear skins or small cloaks of reindeer hide, leaving great part of the body bare.

For agriculture they have no zeal, and the greater part of their food consists of milk, cheese, and flesh. No man has a definite quantity of land or estate of his own: the magistrates and chiefs every year assign to tribes and clans that have assembled together as much land and in such

place as seems good to them, and compel the tenants after a year to pass on elsewhere. They adduce many reasons for that practice—the fear that they may be tempted by continuous association to substitute agriculture for their warrior zeal; that they may become zealous for the acquisition of broad territories, and so the more powerful may drive the lower sort from their holdings; that they may build with greater care to avoid the extremes of cold and heat; that some passion for money may arise to be the parent of parties and of quarrels. It is their aim to keep common people in contentment, when each man sees that his own wealth is equal to that of the most powerful.

Their states account it the highest praise by devastating their borders to have areas of wilderness as wide as possible around them. They think it the true sign of valour when the neighbours are driven to retire from their lands and no man dares to settle near, and at the same time they believe they will be safer thereby, having removed all fear of a sudden inroad. When a state makes or resists aggressive war officers are chosen to direct the same, with the power of life and death. In time of peace there is no general officer of state, but the chiefs of districts and cantons do justice among their followers and settle disputes. Acts of brigandage committed outside the borders of each several state involve no disgrace; in fact, they affirm that such are committed in order to practise the young men and to diminish sloth. And when any of the chiefs has said in public assembly that he will be leader, "Let those who will follow declare it," then all who approve the cause and the man rise together to his service and promise their own assistance, and win the general praise of the people. Any of them who have not followed, after promise, are reckoned as deserters and traitors, and in all things afterwards trust is denied to them. They do not think it right to outrage a guest; men who have come to them for any cause they protect from mischief and regard as sacred; to them the houses of all are open, with them is food shared.

Now there was a time in the past when the Gauls were superior in valour to the Germans and made aggressive war upon them, and because of the number of their people and the lack of land they sent colonies across the Rhine. And thus the most fertile places of Germany round the Hercynian forest (which I see was known by report to Eratosthenes and certain Greeks, who call it the Orcynian forest) were seized by the Volcæ Tectosages, who settled there, and the nation maintains itself to this day in those settlements, and enjoys the highest reputation for justice and for success in war. At the present time, since they abide in the same condition of want, poverty, and hardship as the Germans, they adopt the same kind of food and bodily training. Upon the Gauls, however, the neighbourhood of our provinces and acquaintance with oversea commodities lavishes many articles of use or luxury; little by little they have grown accustomed to defeat, and after being conquered in many battles they do not even compare themselves in point of valour with the Germans.

—H. J. EDWARDS.



THE SIEGE OF ALESIA ¹

CÆSAR

[From the *Gallic War*, Book VII]

Cæsar's conquest had been comparatively easy of accomplishment so long as the Gallic tribes had offered opposition singly. When the Gauls finally realized this, they formed a loose confederation under the leadership of Vercingetorix and made a last desperate stand at Alesia. The simplicity and objectivity with which the author describes this siege are characteristic of the whole book.

When all the horsemen had been put to flight Vercingetorix drew his forces back from their position in front of the camps and at once began the march to Alesia, a town of the Mandubii, ordering the baggage to be brought speedily out of camp and to follow close after him. Cæsar
 5 withdrew his baggage to the nearest hill and, leaving two legions to guard it, pursued as long as daylight allowed. Some three thousand of the enemy's rearguard were slain, and on the next day he pitched camp near Alesia. He reconnoitered the situation of the city, and as the enemy were terror-struck by the rout of their horsemen, the branch of their army on which
 10 they most relied, he urged his soldiers to the task and began the investment.

The actual stronghold of Alesia was set atop of a hill, in a very lofty situation, apparently impregnable save by blockade. The bases of the hill were washed on two separate sides by rivers. Before the town a plain
 15 extended for a length of about three miles; on all the other sides there were hills surrounding the town at a short distance, and equal to it in height. Under the wall, on the side which looked eastward, the forces of the Gauls had entirely occupied all this intervening space, and had made in front a ditch and a rough wall six feet high. The perimeter of the siege-works which the Romans were beginning had a length of eleven miles.
 20 Camps had been pitched at convenient spots, and three-and-twenty forts had been constructed on the line. In these piquets would be posted by day to prevent any sudden sortie; by night the same stations were held by sentries and strong garrisons.

When the siege-work had been started, a cavalry encounter took place
 25 in the plain which we have described above as set between hills and extending to a length of three miles. Both sides strove with the utmost vigour. When our men were distressed Cæsar sent up the Germans, and posted the legions in front of the camp to prevent any sudden inrush on the part of the enemy's footmen. With the reinforcement of the legions
 30 behind them our men's spirit was increased; the enemy were put to flight, and, hampering one another by sheer numbers, as the gates were left too narrow, were crowded together in a press. The Germans pursued most vigorously right up to the fortifications. A great slaughter ensued; some of the enemy abandoned their horses, and tried to cross the ditch and scale

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

the wall. Cæsar ordered the legions posted in front of the rampart to advance a short distance. The Gauls inside the fortifications were in just as great a confusion as the rest; believing that the enemy were coming on them at once, they shouted the call to arms, and some in panic burst into the town. Vercingetorix ordered the gates to be shut, lest the camp should be deserted. After much slaughter and the capture of many horses the Germans retired. 5

Vercingetorix now made up his mind to send away all his horsemen by night, before the Romans could complete their entrenchments. His parting instructions were that each of them should proceed to his own state and impress for the campaign all men whose age allowed them to bear arms. He set forth his own claims upon them, and adjured them to have regard for his personal safety, and not to surrender to the torture of the enemy one who had done sterling service for the general liberty. He showed them that if they proved indifferent eighty thousand chosen men were doomed to perish with him. He had calculated that he had corn in short rations for thirty days, but that by economy he could hold out just a little longer. After giving these instructions he sent the horsemen silently away in the second watch, at a point where a gap was left in our works. He ordered all the corn to be brought in to his headquarters; he appointed death as the penalty for any disobedience of the order; the cattle, of which great store had been driven together by the Mandubii, he distributed man by man; he arranged that the corn should be measured out sparingly and gradually; he withdrew into the town all the force which he had posted in front of it. By such measures did he prepare for the conduct of the campaign, in anticipation of the succours from Gaul. 10 15 20 25

Cæsar had report of this from deserters and prisoners, and determined on the following types of entrenchments. He dug a trench twenty feet wide with perpendicular sides, in such fashion that the bottom thereof was just as broad as the distance from edge to edge at the surface. He set back the rest of the siege-works four hundred paces from the trench; for as he had of necessity included so large an area, and the whole of the works could not easily be manned by a ring-fence of troops, his intention was to provide against any sudden rush of the enemy's host by night upon the entrenchments, or any chance of directing their missiles by day upon our troops engaged on the works. Behind this interval he dug all round two trenches, fifteen feet broad and of equal depth; and the inner one, where the ground was level with the plain or sank below it, he filled with water diverted from the river. Behind the trenches he constructed a ramp and palisade twelve feet high; to this he added a breastwork and battlements, with large fraises projecting at the junctions of screens and ramp, to check the upward advance of the enemy; and all round the works he set turrets at intervals of eighty feet. 30 35 40

As it was necessary that at one and the same time timber and corn should be procured, and lines of such extent constructed, our forces, having to proceed to a considerable distance from camp, were reduced in number; and sometimes the Gauls would try to make an attempt upon our works by a sortie in force from several gates of the town. Cæsar, 45

therefore, thought proper to make a further addition to these works, in order that the lines might be defensible by a smaller number of troops. Accordingly, trunks or very stout branches of trees were cut, and the tops thereof barked and sharpened, and continuous trenches five feet
 5 deep were dug. Into these the stumps were sunk and fastened at the bottom so that they could not be torn up, while the bough-ends were left projecting. They were in rows of five fastened and entangled together, and any one who pushed into them must impale himself on the sharpest of stakes. These they called "markers." In front of these, in diagonal rows arranged
 10 like a figure of five, pits three feet deep were dug, sloping inwards slightly to the bottom. In these, tapering stakes as thick as a man's thigh, sharpened at the top and fire-hardened, were sunk so as to project no more than four fingers' breadth from the ground; at the same time, to make all strong and firm, the earth was trodden down hard one foot from the bottom, and
 15 the remainder of the pit was covered over with twigs and brushwood to conceal the trap. Eight rows of this kind were dug, three feet apart. From its resemblance to the flower the device was called a "lily." In front of all these, logs a foot long, with iron hooks firmly attached, were buried altogether in the ground and scattered at brief intervals all over the
 20 field, and these they called "spurs."

When all these arrangements had been completed Cæsar constructed parallel entrenchments of the same kind facing the other way, against the enemy outside, following the most favourable ground that the locality afforded, with a circuit of fourteen miles. This he did to secure the garrisons
 25 of the entrenchments from being surrounded by a host, however large it might chance to be. And in order that he might not be constrained to dangerous excursions from camp, he ordered all his men to have thirty days' corn and forage collected.

While this was proceeding about Alesia, the Gauls summoned a council
 30 of chiefs and determined not to call up (according to the proposal of Vercingetorix) all who could bear arms, but to require of each chief a certain quota from his state; for they feared that with so large a host herded together they might not be able to preserve discipline, to distinguish their several contingents, or to secure a supply of corn. Of the Ædui and
 35 their dependents, Segusiavi, Ambivareti, Aulerci Brannovices, and Blannovii, they required five-and-thirty thousand; an equal number from the Arverni, together with the Eleuteti, Cadurci, Gabali, and Vellavii, who are regularly under the sovereignty of the Arverni; from the Sequani, Senones, Bituriges, Santoni, Ruteni, and Carnutes, twelve thousand each;
 40 from the Bellovaci ten thousand, and as many from the Lemovices; eight thousand each from the Pictones, Turoni, Parisii, and Helvetii; five thousand each from the Suessiones, Ambiani, Mediomatrici, Petrocorii, Nervii, Morini, and Nitiobriges; a like number from the Aulerci Cenomani; four thousand from the Atrebatæ; three each from the Veliocasses,
 45 Lexovii, and Aulerci Ebuovices; two each from the Raurici and the Boii; thirty thousand in all from the states touching the Ocean, commonly called by them Armoric, among whom are the Curiosolites, Redones, Ambibarii, Caletes, Osismi, Veneti, Lemovices, and Venelli. Of these the

Bellovacī did not make up their quota, because they declared that they would wage war with the Romans on their own account and at their own direction and would obey no man's command; however, when Commius made request they sent two thousand men with the rest, out of regard to their private relations with him.

This Commius, as we have before mentioned, had rendered faithful and efficient service to Cæsar in previous years in the expedition to Britain. For these good offices Cæsar had ordered his state to be exempt from taxation, had restored its rights and laws, and had made the Morini tributary to him. Yet so strong was the unanimity of Gaul as a whole for the maintenance of their liberty and the recovery of their ancient renown in war that no benefits, no memory of friendship could influence them, and all devoted themselves with heart and strength to the campaign before them. When eight thousand horsemen and about two hundred and fifty thousand footmen had been collected, the force was reviewed and a muster was taken in the country of the Ædui. Officers were appointed, and the chief command was entrusted to Commius the Atrebatian, Viridomarus and Eporedorix the Æduans, and Vercassivellaunus the Arvernian, a cousin of Vercingetorix. To them were attached a staff selected from the states, by whose counsel the campaign was to be conducted. Full of spirit and confidence, all started for Alesia; there was not a man of them all who thought the mere sight of so vast a host could be withstood, especially in a two-sided engagement, when there would be fighting with those who made a sortie from within the town, and outside the display of so vast an army of horse and foot.

However, when the day on which they had expected reinforcements of their own folk was past, and they had exhausted all their corn, and knew not what was going on in the land of the Ædui, the Gauls besieged in Alesia called a council of war to consider what would be the issue of their fortunes. Various opinions were expressed, one party voting for surrender, another for a sortie while their strength sufficed: but the speech of Critognatus should not, I think, be omitted, because of its remarkable and abominable cruelty. He was of high lineage among the Arverni, and considered to have great influence. "Of their opinion," he said, "who call a most disgraceful slavery by the name of surrender I purpose to say nothing; I hold that they should not be treated as citizens nor invited to the council. Let my business be with those who approve a sortie; and in their design, by your general agreement, there seems to remain a memory of ancient courage. This is faint-heartedness of yours, not courage, to be unable to endure want for a short space. It is easier to find men to fling themselves recklessly on death than men to endure pain patiently. And yet I might now have approved this view (so much weight with me has the authority of those who hold it) if I saw therein the loss of nothing but our life; but in making our decision we should have regard to the whole of Gaul, which we have aroused to our assistance. What, think ye, will be the spirit of our friends and kindred, when eighty thousand men have been slain in one spot, if they are forced to fight out the issue almost over their very bodies? Refuse to rob of your support the men who for your deliver-

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

40

45

direct
quote -
most
written
discours

ance have disregarded their own peril; forbear by folly, recklessness, or weakmindedness of yours to lay prostrate, and subject to everlasting slavery, the whole of Gaul. Or do you doubt their faithfulness, their resolution, because they are not arrived to the day? What then? Do ye
 5 think that the Romans are daily engaged in those outer trenches for mere amusement? If it may not be that your resolve should be strengthened by messages from your friends, since every approach is blocked, yet take the Romans here to your witnesses that their coming draws nigh; and it is in fear thereof that they are busy in their works day and night. What, then,
 10 is my counsel? To do what our forefathers did in the war, in no wise equal to this, with the Cimbri and Teutones. They shut themselves into the towns, and under stress of a like scarcity sustained life on the bodies of those whose age showed them useless for war, and delivered not themselves to the enemy. And if we had not had a precedent for this, I
 15 should still have judged it a most glorious thing for the sake of liberty to set such a one and to hand it down to posterity. For wherein was that war like this? The Cimbri devastated Gaul, they brought great disaster upon us, yet they departed at length from our borders and sought other countries, leaving us our rights, laws, lands, liberty. But the Romans—
 20 what else do they seek or desire than to follow where envy leads, to settle in the lands and states of men whose noble report and martial strength they have learnt, and to bind upon them a perpetual slavery? 'Tis in no other fashion they have waged wars. And if ye know not what is afoot among distant nations, look now on Gaul close at hand, which has been
 25 reduced to a province, with utter change of rights and laws, and crushed beneath the axes in everlasting slavery."

When opinions had been expressed they determined that those who by reason of health or age were useless for war should leave the town, and that every expedient should be tried before they had recourse to the counsel
 30 of Critognatus, resolving, however, to adopt that plan, if compelled by circumstances—that is to say, the delay of reinforcements—rather than to submit to terms of surrender or of peace. The Mandubii, whose town had received them, were compelled to leave it with wives and children. When they reached the Roman lines they begged with tears and abject
 35 prayers to be received as slaves and helped with food. But Cæsar posted sentries on the rampart and prevented their admission.

Meanwhile Commius and the other leaders entrusted with the supreme command reached the neighbourhood of Alesia with all their force, and, seizing a hill outside, halted not more than a mile from our entrenchments.
 40 The day after they brought their horsemen out of camp and filled the whole of that plain which we have described as extending for a length of three miles; their force of footmen they posted a little way back from the spot, on the higher ground. There was a bird's-eye view from the town of Alesia over the plain. At sight of these reinforcements the others
 45 hastened together with mutual congratulation, and all minds were stirred to joy. So they brought out their force and halted in front of the town; they covered over the nearest trench with hurdles and filled it in with earth, and prepared for a sally and for every emergency.

Cæsar disposed the whole army on both faces of the entrenchments in such fashion that, if occasion should arise, each man could know and keep his proper station; then he ordered the cavalry to be brought out of camp and to engage. There was a view down from all the camps, which occupied the top of the surrounding ridge, and all the troops were intently awaiting the issue of the fight. The Gauls had placed archers and light-armed skirmishers here and there among the horsemen to give immediate support to their comrades if driven back and to resist the charge of our cavalry. A number of men, wounded unexpectedly by these troops, began to withdraw from the fight. When the Gauls were confident that their own men were getting the better of the battle, and saw ours hard pressed by numbers, with shouts and yells on every side—those who were confined by the entrenchments as well as the others who had come up to their assistance—they sought to inspirit their countrymen. As the action was proceeding in sight of all, and no deed, of honour or dishonour, could escape notice, both sides were stirred to courage by desire of praise and fear of disgrace; The fight lasted, and the victory was doubtful, from noon almost to sunset, then the Germans in one part of the field massed their troops of horse, charged the enemy and routed them, and when they had been put to flight the archers were surrounded and slain. Likewise, from the other parts of the field, our troops pursued the retreating enemy right up to their camp, giving them no chance of rallying. But the Gauls who had come forth from Alesia, almost despairing of victory, sadly withdrew again into the town.

After one day's interval, in the course of which they made a great number of hurdles, ladders, and grappling-hooks, the Gauls left camp silently at midnight and approached the entrenchments in the plain. Raising a sudden shout, to signify their coming to the besieged inside the town, they began to fling down the hurdles, to dislodge our men from the rampart with slings, arrows, and stones, and to carry out everything else proper to an assault. At the same moment, hearing the shout, Vercingetorix gave his troops the signal by trumpet, and led them out of the town. Our troops, as on previous days, moved each to his appointed station in the entrenchments; with slings, one-pounders, stakes set ready inside the works, and bullets, they beat off the Gauls. As the darkness made it impossible to see far, many wounds were received on both sides. A number of missiles were discharged by the artillery. Then Marcus Antonius and Gaius Trebonius, the lieutenant-generals to whom the defence of these sections had been allotted, withdrew troops from forts farther away, and sent them up to bring assistance wherever they remarked that our men were hard pressed.

While the Gauls were some distance from the entrenchment they had more advantage from the quantity of their missiles; then, when they came up closer, they were soon caught unawares on the "spurs," or they sank into the pits and were impaled, or they were shot by artillery pikes from the rampart and the turrets, and so perished on every side. Many a man was wounded, but the entrenchment was nowhere penetrated; and when daybreak drew nigh, fearing that they might be surrounded on their

exposed flank by a sortie from the camps above them, they retired to their comrades. Meanwhile the inner force brought out the appliances which had been prepared by Vercingetorix for a sortie, and filled in the nearer trenches; but they lingered too long in the execution of the business, and,

5 or ever they could get near the entrenchments, they learnt that their countrymen had withdrawn. So without success they returned to the town

Twice beaten back with great loss, the Gauls took counsel what to do.

They called in men who knew the locality well, and from them they learnt the positions and the defences of the upper camps. On the north side there

10 was a hill, which by reason of its huge circumference our troops had been unable to include within the works; they had been obliged to lay out the camp on ground gently sloping, which put them almost at a disadvantage.

This camp was held by Gaius Antistius Reginus and Gaius Caninius Rebilus, lieutenant-generals, with two legions. Having reconnoitred the

15 locality by means of scouts, the commanders of the enemy chose out of the whole host sixty thousand men belonging to the states which had the greatest reputation for courage: they determined secretly together what should be done and in what fashion, and decided that the advance should take place at the moment when it was seen to be midday. In charge of

20 this force they put Vercassivellaunus the Arvernian, one of the four commanders, a kinsman of Vercingetorix. He left camp in the first watch, and having almost completed his march just before dawn, he concealed himself behind the height and ordered his soldiers to rest after their night's work. When at last it was seen to be near midday he moved with speed

25 on the camp above mentioned and at the same moment the horsemen began to advance towards the entrenchments in the plain, and the rest of the force to make a demonstration before the camp.

When from the citadel of Alesia Vercingetorix observed his countrymen, he moved out of the town, taking with him the hurdles, poles,

30 mantlets, grappling-hooks, and all the other appliances prepared for the sally. The fight went on simultaneously in all places, and all expedients were attempted, with a rapid concentration on that section which was seen to be least strong. With lines so extensive the Roman army was strung out, and at several points defence proved difficult. The shouting which arose in

33 rear of the fighting line did much to scare our troops, as they saw that the risk to themselves depended on the success of others; for, as a rule, what is out of sight disturbs men's minds more seriously than what they see.

Cæsar found a suitable spot from which he could see what was proceeding in each quarter. To parties distressed he sent up supports. Both sides

40 felt that this was the hour of all others in which it was proper to make their greatest effort. The Gauls utterly despaired of safety unless they could break through the lines; the Romans anticipated an end of all toils if they could hold their own. The hardest struggle occurred by the entrenchments on the hill, whither, as we have mentioned, Vercassivellaunus had

45 been sent. The unfavourable downward slope of the ground had great effect. Some of the enemy discharged missiles, others moved up in close formation under their shields; fresh men quickly replaced the exhausted. Earth cast by the whole body together over the entrenchments gave the

Gauls a means of ascent and at the same time covered over the appliances which the Romans had concealed in the ground; and our troops had now neither arms nor strength enough.

When Cæsar learnt this, he sent Labienus with six cohorts to support them in their distress. He commanded him, if he could not hold his ground, to draw in the cohorts and fight his way out, but not to do so unless of necessity. He himself went up to the rest of the troops, and urged them not to give in to the strain, telling them that the fruit of all previous engagements depended upon that day and hour. The enemy on the inner side, despairing of success on the level ground, because of the size of the entrenchments, made an attempt to scale the precipitous parts, conveying thither the appliances they had prepared. They dislodged the defenders of the turrets by a swarm of missiles, filled in the trenches with earth and hurdles, tore down rampart and breastwork with grappling-hooks.

Cæsar first sent young Brutus with some cohorts, and then Gaius Fabius, lieutenant-general, with others; last of all, as the fight raged more fiercely, he himself brought up fresh troops to reinforce. The battle restored, and the enemy repulsed, he hastened to the quarter whither he had sent Labienus. He withdrew four cohorts from the nearest fort, and ordered part of the cavalry to follow him, part to go round the outer entrenchments and attack the enemy in rear. Labienus, finding that neither ramps nor trenches could resist the rush of the enemy, collected together eleven cohorts, which had been withdrawn from the nearest posts and by chance presented themselves, and sent messengers to inform Cæsar what he thought it proper to do. Cæsar hurried on to take part in the action.

His coming was known by the colour of his cloak, which it was his habit to wear in action as a distinguishing mark; and the troops of cavalry and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him were noticed, because from the upper levels these downward slopes and depressions were visible. Thereupon the enemy joined battle: a shout was raised on both sides, and taken up by an answering shout from the rampart and the whole of the entrenchments. Our troops discarded their pikes and got to work with their swords. Suddenly the cavalry was noticed in the rear; other cohorts drew near. The enemy turned to flee; the cavalry met them in flight, and a great slaughter ensued. Sedulius, commander and chief of the Lemovices, was killed; Vercassivellaunus the Arvernian was captured alive in the rout; seventy-four war standards were brought in to Cæsar; of the vast host few returned safe to camp. The others beheld from the town the slaughter and rout of their countrymen, and, in despair of safety, recalled their force from the entrenchments. Directly they heard what had happened the Gauls fled from their camp. And if the troops had not been worn out by frequent reinforcing and the whole day's effort, the entire force of the enemy could have been destroyed. The cavalry were sent off just after midnight and caught up the rearguard: a great number were taken and slain, the rest fled away into the different states.

On the morrow Vercingetorix summoned a council, at which he stated

that he had undertaken that campaign, not for his own occasions, but for the general liberty; and as they must yield to fortune he offered himself to them for whichever course they pleased—to give satisfaction to the Romans by his death, or to deliver him alive. Deputies were despatched
 5 to Cæsar to treat of this matter. He ordered the arms to be delivered up, the chiefs to be brought out. He himself took his seat in the entrenchments in front of the camp: the leaders were brought out to him there. Vercingetorix was surrendered, arms were thrown down. Keeping back the Ædui and the Arverni, to see if through them he could recover their
 10 states, he distributed the rest of the prisoners, one apiece to each man throughout the army, by way of plunder.

When these affairs were settled he started for the country of the Ædui and recovered the state. The Arverni sent deputies to him there who promised to carry out his commands: he required of them a great number
 15 of hostages. He sent the legions into cantonments. He restored some twenty thousand prisoners to the Ædui and the Arverni. He ordered Titus Labienus with two legions and cavalry to march off into the country of the Sequani, attaching Marcus Sempronius Rutilus to him. Gaius Fabius, the lieutenant-general, and Lucius Minucius Basilus he stationed with two
 20 legions in the country of the Remi, in order that they might suffer no damage from the neighbouring Bellovaci. Gaius Antistius Reginus he sent into the territory of the Ambivareti, Titus Sextius to the Bituriges, Gaius Caninius Rebilus to the Ruteni, with a legion apiece. Quintus Tullius Cicero and Publius Sulpicius he stationed at Cabillonum and
 25 Matisco, Æduan towns near the Arar, to secure the corn-supply. He himself decided to winter at Bibracte. When the despatches of the campaign were published at Rome a public thanksgiving of twenty days was granted.

—H. J. EDWARDS.



ON THE CONSULAR PROVINCES

CICERO

In this speech, delivered in 56 B.C. while the winning of Gaul was yet in progress, Cicero, although supporting the policy of expansion and advocating its continuance, recognizes a new element of aggression on Rome's part. It is very interesting to compare this statement of Cicero's with the interpretation which Cæsar very cleverly puts on his conquest of Gaul in his own Commentaries. Cæsar at most admits a defensive-offensive. Every step in advance he takes is always caused by some attack or threat of attack by Gallic tribes inimical to Rome's best interests. (For Cicero, see above p. 109.)

If any one of you, O conscript fathers, is waiting to see what provinces I shall propose to decree to the consuls, let him consider in his own mind
 30 what men I must think it most desirable to recall from the provinces; and

then he will not have any doubt what ought to be my sentiments, when he has once seriously thought what it is absolutely inevitable that they should be. And if I were the first to deliver the opinion which I am about to state, you would in truth praise it; if I were to stand alone in it, at all events you would pardon me. Even if my opinion were to appear to you on the whole somewhat ineligible, still you would make some allowance for my just indignation. But, as the case stands at present, O conscript fathers, I feel no ordinary delight because it is so entirely for the advantage of the republic that Syria and Macedonia should be the provinces decreed to the consuls, that my own private feelings are in no respect at variance with the general good; and because also I can cite the authority of Publius Servilius, who has delivered his opinion before me, a most illustrious man, and of singular good faith and attachment both to the republic in general, and to my safety in particular. And if he, both just now, and whenever he has had any opportunity or possibility of speaking on the subject has thought it his duty to brand not only with his adverse opinion but with the greatest severity of language, Gabinius and Piso, as the two monsters who have been almost the destruction of the republic, both on other accounts, and also most especially because of their extraordinary wickedness and unseemly inhumanity towards me, with what feelings ought I myself to be actuated towards those men,—I whose safety they devoted and ruined for the gratification of their own evil passions?

But in declaring my sentiments at this time, I will not be guided by my indignation, nor will I make my speech subservient to my enmity. The same feelings which every individual among you ought to entertain towards those men, shall influence me also. My own predominant and peculiar feeling of private indignation, which, however, you have always considered as belonging to yourselves in common with me, I will put aside while delivering my opinion, and reserve for a more fitting opportunity of revenge.

There are four provinces, O conscript fathers, concerning which I understand that opinions have as yet been delivered: the two Gauls, which at present we see united under one command; and Syria; and Macedonia; which, against your will, and when you were suffering under oppression and constraint, those pernicious consuls seized on as their reward for having overturned the republic. According to the provisions of the Sempronian law, we have now to decree two to the consuls. How is it possible for us to doubt about Syria and Macedonia being these two? I say nothing of the fact that those men are holding them at present who procured them in such a way, that they did not get them till they condemned this order of ours, till they had destroyed your authority and put an end to it in the state; till they had destroyed all public credit and good faith, endangered the lasting safety of the Roman people, and harassed me and all my friends and relations in the most shameful and barbarous manner.

All these private matters, all these transactions which took place in the city, I say nothing about; though they are of such a nature that Haniibal himself never wished so much evil to the city, as those men have done. . . .

But believe me, those men will never have successors appointed to them,

except when a motion shall be made in accordance with the provisions of that law by which it is unlawful for any one to interpose his veto while the debate is pending about the provinces; therefore, as this opportunity is lost, you must now wait an entire year; during which interval the
5 calamities of the citizens, the miseries of the allies, and the impunity of the most wicked men may be extended.

But even if they were the most excellent of men, still, in my opinion, it could never be advisable to appoint a successor to Caius Cæsar. Now, concerning this matter, O conscript fathers, I shall declare my real senti-
10 ments, and I shall not be disconcerted by that interruption of my most intimate friend, who did a little while ago interrupt my speech, as you heard. That excellent man says that I ought not to be more hostile to Gabinius than to Cæsar; for that all that storm, to which I yielded, was raised by the instigation and assistance of Cæsar. And if I were in the
15 first instance to reply that I was having regard to the common advantage, and not to my own private sufferings, could I not establish that, when I say that I am doing what I well may do according to the example of other most valiant and most illustrious citizens? Did Tiberius Gracchus (I am speaking of the father, and would that his son had never degenerated from
20 the father's virtue!) gain such great glory because he, while tribune of the people, was the only one of the whole college who was any assistance to Lucius Scipio, though he was the bitterest possible enemy, both to him and to his brother Africanus; and did he not swear in the public assembly that he had by no means become reconciled to him, but that it seemed
25 to him quite inconsistent with the dignity of the empire that, after the generals of the enemy had been led to prison while Scipio was celebrating his triumph, the very man also who had triumphed should be led to the same place?

Who had a greater number of enemies than Caius Marius? There
30 were Lucius Crassus, Marcus Scaurus, (were there no more?) and all the Metelli. But those men not only forbore to recall that enemy of theirs from Gaul by their votes, but also, out of consideration for the Gallic war, they even voted him the province out of the regular order. A most important war has been waged in Gaul; very mighty nations have been
35 subdued by Cæsar; but they are not yet established with laws, or with any fixed system of rights, or by a peace which can be very thoroughly depended on. We see that the war has been carried on, and, to say the truth, nearly brought to a conclusion; but we shall only see it all actually terminated in a successful manner, if the man who commenced it remains
40 to follow it up to the last. If a successor is appointed to him, there is great danger that we may hear that the embers of this momentous war are again fanned into a flame and rekindled. Therefore, I, a senator, an enemy, if you please, of the man himself, feel it my duty to be, as I always have been, a friend to the republic. What if I lay aside my enmity itself
45 for the sake of the republic, who, I should like to know, would have a right to blame me? especially as I have at all times thought that I ought to seek for the models for all my intentions and for all my actions in the conduct of the most illustrious men. . . .

Is it possible for me to be an enemy to this man, by whose letters, by whose glory, and by whose messengers my ears are every day saluted with previously unknown names of tribes, and nations, and places? I burn, believe me, O conscript fathers, (as indeed you do believe of me, and as you feel yourselves) with an incredible love for my country; which love compelled me formerly to encounter most terrible dangers which were hanging over it, at the risk of my own life; and again, when I saw every sort of weapon aimed from all quarters against my country, drove me to put myself in their way, and to expose myself singly to their blows on behalf of the whole body of citizens. And this, my ancient and perpetual disposition towards the republic, now reunites and reconciles me to and unites me in friendship with Caius Cæsar. In short, let men think what they please; it is impossible for me to be other than a friend to one who deserves well of his country. . . .

I admit that I was of a different opinion to Cæsar with respect to the affairs of the republic, and that I agreed with all of you: but now I am agreeing also with you with whom I felt in common before. For you,—to whom Lucius Piso does not venture to send letters respecting his exploits,—you who have condemned the letter of Gabinius with a most remarkable stigma, and an unprecedented mark of disgrace, have decreed supplications to Caius Cæsar in such number, as were never decreed before to any one war, and with such attending circumstances of honour as were never voted to any one at all. Why, then, need I wait for any man to act as a mediator between us, in order to reconcile me to him? This most honourable order has mediated between us; that order which is the instigator and the leader both of the public counsels and of all my own designs. I am following you, O conscript fathers, I am obeying you, I am adopting your opinions;—yours, I say, who, as long as you had no very favourable opinion of the designs of Caius Cæsar with respect to the republic, saw that I too was very little connected with him; since you changed your opinions and inclinations on account of his great achievements, you have seen me also not only the sharer of your sentiments, but also the panegyrist and advocate of them. . . .

And I who have been received in all those discussions with silent attention, now that the question is about the provinces which are to be decreed to the consuls, am interrupted; though in all the former transactions it was only a compliment to an individual that I urged, while now I have no motive but the consideration of the war, and the general welfare of the republic. For, as for Cæsar himself, what reason can there be why he should wish any longer to remain in the province, except for the purpose of not giving over to the republic the measures which have been undertaken by him before they are completely consummated? It is the delightful nature of the country, I suppose, and the splendour of the cities, and the civilized state and accomplished habits of those nations and natives,—it is a desire for victory, it is a wish to extend the boundaries of our empire, that detains him there! What is there anywhere more severe than those countries? what more uncivilized than their towns? what more barbarous than their citizens? Moreover, what can be imagined more

desirable than the victories which he has already gained, or what can be discovered beyond the ocean? Is his return to his country likely to be disagreeable to any one? Can it be so either to the people by whom he was sent on his command, or to the senate from whom he has received
5 so many distinctions? Does time foster his wish to see his country again, or does it rather increase his forgetfulness of it? If, then, there be any one who is not attached to that man, still such a one has no reason for recalling him from his province. It is only recalling him to glory, to triumph, to receive congratulations, to receive the highest honours which
10 the senate can bestow, to receive the thanks of the equestrian order, and to become the object of the devoted affection of the people.

But if he, out of his regard for the interests of the republic, does not hasten to the enjoyment of that extraordinary good fortune which is in store for him, preferring to remain and finish everything; what ought I to
15 do as a senator,—I, who ought to think only of the advantage of the republic, even if his wishes were opposed to it? For I feel, O conscript fathers, that we at this time, while engaged in decreeing provinces to the consuls, ought to have a regard to the preservation of perpetual peace. For who is there who is not aware that all our other possessions are safe
20 from all danger, and even from all suspicion of war? We have for some time seen that immense sea,—by the disturbed condition of which not only our voyages by sea were impeded, but even our cities and our military marches and roads were exposed to annoyance,—now in consequence of the valour of Cnæus Pompeius, possessed from the ocean to the very
25 extremity of Pontus, like one vast harbour in a safe and defensible state; and as for those nations, which by their mere numbers and the immensity of their population were sufficient to overflow our provinces, we have seen some of them so thinned in numbers, and others so severely checked by that same man, that Asia, which was formerly the limit of our empire,
30 is now itself bounded on the further side by three of our provinces. I might go on speaking of every region and of every race of men. There is no nation which is not either so far destroyed as scarcely to have any existence at all, or so utterly subdued as to be quite tranquil; or else so entirely at peace with us, as to share our exultation at our victories and at the
35 extension of our empire.

The war with Gaul, O conscript fathers, has been carried on actively since Caius Cæsar has been our commander-in-chief; previously, we were content to act on the defensive, and to repel attacks. For our generals at
40 all times thought it better to limit themselves to repulsing those nations, than to provoke their hostility by any attack of our own. Even that great man Caius Marius, whose godlike and amazing valour came to the assistance of the Roman people in many of its distresses and disasters, was content to check the enormous multitudes of Gauls who were forcing their way into Italy, without endeavouring to penetrate himself into their
45 cities and dwelling-places. And lately, that partner of my labours, and dangers, and counsels, Caius Pomptinus, that most gallant man, crushed in battle a war of the Allobroges which rose up suddenly against us, and which was excited by that impious conspiracy, and defeated those tribes

who had provoked us, and then he remained quiet, contented with the victory by which he had delivered the republic from alarm.

But I see that the counsels of Caius Cæsar are widely different. For he thought it his duty, not only to war against those men whom he saw already in arms against the Roman people, but to reduce the whole of Gaul under our dominion. Therefore, he fought with the greatest success against those most valiant and powerful nations, the Germans and Helvetians; and the other nations he alarmed, and drove back, and defeated, and accustomed to yield to the supremacy of the Roman people; so that those districts and those nations which were previously known to us neither by any one's letters, nor by the personal account of any one, nor even by vague report, have now been overrun and thoroughly examined by our own general, by our own army, and by the arms of the Roman people.

Hitherto, O conscript fathers, we have only known the road into Gaul. All other parts of it were possessed by nations which were either hostile to this empire, or treacherous, or unknown to us, or, at all events, savage, barbarian, and warlike;—nations which no one ever existed who did not wish to break their power and subdue: nor has any one, from the very first rise of this empire, ever carefully deliberated about our republic, who has not thought Gaul the chief object of apprehension to this empire. But still, on account of the power and vast population of those nations, we never before have had a war with all of them; we have always been content to resist them when attacked. Now, at last, it has been brought about that there should be one and the same boundary to our empire and to those nations.

Nature had previously protected Italy by the Alps, not without some special kindness of the gods in providing us with such a bulwark. For if that road had been open to the savage disposition and vast numbers of the Gauls, this city would never have been the home and chosen seat of the empire of the world. Now, indeed, they are at liberty to sink down if they please; for there is nothing beyond those lofty heights as far as the ocean itself, which can be any object of fear to Italy. But still it will be the work of one or two summers finally to bind the whole of Gaul in everlasting chains either by fear, or hope, or punishment, or reward, or arms, or laws. And if our affairs there are left in an unfinished state, and while there is still some bitterness of feeling remaining, although the enemy may be pruned back severely for the present, still they will raise their heads again some time or other, and come forth with recruited strength to renew the war. Let, then, Gaul be left in the guardianship of that man to whose valour, and good faith, and good fortune it has already been entrusted. If, in truth, he, having been distinguished by such marked kindness of Fortune, were unwilling to risk the favour of that goddess too often; if he were anxious himself to return to his country, to his household gods, to that dignity which he sees in store for him in this city, to his most charming children, and to his most illustrious son-in-law; if he were impatient to be borne in triumph as a conqueror to the Capitol, crowned with the illustrious laurel of victory; if, in short, he were apprehensive of

some disaster, as no event can now add so much glory to him as a mishap might deprive him of; still it would be your duty to insist on all those affairs being brought to a termination by the same man who has begun them so successfully. But when he has not yet satisfied his own desire for
 5 glory for the safety of the republic, and as he prefers coming at a later period to reap the rewards of his toils rather than not discharging to the full the duty which the republic has committed to him; then certainly, we, for our part, ought not to recall a general who is so eager to conduct the affairs of the republic gloriously, nor to throw into confusion and to
 10 hinder his plans for the whole Gallic war, which are now almost matured and accomplished. . . .

I am well aware, O conscript fathers, that you have decreed many extraordinary honours to Caius Cæsar; honours which are almost unprecedented. In that he has amply merited them, you have been grateful;
 15 if I add, too, that he is a man most thoroughly attached to this order of the senate, you have been wise and provident. For this order has never heaped its distinctions and kindnesses on any one who has subsequently thought any dignity preferable to that which he had obtained by your favour. For it is not possible for any one to be the leading man in this
 20 body who has preferred courting the favour of the people. But all men who have done this, have either distrusted themselves on account of their consciousness of their want of worth, or else union with this order on account of the disparagement of their merits by the rest, and so they have been almost constrained to throw themselves out of this harbour on those
 25 stormy billows. And if, after they have been tossed about on those surges, and have become wearied of their voyage amid the whims of the people, having been successful in the conduct of the affairs of the republic, they show their faces again in the senate-house, and wish to gain the favours of this most honourable order, I say that they are not only not to be repelled,
 30 but are to be received with open arms, and courted.

We are warned by the bravest man and most admirable consul who has ever existed in the memory of man, to take care that the nearer Gaul be not decreed against our will to any one after the election of those consuls who are now about to be elected, and that it be not for the future occupied
 35 for ever by these men who are the constant attackers of this order, by some turbulent system of currying favour with the mob. And although I am not indifferent to the evil consequences of such a measure, O conscript fathers, especially when warned of them by a consul of the greatest wisdom, and one who is an especial guardian of peace and tranquillity, still I think
 40 that there is an evil to be regarded with even more apprehension than that,—the evil, I mean, of diminishing the honours of most illustrious and powerful citizens, and rejecting their zeal for the maintenance of this order.

For even supposing that Caius Julius, having been distinguished by all
 45 sorts of extraordinary and unprecedented honours by the senate, were compelled to deliver up this province to one whom you would be very unwilling to see there, still I cannot possibly be induced to suspect that he would deprive that body of liberty by which he himself had had the

greatest glory conferred on him. Lastly, what disposition every one will have I know not; I am aware only of what my own hopes are. I, as a senator, am bound to take care, as far as I can, that no illustrious or powerful man shall appear to have any right to feel offended with this body. These sentiments I shall express out of regard to the republic, even
5 were I ever so great an enemy to Caius Cæsar. . . .

This is the last thing which I have to say. If I had any enmity against Caius Cæsar, still at this time I ought to consult the interests of the republic, and to reserve my hostility for another time. I might even, following the precedent of most eminent men, lay aside my enmity
10 altogether for the sake of the republic; but as I have never entertained any enmity to him, and as the idea of having been injured by him has been extinguished by services which he has done me, I, by my opinion, O conscript fathers, if the dignity of Caius Cæsar is at stake, shall vote for the man;—if any honour to be paid to him is under discussion, I shall
15 consult the unanimous feeling of the senate;—if the authority of your decrees is the main point to be regarded, I shall uphold the consistency of our order by voting distinctions to this same commander-in-chief;—if the everlasting consideration of the Gallic war is to be taken into account, I shall consult the interests of the republic;—if I may have respect to my
20 own private duty, I shall show that I am not ungrateful.

And I wish, O conscript fathers, to induce you all to approve of my sentiments; but I shall not be greatly concerned if I fail to induce those men to approve of them who shielded my enemy in spite of your authority; or those who found fault with my reconciliation with their enemy, while
25 they themselves do not hesitate to be reconciled both to my enemy and to their own.

—C. D. YONGE.



II. *POLITICAL IDEAS*

The course of history proves that the Romans were gifted warriors, organizers, politicians, and statesmen. They had a firm hold on realities so that in the course of centuries, by adjustment and adaptation, so characteristic of the English of the modern world, they worked out a splendid constitutional form of government. True it is that this form collapsed under the pressure of excessive wealth and a too speedy subjugation of the world; but under Augustus a new form was evolved, itself an adaptation of the old, and its success showed once again the political genius of the race.

But almost never did they theorize and speculate on government and its problems. Literary works on such a subject were not produced. To this rule Cicero is an exception. In fact only in the pages of Polybius, who in the second century B.C. wrote Rome's history, is anything similar to be found. But Polybius was a Greek, and wrote in Greek. And it is beyond question that Cicero's thorough schooling in Greek literature and Greek philosophy was an important element in the production of his works on government.

Because of his acquaintance with Greek thought, his wide knowledge of Rome's history, his first-hand contact with the machinery of government in a period of critical developments, and because of the sincerity of his patriotism, Cicero was well fitted for a study of Roman political ideas, while his splendid literary style fitted him to express them suitably. But Cicero was not a speculative philosopher, nor was he a statesman of original ideas. The reader should not expect brilliant, political theories from Cicero's works, but he may expect a valuable presentation of political forms as evolved by the Romans, and of the best of Roman ideals for the government of their city and empire.

Cicero, following a Greek analysis, looked upon the Roman state, as he would have it, as one using a mixed form of government. A monarchical element was there in the consuls, chief executives, an aristocratic element in the senate, and a democratic one in the body of citizens. These elements should all have their place, and they did, in his day; but the result was not then encouraging. In his active political life Cicero often hoped and worked for a *concordia ordinum*, a harmony among the classes, quite in accordance with his ideal constitution. Possibly he came to believe that there should be some leading citizen to guide the ship of state, as Pericles did in Athens, and the younger Scipio in second-century Rome. At one time certainly he hoped that Pompey might be such a leader, and that he himself would be, as Lælius was to Scipio, a guide, philosopher, and friend.

Cicero thought of the state as an organism. Following Greek thought he saw in nature, in natural law, the source of human law and justice. He regarded it as the proper function of a state to secure justice and provide for the well-being of its citizens.

These political ideas were set forth particularly in the *De Re Publica*, the *De Legibus*, and the *De Officiis*. They exerted no small influence on the later development of Roman law, and then both directly and indirectly on modern conceptions of law and the state. And through their study by great leaders in the church, like St. Augustine, Christian ethics have been influenced.

ON THE REPUBLIC

CICERO

(For Cicero, see above p. 109.)

Well, then, said Africanus, a commonwealth is a constitution of the entire people. But the people is not every association of men, however congregated, but the association of the entire number, bound together by the compact of justice, and the communication of utility. The first cause
 5 of this association is not so much the weakness of man, as a certain spirit of congregation which naturally belongs to him. For the human race is not a race of isolated individuals, wandering and solitary; but it is so constituted, that even in the affluence of all things, and without any need of reciprocal assistance, it spontaneously seeks society.

10 It is necessary to presuppose these original seeds, as it were, since we cannot discover any primary establishment of the other virtues, or even of a commonwealth itself. These unions, then, formed by the principle

which I have mentioned, established their head-quarters originally in certain central positions, for the convenience of the whole population; and having fortified them by natural and artificial means, they called this collection of houses a city or town, distinguished by temples and public squares. Every people, therefore, which consists of such an association of the entire multitude as I have described,—every city which consists of an assemblage of the people,—and every commonwealth which embraces every member of these associations,—must be regulated by a certain authority, in order to be permanent.

This intelligent authority should always refer itself to that grand first principle which established the commonwealth. It must be deposited in the hands of one supreme person, or entrusted to the administration of certain delegated rulers, or undertaken by the whole multitude. When the direction of all depends on one person, we call this individual a king; and this form of political constitution, a kingdom. When it is in the power of privileged delegates, the state is said to be ruled by an aristocracy; and when the people are all in all, they call it a democracy, or popular constitution. And if the tie of social affection, which originally united men in political associations for the sake of public interest, maintains its force, each of these governments is, I will not say perfect, nor, in my opinion, essentially good, but tolerable, and such that one may accidentally be better than another: either a just and wise king, or a selection of the most eminent citizens, or even the populace itself (though this is the least commendable form), may, if there be no interference of crime and cupidity, form a constitution sufficiently secure.

But in a monarchy, the other members of the state are often too much deprived of public counsel and jurisdiction; and under the rule of an aristocracy, the multitude can hardly possess its due share of liberty, since it is allowed no share in the public deliberation, and no power. And when all things are carried by a democracy, although it be just and moderate, yet its very equality is a culpable levelling, inasmuch as it allows no gradations of rank. Therefore, even if Cyrus, the king of the Persians, was a most righteous and wise monarch, I should still think that the interest of the people (for this is, as I have said before, the same as the commonwealth) could not be very effectually promoted when all things depended on the beck and nod of one individual. And though at present the people of Marseilles, our clients, are governed with the greatest justice by elected magistrates of the highest rank, still there is always in this condition of the people a certain appearance of servitude; and when the Athenians, at a certain period, having demolished their Areopagus, conducted all public affairs by the acts and decrees of the democracy alone, their state, as it no longer contained a distinct gradation of ranks, was no longer able to retain its original fair appearance.

.

SCIPIO. Now to return to the argument of my discourse. It appears that this extreme license, which is the only liberty in the eyes of the vulgar, is, according to Plato, such that from it as a sort of root tyrants naturally

arise and spring up. For as the excessive power of an aristocracy occasions the destruction of the nobles, so this excessive liberalism of democracies brings after it the slavery of the people. Thus we find in the weather, the soil, and the animal constitution, the most favourable conditions are
 5 sometimes suddenly converted by their excess into the contrary, and this fact is especially observable in political governments; and this excessive liberty soon brings the people collectively and individually to an excessive servitude. For, as I said, this extreme liberty easily introduces the reign of
 10 tyranny, the severest of all unjust slaveries. In fact, from the midst of this unbridled and capricious populace, they elect some one as a leader in opposition to their afflicted and expelled nobles; some new chief, forsooth, audacious and impure, often insolently persecuting those who have deserved well of the state, and ready to gratify the populace at his neighbour's expense as well as his own. Then since the private condition is
 15 naturally exposed to fears and alarms, the people invest him with many powers, and these are continued in his hands. Such men, like Pisistratus of Athens, will soon find an excuse for surrounding themselves with bodyguards, and they will conclude by becoming tyrants over the very persons who raised them to dignity. If such despots perish by the vengeance of
 20 the better citizens, as is generally the case, the constitution is re-established. But if they fall by the hands of bold insurgents, then the same faction succeeds them, which is only another species of tyranny. And the same revolution arises from the fair system of aristocracy, when any corruption has betrayed the nobles from the path of rectitude. Thus the power is like
 25 the ball, which is flung from hand to hand: it passes from kings to tyrants, from tyrants to the aristocracy, from them to democracy, and from these back again to tyrants and factions; and thus the same kind of government is seldom long maintained.

Since these are the facts of experience, royalty is, in my opinion, very
 30 far preferable to the three other kinds of political constitutions. But it is itself inferior to that which is composed of an equal mixture of the three best forms of government, united and modified by one another. I wish to establish in a commonwealth a royal and preeminent chief. Another
 35 and certain things should be reserved to the judgment and wish of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, possesses that great equality, without which men cannot long maintain their freedom;—secondly, it offers a great stability, while the particular separate and isolated forms easily fall into their contraries; so that a king is succeeded by a despot,—
 40 an aristocracy by a faction,—a democracy by a mob and confusion; and all these forms are frequently sacrificed to new revolutions. In this united and mixed constitution, however, similar disasters cannot happen without the greatest vices in public men. For there can be little to occasion revolution in a state, in which every person is firmly established in his appropriate
 45 rank, and there are but few modes of corruption into which we can fall.

But I fear, Lælius, and you, my amiable and learned friends, that if I were to dwell any longer on this argument, my words would seem rather like the lessons of a master, and not like the free conversation of one who

is uniting with you in the consideration of truth. I shall therefore pass on to those things which are familiar to all, and which I have long studied. And in these matters I believe, I feel, and affirm, that of all governments, there is none which, either in its entire constitution, or the distribution of its parts, or in the discipline of its manners, is comparable to that which 5 our fathers received from our earliest ancestors, and which they have handed down to us.

.

I now come to the third, or democratical, form of government, in which a considerable difficulty presents itself, because all things are there said to lie at the disposition of the people, and are carried into execution just as 10 they please. Here the populace inflict punishments at their pleasure, and act, and seize, and keep possession, and distribute property, without let or hindrance. Can you deny, my Lælius, that this is a fair definition of a democracy, where the people are all in all, and where the people constitute the state? 15

LÆLIUS. There is no political constitution to which I more absolutely deny the name of a *commonwealth*, than that in which all things lie in the power of the multitude. If a commonwealth, which implies the welfare of the entire community, could not exist in Agrigentum, Syracuse, or Athens, when tyrants reigned over them,—if it could not exist in Rome, 20 when under the oligarchy of the decemvirs,—neither do I see how this sacred name of commonwealth can be applied to a democracy, and the sway of the mob; because, in the first place, my Scipio, I build on your own admirable definition, that there can be no community, properly so called, unless it be regulated by a combination of rights. And, by this definition, 25 it appears that a multitude of men may be just as tyrannical as a single despot; and it is so much the worse, since no monster can be more barbarous than the mob, which assumes the name and appearance of the people. Nor is it at all reasonable, since the laws place the property of madmen in the hands of their sane relations, that we do the very reverse in 30 politics, and throw the property of the sane into the hands of the mad multitude.

.

Ennius has told us—

“Of men and customs mighty Rome consists”;

which verse, both for its precision and its verity, appears to me as if it had issued from an oracle; for neither the men, unless the state had adopted a 35 certain system of manners—nor the manners, unless they had been illustrated by the men—could ever have established or maintained for so many ages so vast a republic, or one of such righteous and extensive sway.

Thus, long before our own times, the force of hereditary manners of itself moulded most eminent men, and admirable citizens in return gave 40 new weight to the ancient customs and institutions of our ancestors. But our age, on the contrary, having received the commonwealth as a finished

picture of another century, but one already beginning to fade through the lapse of years, has not only neglected to renew the colours of the original painting, but has not even cared to preserve its original form and prominent lineament.

- 5 For what now remains of those antique manners, of which the poet said that our commonwealth consisted? They have now become so obsolete and forgotten, that they are not only not cultivated, but they are not even known. And as to the men, what shall I say? For the manners themselves have only perished, through a scarcity of men; of which great misfortune
10 we are not only called to give an account, but even, as men accused of capital offences, to a certain degree to plead our own cause in connexion with it. For it is owing to our vices, rather than to any accident, that we have retained the name of republic when we have long since lost the reality.

—F. BARHAM AND C. D. YONGE.



THE OPTIMATES

CICERO

[From the *Defense of Sestius*]

The term optimates came to be limited in Cicero's day to a particular political party consisting principally of the conservative senators. But Cicero, playing on the word, extends it through his idealism to include all good men of every party.

- There have always in this city been two kinds of men who have been
15 ambitious of being concerned in affairs of state, and of arriving at distinction by such a course; and of these two kinds one wish to be considered popular men, and the others wish both to be, and to be considered, of the party of the best men in the state. Those whose object it was that whatever they did and whatever they said should be agreeable to the
20 multitude, were the popular party; but those who conducted themselves in such a way as to induce all the best men to approve of their counsels, were considered of the best party.

- Who then are they? Every good man. If you ask what are their numbers, they are innumerable. For if they were not, we could not stand. They are
25 the chief men of the public council; they are those who follow their school; they are the men of the highest orders of the state, to whom the senate-house is open; they are the citizens of the municipal towns, and Roman citizens who dwell in the country; they are men engaged in business; there are even some freedmen of the best party. The number, as I have
30 said, of this party is widely scattered in various directions; but the entire

body (to prevent all mistakes) can be described and defined in a few words. All men belong to the best party, who are not guilty of any crime, nor wicked by nature, nor madmen, nor men embarrassed by domestic difficulties. Let it be laid down, then, that these men (this race, as you call them) are all those who are honest, and in their senses, and who are well 5 off in their domestic circumstances. Those who are guided by their wishes, who consult their interests and opinions in the management of the republic, are the partisans of the best men, and are themselves accounted best men, most wise and most illustrious citizens, and chief men in the state.

What, then, is the object proposed to themselves by these directors of 10 the republic, which they are bound to keep their eyes fixed upon, and towards which they ought to direct their course? That which is most excellent and desirable to all men in their senses, and to all good and happy men,—ease conjoined with dignity. Those who seek this are all best men; those who effect it are considered the chief leaders in and the preservers of 15 their states. For men ought not to be so elated by the dignity of the affairs which they have undertaken to manage, as to have no regard to their ease; nor ought they to dwell with fondness on any sort of ease which is inconsistent with dignity.

And of this easy dignity these are the foundations, these are the 20 component parts, which ought to be upheld by the chief men, and to be defended even at the hazard of their lives: religious observances, the auspices, the civil power of magistrates, the authority of the senate, the laws, the usages of one's ancestors, the courts of justice, the jurisdiction of the judges, good faith, the provinces, the allies, the glory of the empire, 25 the whole affairs of the army, the treasury. To be the defender and advocate of all these things, numerous and important as they are, is a task to employ great courage, great ability, and great firmness. In truth, in such a vast number of citizens, there is a great multitude of those men, who either, from fear of punishment, because they are conscious of their 30 own misdeeds, are anxious for fresh changes and revolutions in the republic; or who, on account of some innate insanity of mind, feed upon the discords and seditions of the citizens; or else who, on account of the embarrassment of their estates and circumstances, had rather burn in one vast common conflagration, than in one which consumed only 35 themselves. And when these men have found instigators, leaders in and promoters of their own objects and vices, their waves are stirred up in the republic, so that those men must watch who have demanded for themselves the helm of the country, and they must strive with all their skill and with all their diligence, in order that they may be able to preserve 40 those things which I have just now called its foundations and component parts, and so keep in their course and reach that harbour of ease and dignity.

If, O judges, I were to deny that this path is rugged and difficult, and full of danger and snares, I should speak falsely; especially as I have not 45 only been aware that it was so, but have been alive to its perils and labours more than any other man.

The republic is attacked by greater forces and more numerous bodies

- than those by which it is defended; because audacious and abandoned men are impelled on by a nod, and are even of their own accord excited by nature to be enemies to the republic. And somehow or other good men are slower in action, and overlooking the first beginnings of things, are
- 5 at last aroused by necessity itself; so that sometimes through their very delays and tardiness of movement, while they wish to retain their ease even without dignity, they, of their own accord, lose both. But those who are desirous to be defenders of the republic, if they be fickle men, soon give up the task; if they be at all timid men, they abandon it; and those
- 10 alone remain and endure everything for the sake of the republic, who are such men as your father was, O Marcus Scaurus, who resisted all seditious men, from the time of Caius Gracchus to that of Quintus Varius, whom no violence, no threats, and no unpopularity ever shook; or such as Quintus Metellus, the uncle of your mother, who, when as censor he had
- 15 branded a man most flourishing in the popular esteem, Lucius Saturninus, and when he had expunged a pretended Gracchus from the list of the citizens, in spite of the violence of an excited mob, and when he alone had refused to swear obedience to a law which he considered had not been legally enacted, preferred to abandon the city rather than his opinion;
- 20 or, (to leave off quoting ancient examples, of which there is an abundance worthy of the glory of this empire, while yet I avoid naming any one who is now alive) such as Quintus Catulus lately was, whom neither the tempest of danger nor the breeze of honour could ever move from his straight course, either by hope or fear.
- 25 Imitate those men, I beg you in the name of the immortal gods, ye who seek for dignity, and praise, and glory. These examples are honourable; these are godlike; these are immortal; these are celebrated in fame, and are committed to the eternal recollection of our annals, and are handed down to posterity. It is a labour, I do not deny it. The dangers are
- 30 great, I admit it,—

“The path of virtuous men is full of snares.”

That is a most true saying.

The poet says further,—

“But to demand those honours which excite
The general envy and desire of all,
And yet to shun the toil and ceaseless care
Which can alone conduct to such a goal,
Is purest ignorance.”

—C. D. YONGE.



THE FOUNDATION OF JUSTICE

CICERO

[From the *Laws*, Book I]

MARCUS. Let us, then, begin to establish the principles of justice on that supreme law, which has existed from all ages before any legislative enactments were drawn up in writing, or any political governments constituted.

QUINTUS. That will be more convenient, and more sensible with reference to the subjects of the discussion which we have determined on. 5

MARCUS. Shall we, then, seek for the origin of justice at its fountain-head? When we have discovered which, we shall be in no doubt to what these questions which we are examining ought to be referred.

QUINTUS. Such is the course I would advise. 10

ATTICUS. I also subscribe to your brother's opinion.

MARCUS. Since, then, we wish to maintain and preserve the constitution of that republic which Scipio, in those six books which I have written under that title, has proved to be the best, and since all our laws are to be accommodated to the kind of political government there described, we must also treat of the general principles of morals and manners, and not limit ourselves on all occasions to written laws; but I purpose to trace back the origin of right from nature itself, who will be our best guide in conducting the whole discussion. 15

ATTICUS. You will do right, and when she is our guide it is absolutely impossible for us to err. 20

MARCUS. Do you then grant, my Atticus, (for I know my brother's opinion already) that the entire universe is regulated by the power of the immortal Gods, that by their nature, reason, energy, mind, divinity, or some other word of clearer signification, if there be such, all things are governed and directed? for if you will not grant me this, that is what I must begin by establishing. 25

ATTICUS. I grant you all you can desire. But owing to this singing of birds and babbling of waters, I fear my fellow-learners can scarcely hear me. 30

MARCUS. You are quite right to be on your guard; for even the best men occasionally fall into a passion, and they will be very indignant if they hear you denying the first article of that notable book, entitled "The Chief Doctrines of Epicurus," in which he says "that God takes care of nothing, neither of himself nor of any other being!" 35

ATTICUS. Pray proceed, for I am waiting to know what advantage you mean to take of the concession I have made you.

MARCUS. I will not detain you long. This is the bearing which they have on our subject. This animal—prescient, sagacious, complex, acute, full of memory, reason, and counsel, which we call man—has been generated by the supreme God in a most transcendent condition. For he is the only creature among all the races and descriptions of animated beings 40

who is endued with superior reason and thought, in which the rest are deficient. And what is there, I do not say in man alone, but in all heaven and earth, more divine than reason, which, when it becomes right and perfect, is justly termed wisdom?

- 5 There exists, therefore, since nothing is better than reason, and since this is the common property of God and man, a certain aboriginal rational intercourse between divine and human natures. But where reason is common, there right reason must also be common to the same parties; and since this right reason is what we call law, God and men
10 must be considered as associated by law. Again, there must also be a communion of right where there is a communion of law. And those who have law and right thus in common, must be considered members of the same commonwealth.

- And if they are obedient to the same rule and the same authority, they
15 are even much more so to this one celestial regency, this divine mind and omnipotent deity. So that the entire universe may be looked upon as forming one vast commonwealth of gods and men. And, as in earthly states certain ranks are distinguished with reference to the relationships of families, according to a certain principle which will be discussed in
20 its proper place, that principle, in the nature of things, is far more magnificent and splendid by which men are connected with the Gods, as belonging to their kindred and nation. . . .

- Since, then, the Deity has been pleased to create and adorn man to be the chief and president of all terrestrial creatures, so it is evident,
25 without further argument, that human nature has also made very great advances by its own intrinsic energy; that nature, which without any other instruction than her own, has developed the first rude principles of the understanding, and strengthened and perfected reason to all the appliances of science and art.

- 30 ATTICUS. Oh ye immortal Gods! to what a distance back are you tracing the principles of justice! However, you are discoursing in such a style that I will not show any impatience to hear what I expect you to say on the Civil Law. But I will listen patiently, even if you spend the whole day in this kind of discourse; for assuredly these, which perhaps you are
35 embracing in your argument for the sake of others, are grander topics than even the subject itself for which they prepare the way.

- MARCUS. You may well describe these topics as grand, which we are now briefly discussing. But of all the questions which are ever the subject of discussion among learned men, there is none which is more important
40 thoroughly to understand than this, that man is born for justice, and that law and equity have not been established by opinion, but by nature. This truth will become still more apparent if we investigate the nature of human association and society.

- For there is no one thing so like or so equal to another, as in every
45 instance man is to man. And if the corruption of customs, and the variation of opinions, did not induce an imbecility of minds, and turn them aside from the course of nature, no one would more nearly resemble himself than all men would resemble all men. Therefore,

whatever definition we give of man, will be applicable to the whole human race. And this is a good argument that there is no dissimilarity of kind among men; because if this were the case, one definition could not include all men.

In fact, reason, which alone gives us so many advantages over beasts, 5
by means of which we conjecture, argue, refute, discourse, and accomplish and conclude our designs, is assuredly common to all men; for the faculty of acquiring knowledge is similar in all human minds, though the knowledge itself may be endlessly diversified. By the same senses we all perceive the same objects, and those things which move 10
the senses at all, do move in the same way the senses of all men. And those first rude elements of intelligence which, as I before observed, are the earliest developments of thought, are similarly impressed upon all men; and that faculty of speech which is the interpreter of the mind, agrees in the ideas which it conveys, though it may differ in the words by 15
which it expresses them. And therefore there exists not a man in any nation, who, if he adopts nature for his guide, may not arrive at virtue.

Nor is this resemblance which all men bear to each other remarkable in those things only which are in accordance with right reason, but also in errors. For all men alike are captivated by pleasure, which, although 20
it is a temptation to what is disgraceful, nevertheless bears some resemblance to natural good; for, as by its delicacy and sweetness it is delightful, it is through a mistake of the intellect adopted as something salutary.

And by an error scarcely less universal, we shun death as if it were a 25
dissolution of nature, and cling to life because it keeps us in that existence in which we were born. Thus, likewise, we consider pain as one of the greatest evils, not only on account of its present asperity, but also because it seems the precursor of mortality. Again, on account of the apparent resemblance between renown with honour, those men 30
appear to us happy who are honoured, and miserable who happen to be inglorious. In like manner our minds are all similarly susceptible of inquietudes, joys, desires, and fears; nor if different men have different opinions, does it follow that those who deify dogs and cats, do not labour under superstition equally with other nations, though they 35
may differ from them in the forms of its manifestation.

Again, what nation is there which has not a regard for kindness, benignity, gratitude, and mindfulness of benefits? What nation is there in which arrogance, malice, cruelty, and unthankfulness, are not reprobated and detested? And while this uniformity of opinions proves 40
that the whole race of mankind is united together, the last point is that a system of living properly makes men better. If what I have said meets your approbation, I will proceed; or if any doubts occur to you, we had better clear them up first.

ATTICUS. There is nothing which strikes us, if I may reply for both of us. 45

MARCUS. It follows, then, that nature made us just that we might share our goods with each other, and supply each other's wants. You observe in this discussion, whenever I speak of nature, I mean nature in its

genuine purity, but that there is, in fact, such corruption engendered by evil customs, that the sparks, as it were, of virtue which have been given by nature are extinguished, and that antagonist vices arise around it and become strengthened.

- 5 But if, as nature prompts them to, men would with deliberate judgement, in the words of the poet, "being men, think nothing that concerns mankind indifferent to them," then would justice be cultivated equally by all. For to those to whom nature has given reason, she also has given right reason, and therefore also law, which is nothing else than right
10 reason enjoining what is good, and forbidding what is evil. And if nature has given us law, she hath also given us right. But she has bestowed reason on all, therefore right has been bestowed on all. And therefore did Socrates deservedly execrate the man who first drew a distinction between utility and nature, for he used to complain that this
15 error was the source of all human vices, to which this sentence of Pythagoras refers—"The things belonging to friends are common"—and that other, "Friendly equality." From whence it appears, that when a wise man has displayed this benevolence which is so extensively and widely diffused towards one who is endowed with equal virtue, then that
20 phenomenon takes place which is altogether incredible to some people, but which is a necessary consequence, that he loves himself not more dearly than he loves his friend. For how can a difference of interests arise where all interests are similar? If there could be ever so minute a difference of interests, then there would be an end of even the nature
25 of friendship, the real meaning of which is such, that there is no friendship at all the moment that a person prefers anything happening to himself rather than to his friend.

Now, these preliminary remarks have been put forward as a preparation for the rest of our discourse and argument, in order that you may
30 more easily understand that nature herself is the foundation of justice. And when I have explained this a little more at large, then I will proceed to the consideration of that civil law from which all these arguments of mine are derived.

QUINTUS. Then you have not much to add, my brother, for the arguments
35 you have already used have sufficiently proved to Atticus, or at all events to me, that nature is the fountain of justice.

ATTICUS. How could I maintain any other opinion, since you have now established these points—first, that we have been provided as we are and adorned by the gifts of the Gods; secondly, that all mankind have
40 but one similar and common principle of living together; and, lastly, that all men are bound together by a certain natural indulgence and affection, as well as social rights? And as we have, rightly as I think, admitted the truth of these principles, how can we, with any consistency, separate from nature that law and justice which are her moral develop-
45 ments?

MARCUS. You are quite right, and that is the proper view of the case. But in conformity with the method of philosophers. (I do not mean the older sages of philosophy, but those modern ones, who have erected a

magazine, as it were, of wisdom) those questions which were formerly discussed loosely and unconstrainedly, are now examined with strictness and distinctness. Nor will these men allow that we have done justice to the subject which we have now before us, unless we demonstrate in a distinct discussion that right is a part of nature.

ATTICUS. You seem to have renounced your liberty in debate, my Cicero; or are you become a man who, in discussion, rather follows the authority of others, than develops his individual sentiments?

MARCUS. Not always, Atticus. But you see what the line of this present conversation is, and how the main object of this whole discussion is to strengthen the foundation of commonwealths, to establish their forces, and to benefit their population. I am, therefore, particularly anxious to avoid arguments which have not been thoroughly examined and carefully considered. Not that I expect to demonstrate my doctrine to the satisfaction of all men, for that is impossible; but I hope to do so to that of those who think that all just and honourable things deserve to be cultivated even for their own sake, and that nothing whatsoever can be properly called a good which is not intrinsically praiseworthy, or at least that there can exist no great good whatever which is not truly laudable on its own account.

All the philosophers who flourished in the old academy with Speusippus, Xenocrates, and Polemon, or those that followed Aristotle and Theophrastus, agreeing with them in doctrine, though they might differ in their method of explaining it—whether, like Zeno, they preserved the same principles, while they changed the terms of exposition,—or whether, like Aristion, they supported that difficult and arduous sect now generally scattered and confuted, which supposed that, with the exception of virtue and vice, all other things were completely equal and indifferent: all these have adopted the principles which I have been explaining. . . .

It is therefore an absurd extravagance in some philosophers to assert, that all things are necessarily just which are established by the civil laws and the institutions of nations. Are then the laws of tyrants just, simply because they are laws? Suppose the thirty tyrants of Athens had imposed certain laws on the Athenians? or, suppose again that these Athenians were delighted with these tyrannical laws, would these laws on that account have been considered just? For my own part, I do not think such laws deserve any greater estimation than that passed during our own interregnum, which ordained that the dictator should be empowered to put to death with impunity whatever citizens he pleased, without hearing them in their own defence.

For there is but one essential justice which cements society, and one law which establishes this justice. This law is right reason, which is the true rule of all commandments and prohibitions. Whoever neglects this law, whether written or unwritten, is necessarily unjust and wicked.

But if justice consists in submission to written laws and national customs, and if, as the same school affirms, everything must be measured by utility alone, he who thinks that such conduct will be advantageous

to him will neglect the laws, and break them if it is in his power. And the consequence is, that real justice has really no existence if it have not one by nature, and if that which is established as such on account of utility is overturned by some other utility.

5 But if nature does not ratify law, then all the virtues may lose their sway. For what becomes of generosity, patriotism, or friendship? Where will the desire of benefiting our neighbours, or the gratitude that acknowledges kindness, be able to exist at all? For all these virtues proceed from our natural inclination to love mankind. And this is the
10 true basis of justice, and without this not only the mutual charities of men, but the religious services of the Gods, would be at an end; for these are preserved, as I imagine, rather by the natural sympathy which subsists between divine and human beings, than by mere fear and timidity.

15 But if the will of the people, the decrees of the senate, the adjudications of magistrates, were sufficient to establish rights, then it might become right to rob, right to commit adultery, right to substitute forged wills, if such conduct were sanctioned by the votes or decrees of the multitude. But if the opinions and suffrages of foolish men had sufficient weight to
20 outbalance the nature of things, then why should they not determine among them, that what is essentially bad and pernicious should henceforth pass for good and beneficial? Or why, since law can make right out of injustice, should it not also be able to change evil into good?

But we have no other rule by which we may be capable of distinguishing
25 ing between a good and a bad law than that of nature. Nor is it only right and wrong which are discriminated by nature, but generally all that is honourable is by this means distinguished from all that is shameful; for common sense has impressed in our minds the first principles of things, and has given us a general acquaintance with them,
30 by which we connect with virtue every honourable quality, and with vice all that is disgraceful. . . .

It follows that I may now sum up the whole of this argument by asserting, as is plain to every one from these positions which have already been laid down, that all right and all that is honourable is to be
35 sought for its own sake. In truth, all virtuous men love justice and equity for what they are in themselves; nor is it like a good man to make a mistake, and love that which does not deserve their affection. Right, therefore, is desirable and deserving to be cultivated for its own sake; and if this be true of right, it must be true also of justice. What
40 then shall we say of liberality? Is it exercised gratuitously, or does it covet some reward and recompense? If a man does good without expecting any recompense for his kindness, then it is gratuitous: if he does expect compensation, it is a mere matter of traffic. Nor is there any doubt that he who truly deserves the reputation of a generous and kind-
45 hearted man, is thinking of his duty, not of his interest. In the same way the virtue of justice demands neither emolument nor salary, and therefore we desire it for its own sake. And the case of all the moral virtues is the same, and so is the opinion formed of them.

Besides this, if we weigh virtue by the mere utility and profit that attend it, and not by its own merit, the one virtue which results from such an estimate will be in fact a species of vice. For the more a man refers all his actions especially to his own advantage, the further he recedes from probity; so that they who measure virtue by profit, 5 acknowledge no other virtue than this, which is a kind of vice. For who can be called benevolent, if no one ever acts kindly for the sake of another? And where are we to find a grateful person, if those who are disposed to be so can find no benefactor to whom they can show gratitude? What will become of sacred friendship, if we are not to love 10 our friend for his own sake with all our heart and soul, as the people say? if we are even to desert and discard him, as soon as we despair of deriving any further assistance or advantage from him. What can be imagined more inhuman than this conduct? But if friendship ought rather to be cultivated on its own account, so also for the same reason 15 are society, equality, and justice, desirable for their own sakes. If this be not so, then there can be no such thing as justice at all; for the most unjust thing of all is to seek a reward for one's just conduct.

—F. BARHAM AND C. D. YONGE.



DUTIES OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE STATE¹

CICERO

[From the *Offices*, Book II]

The typically Roman thing about the book from which this passage is taken, as well as about the passage itself, is the point of view which keeps steadily before the eyes the state rather than the individual in a general treatise on ethics. Political conduct is the all-important matter. Ethics as a practical subject and as one which admits of discussion of man as a political animal was the only branch of philosophy which genuinely interested the Romans.

Those whom Nature has endowed with the capacity for administering public affairs should put aside all hesitation, enter the race for public 20 office, and take a hand in directing the government; for in no other way can a government be administered or greatness of spirit be made manifest. Statesmen, too, no less than philosophers—perhaps even more so—should carry with them that greatness of spirit and indifference to outward circumstances to which I so often refer, together with calm of soul and 25 freedom from care, if they are to be free from worries and lead a dignified

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

and self-consistent life. This is easier for the philosophers; as their life is less exposed to the assaults of fortune, their wants are fewer; and if any misfortune overtakes them, their fall is not so disastrous. Not without reason, therefore, are stronger emotions aroused in those who engage in
 5 public life than in those who live in retirement, and greater is their ambition for success; the more, therefore, do they need to enjoy greatness of spirit and freedom from annoying cares.

If anyone is entering public life, let him beware of thinking only of the honour it brings; but let him be sure also that he has the ability to succeed.

10 At the same time, let him take care not to lose heart too readily through discouragement nor yet to be over-confident through ambition. In a word, before undertaking any enterprise, careful preparation must be made.

Most people think that the achievements of war are more important than those of peace; but this opinion needs to be corrected. For many men
 15 have sought occasions for war from the mere ambition for fame. This is notably the case with men of great spirit and natural ability, if they are adapted to a soldier's life and fond of warfare. But if we will face the facts, we shall find that there have been many instances of achievement in peace more important and no less renowned than in war.

20 However highly Themistocles, for example, may be extolled—and deservedly—and however much more illustrious his name may be than Solon's, and however much Salamis may be cited as witness of his most glorious victory—a victory glorified above Solon's statesmanship in instituting the Areopagus—yet Solon's achievement is not to be accounted
 25 less illustrious than his. For Themistocles's victory served the state once and only once; while Solon's work will be of service for ever. For through his legislation the laws of the Athenians and the institutions of their fathers are maintained. And while Themistocles could not readily point to any instance in which he himself had rendered assistance to the
 30 Areopagus, the Areopagus might with justice assert that Themistocles had received assistance from it; for the war was directed by the counsels of that senate which Solon had created. . . .

There are, therefore, instances of civic courage that are not inferior to the courage of the soldier. Nay, the former calls for even greater energy
 35 and greater devotion than the latter.

That moral goodness which we look for in a lofty, high-minded spirit is secured, of course, by moral, not by physical, strength. And yet the body must be trained and so disciplined that it can obey the dictates of judgment and reason in attending to business and in enduring toil. But that moral
 40 goodness which is our theme depends wholly upon the thought and attention given to it by the mind. And in this way, the men who in a civil capacity direct the affairs of a nation render no less important service than they who conduct its wars: by their statesmanship oftentimes wars are either averted or terminated; sometimes also they are declared. Upon
 45 Marcus Cato's counsel, for example, the Third Punic War was undertaken, and in its conduct his influence was dominant, even after he was dead. And so diplomacy in the friendly settlement is more desirable than courage in settling them on the battlefield; but we must be careful not to take that

course merely for the sake of avoiding war rather than for the sake of public expediency. War, however, should be undertaken in such a way as to make it evident that it has no other object than to secure peace.

But it takes a brave and resolute spirit not to be disconcerted in times of difficulty or ruffled and thrown off one's feet, as the saying is, but to keep one's presence of mind and one's self-possession and not to swerve from the path of reason.

Now all this requires great personal courage; but it calls also for great intellectual ability by reflection to anticipate the future, to discover some time in advance what may happen whether for good or for ill, and what must be done in any possible event, and never to be reduced to having to say "I had not thought of that."

These are the activities that mark a spirit, strong, high, and self-reliant in its prudence and wisdom. But to mix rashly in the fray and to fight hand to hand with the enemy is but a barbarous and brutish kind of business. Yet when the stress of circumstances demands it, we must gird on the sword and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.

As to destroying and plundering cities, let me say that great care should be taken that nothing be done in reckless cruelty or wantonness. And it is a great man's duty in troublous times to single out the guilty for punishment, to spare the many, and in every turn of fortune to hold to a true and honourable course. For whereas there are many, as I have said before, who place the achievements of war above those of peace, so one may find many to whom adventurous, hot-headed counsels seem more brilliant and impressive than calm and well-considered measures.

We must, of course, never be guilty of seeming cowardly and craven in our avoidance of danger; but we must also beware of exposing ourselves to danger needlessly. Nothing can be more foolhardy than that. Accordingly, in encountering danger we should do as doctors do in their practice: in light cases of illness they give mild treatment; in cases of dangerous sickness they are compelled to apply hazardous and even desperate remedies. It is, therefore, only a madman who, in a calm, would pray for storm; a wise man's way is, when the storm does come, to withstand it with all the means at his command, and especially, when the advantages to be expected in case of a successful issue are greater than the hazards of the struggle.

The dangers attending great affairs of state fall sometimes upon those who undertake them, sometimes upon the state. In carrying out such enterprises, some run the risk of losing their lives, others their reputation and the good-will of their fellow-citizens. It is our duty, then, to be more ready to endanger our own than the public welfare and to hazard honour and glory more readily than other advantages.

Many, on the other hand, have been found who were ready to pour out not only their money but their lives for their country and yet would not consent to make even the slightest sacrifice of personal glory—even though the interests of their country demanded it. For example, when Callicratidas, as Spartan admiral in the Peloponnesian War, had won many signal successes, he spoiled everything at the end by refusing to

listen to the proposal of those who thought he ought to withdraw his fleet from the Arginusæ and not to risk an engagement with the Athenians. His answer to them was that "the Spartans could build another fleet, if they lost that one, but he could not retreat without dishonour to himself."

- 5 And yet what he did dealt only a slight blow to Sparta; there was another which proved disastrous, when Cleombrotus in fear of criticism recklessly went into battle against Epaminondas. In consequence of that the Spartan power fell.

How much better was the conduct of Quintus Maximus! Of him Ennius
10 says:

"One man—and he alone—restored our state by delaying.
Not in the least did fame with him take precedence of safety;
Therefore now does his glory shine bright, and it grows ever brighter."

This sort of offence must be avoided no less in political life. For there are men who for fear of giving offence do not dare to express their honest opinion, no matter how excellent.

- Those who propose to take charge of the affairs of government, should
15 not fail to remember two of Plato's rules: first, to keep the good of the people so clearly in view that regardless of their own interests they will make their every action conform to that; second, to care for the welfare of the whole body politic and not in serving the interests of some one party to betray the rest. For the administration of the government, like
20 the office of a trustee, must be conducted for the benefit of those entrusted to one's care, not of those to whom it is entrusted. Now, those who care for the interests of a part of the citizens and neglect another part, introduce into the civil service a dangerous element—dissension and party strife. The result is that some are found to be loyal supporters of the democratic,
25 others of the aristocratic party, and few of the nation as a whole.

- As a result of this party spirit bitter strife arose at Athens, and in our own country not only dissensions but also disastrous civil wars broke out. All this the citizen who is patriotic, brave, and worthy of a leading place in the state will shun with abhorrence; he will dedicate himself unreservedly
30 to his country, without aiming at influence or power for himself; and he will devote himself to the state in its entirety in such a way as to further the interests of all. Besides, he will not expose anyone to hatred or disrepute by groundless charges, but he will surely cleave to justice and honour so closely that he will submit to any loss, however heavy, rather
35 than be untrue to them, and will face death itself rather than renounce them.

- A most wretched custom, assuredly, is our electioneering and scrambling for office. Concerning this also we find a fine thought in Plato: "Those who compete against one another," he says, "to see which of two candi-
40 dates shall administer the government, are like sailors quarrelling as to which one of them shall do the steering." And he likewise lays down the rule that we should regard only those as adversaries who take up arms against the state, not those who strive to have the government administered according to their convictions. This was the spirit of the disagreement

between Publius Africanus and Quintus Metellus: there was in it no trace of rancour.

Neither must we listen to these who think that one should indulge in violent anger against one's political enemies and imagine that such is the attitude of a great-spirited, brave man. For nothing is more commendable, nothing more becoming in a pre-eminently great man than courtesy and forbearance. Indeed, in a free people, where all enjoy equal rights before the law, we must school ourselves to affability and what is called "mental poise"; for if we are irritated when people intrude upon us at unseasonable hours or make unreasonable requests, we shall develop a sour, churlish temper, prejudicial to ourselves and offensive to others. And yet gentleness of spirit and forbearance are to be commended only with the understanding that strictness may be exercised for the good of the state; for without that, the government cannot be well administered. On the other hand, if punishment or correction must be administered, it need not be insulting; it ought to have regard to the welfare of the state, not to the personal satisfaction of the man who administers the punishment or reproof.

We should take care also that the punishment shall not be out of proportion to the offence, and that some shall not be chastised for the same fault for which others are not even called to account. In administering punishment it is above all necessary to allow no trace of anger. For if anyone proceeds in a passion to inflict punishment, he will never observe that happy mean which lies between excess and defect. This doctrine of the mean is approved by the Peripatetics—and wisely approved, if only they did not speak in praise of anger and tell us that it is a gift bestowed on us by Nature for a good purpose. But in reality, anger is in every circumstance to be eradicated; and it is to be desired that they who administer the government should be like the laws, which are led to inflict punishment not by wrath but by justice. . . .

Of these public services, some are of such a nature that they concern the whole body of citizens; others, that they affect individuals only. And these latter are the more productive of gratitude. If possible, we should by all means attend to both kinds of service; but we must take care in protecting the interests of individuals that what we do for them shall be beneficial, or at least not prejudicial, to the state. Gaius Gracchus inaugurated largesses of grain on an extensive scale; this had a tendency to exhaust the exchequer. Marcus Octavius inaugurated a moderate dole; this was both practicable for the state and necessary for the commons; it was, therefore, a blessing both to the citizens and to the state.

The man in an administrative office, however, must make it his first care that every one shall have what belongs to him and that private citizens suffer no invasion of their property rights by act of the state. It was a ruinous policy that Philippus proposed when in his tribuneship he introduced his agrarian bill. However, when his law was rejected, he took his defeat with good grace and displayed extraordinary moderation. But in his public speeches on the measure he often played the demagogue, and that time viciously, when he said that "there were not in the state two

thousand people who owned any property." That speech deserves unqualified condemnation, for it favoured an equal distribution of property; and what more ruinous policy than that could be conceived? For the chief purpose in the establishment of constitutional states and
5 municipal governments was that individual property rights might be secured. For although it was by Nature's guidance that men were drawn together into communities, it was in the hope of safeguarding their possessions that they sought the protection of cities.

The administration should also put forth every effort to prevent the
10 levying of a property tax, and to this end precautions should be taken long in advance. Such a tax was often levied in the times of our forefathers on account of the depleted state of their treasury and their incessant wars. But if any state (I say "any," for I would rather speak in general terms than forebode evils to our own; however, I am not discussing our own
15 state but states in general)—if any state ever has to face a crisis requiring the imposition of such a burden, every effort must be made to let all the people realize that they must bow to the inevitable, if they wish to be saved. And it will also be the duty of those who direct the affairs of the state to take measures that there shall be an abundance of the necessities
20 of life. It is needless to discuss the ordinary ways and means; for the duty is self-evident; it is necessary only to mention the matter.

But the chief thing in all public administration and public service is to avoid even the slightest suspicion of self-seeking. "I would," says Gaius Pontius, the Samnite, "that fortune had withheld my appearance until a
25 time when the Romans began to accept bribes, and that I had been born in those days! I should then have suffered them to hold their supremacy no longer." Aye, but he would have had many generations to wait; for this plague has only recently infected our nation. And so I rejoice that Pontius lived then instead of now, seeing that he was so mighty a man! It is not yet
30 a hundred and ten years since the enactment of Lucius Piso's bill to punish extortion; there had been no such law before. But afterward came so many laws, each more stringent than the other, so many men were accused and so many were convicted, so horrible a war was stirred up on account of the fear of what our courts would do to still others, so frightful was the
35 pillaging and plundering of the allies when the laws and courts were suppressed, that now we find ourselves strong not in our own strength but in the weakness of others.

Panætius praises Africanus for his integrity in public life. Why should he not? But Africanus had other and greater virtues. The boast of official
40 integrity belongs not to that man alone but to his times. When Paulus got possession of all the wealth of Macedon—and it was enormous—he brought into our treasury so much money that the spoils of a single general did away with the need for a tax on property in Rome for all time to come. But to his own house he brought nothing save the glory of an
45 immortal name. Africanus emulated his father's example and was none the richer for his overthrow of Carthage. And what shall we say of Lucius Mummius, his colleague in the censorship? Was he one penny the richer when he had destroyed to its foundations the richest of cities? He preferred

to adorn Italy rather than his own house. And yet by the adornment of Italy his own house was, as it seems to me, still more splendidly adorned.

There is, then, to bring the discussion back to the point from which it digressed, no vice more offensive than avarice, especially in men who stand foremost and hold the helm of state. For to exploit the state for selfish profit is not only immoral; it is criminal, infamous. And so the oracle, which the Pythian Apollo uttered, that "Sparta should not fall from any other cause than avarice," seems to be a prophecy not to the Lacedæmonians alone, but to all wealthy nations as well. They who direct the affairs of state, then, can win the good-will of the masses by no other means more easily than by self-restraint, and self-denial.

But they who pose as friends of the people, and who for that reason either attempt to have agrarian laws passed, in order that the occupants may be driven out of their homes, or propose that money loaned should be remitted to the borrowers, are undermining the foundations of the commonwealth: first of all, they are destroying harmony, which cannot exist when money is taken away from one party and bestowed upon another; and second, they do away with equity, which is utterly subverted, if the rights of property are not respected. For, as I said above, it is the peculiar function of the state and the city to guarantee to every man the free and undisturbed control of his own particular property. And yet, when it comes to measures so ruinous to public welfare, they do not gain even that popularity which they anticipate. For he who has been robbed of his property is their enemy; he to whom it has been turned over actually pretends that he had no wish to take it; and most of all, when his debts are cancelled, the debtor conceals his joy, for fear that he may be thought to have been insolvent; whereas the victim of the wrong both remembers it and shows his resentment openly. Thus even though they to whom property has been wrongly awarded be more in number than they from whom it has been unjustly taken, they do not for that reason have more influence; for in such matters influence is measured not by numbers but by weight. And how is it fair that a man who never had any property should take possession of lands that had been occupied for many years or even generations, and that he who had them before should lose possession of them? . . .

We must, therefore, take measures that there shall be no indebtedness of a nature to endanger the public safety. It is a menace that can be averted in many ways; but should a serious debt be incurred, we are not to allow the rich to lose their property, while the debtors profit by what is their neighbour's. For there is nothing that upholds a government more powerfully than its credit; and it can have no credit, unless the payment of debts is enforced by law. Never were measures for the repudiation of debts more strenuously agitated than in my consulship. Men of every sort and rank attempted with arms and armies to force the project through. But I opposed them with such energy that this plague was wholly eradicated from the body politic. Indebtedness was never greater; debts were never liquidated more easily or more fully; for the hope of defrauding the creditor was cut off and payment was enforced by law. But the present

victor, though vanquished then, still carried out his old design, when it was no longer of any personal advantage to him. So great was his passion for wrong-doing that the very doing of wrong was a joy to him for its own sake, even when there was no motive for it.

- 5 Those, then, whose office it is to look after the interests of the state will refrain from that form of liberality which robs one man to enrich another. Above all, they will use their best endeavours that every one shall be protected in the possession of his own property by the fair administration of the law and the courts, that the poorer classes shall not be oppressed
- 10 because of their helplessness, and that envy shall not stand in the way of the rich, to prevent them from keeping or recovering possession of what justly belongs to them; they must strive, too, by whatever means they can, in peace or in war, to advance the state in power, in territory, and in revenues.
- 15 Such service calls for great men; it was commonly rendered in the days of our ancestors; if men will perform duties such as these, they will win popularity and glory for themselves and at the same time render eminent service to the state.

—WALTER MILLER.



ON GOVERNING A PROVINCE

CICERO

[From *Letters to Quintus*, Book I]

It is generally understood that the successful administration of a province rests upon honesty and justice; but it is not so generally understood that it rests also upon refinement and education. The letter contains an interesting passage showing how the Romans justified their dominion over other peoples.

To his brother Quintus:

- 20 Though I have no doubt that many messengers, and even common rumour, with its usual speed, will anticipate this letter, and that you will already have heard from others that a third year has been added to my loss and your labour, yet I thought you ought to receive from me also the news of this tiresome circumstance. For not in one, but in several
- 25 of my previous letters, in spite of others having given up the idea in despair, I gave you hope of being able at an early date to quit your province, not only that I might as long as possible cheer you with a pleasurable belief, but also because I and the prætors took such pains in the matter, that I felt no misgiving as to the possibility of its being
- 30 arranged. As it is, since matters have so turned out that neither the prætors by the weight of their influence, nor I by my earnest efforts, have been able to prevail, it is certainly difficult not to be annoyed, yet our minds,

practised as they are in conducting and supporting business of the utmost gravity, ought not to be crushed or weakened by vexation. And since men ought to feel most vexed at what has been brought upon them by their own fault, it is I who ought in this matter to be more vexed than you. For it is the result of a fault on my part, against which you had protested 5 both in conversation at the moment of your departure, and in letters since, that your successor was not named last year. In this, while consulting for the interests of our allies, and resisting the shameless conduct of some merchants, and while seeking the increase of our reputation by your virtues, I acted unwisely, especially as I made it possible for that second 10 year to entail a third. And as I confess the mistake to have been mine, it lies with your wisdom and kindness to remedy it, and to see that my imprudence is turned to advantage by your careful performance of your duties. And truly, if you exert yourself in every direction to earn men's good word, not with a view to rival others, but henceforth to surpass 15 yourself, if you rouse your whole mind and your every thought and care to the ambition of gaining a superior reputation in all respects, believe me, one year added to your labour will bring us, nay, our posterity also, a joy of many years' duration. Wherefore I begin by entreating you not to let your soul shrink and be cast down, not to allow yourself to be over- 20 powered by the magnitude of the business as though by a wave; but, on the contrary, to stand upright and keep your footing, or even advance to meet the flood of affairs. For you are not administering a department of the state, in which fortune reigns supreme, but one in which a well-considered policy and an attention to business are the most important 25 things. But if I had seen you receiving the prolongation of a command in a great and dangerous war, I should have trembled in spirit, because I should have known that the dominion of fortune over us had been at the same time prolonged. As it is, however, a department of the state has been entrusted to you in which fortune occupies no part, or, at any rate, an 30 insignificant one, and which appears to me to depend entirely on your virtue and self-control. We have no reason to fear, as far as I know, any designs of our enemies, any actual fighting in the field, any revolts of allies, any default in the tribute or in the supply of corn, any mutiny in the army: things which have very often befallen the wisest of men in such a way, 35 that they have been no more able to get the better of the assault of fortune, than the best of pilots a violent tempest. You have been granted a profound peace, a dead calm: yet if the pilot falls asleep, it may even so overwhelm him, though if he keeps awake it may give him positive pleasure. For your province consists, in the first place, of allies of a race which, of all the 40 world is the most civilized; and in the second place, of citizens, who, either as being *publicani*, are very closely connected with me, or, as being traders who have made money, think that they owe the security of their property to my consulship.

But it may be said that among even such men as these there occur 45 serious disputes, many wrongful acts are committed, and hotly contested litigation is the result. As though I ever thought that you had no trouble to contend with! I know that the trouble is exceedingly great, and such as

demands the very greatest prudence; but remember that it is prudence much more than fortune on which, in my opinion, the result of your trouble depends. For what trouble is it to govern those over whom you are set, if you do but govern yourself? That may be a great and difficult task to others, and indeed it is most difficult: to you it has always been the easiest thing in the world, and indeed ought to be so, for your natural disposition is such that, even without discipline, it appears capable of self-control; whereas a discipline has, in fact, been applied that might educate the most faulty of characters. But while you resist, as you do, money, pleasure, and every kind of desire yourself, there will, I am told, be a risk of your not being able to suppress some fraudulent banker or some rather over-extortionate tax-collector! For as to the Greeks; they will think, as they behold the innocence of your life, that one of the heroes of their history, or a demigod from heaven, has come down into the province. And this I say, not to induce you to act thus, but to make you glad that you are acting or have acted so. It is a splendid thing to have been three years in supreme power in Asia without allowing statue, picture, plate, napery, slave, anyone's good looks, or any offer of money—all of which are plentiful in your province—to cause you to swerve from the most absolute honesty and purity of life. What can be imagined so striking or so desirable as that a virtue, a command over the passions, a self-control such as yours, are not remaining in darkness and obscurity, but have been set in the broad daylight of Asia, before the eyes of a famous province, and in the hearing of all nations and peoples? That the inhabitants are not being ruined by your progresses, drained by your charges, agitated by your approach? That there is the liveliest joy, public and private, wheresoever you come, the city regarding you as a protector and not a tyrant, the private house as a guest and not a plunderer?

But in these matters I am sure that mere experience has by this time taught you that it is by no means sufficient to have these virtues yourself, but that you must keep your eyes open and vigilant, in order that in the guardianship of your province you may be considered to vouch to the allies, the citizens, and the state, not for yourself alone, but for all the subordinates of your government. However, you have in the persons of your *legati* men likely to have a regard for their own reputation. Of these in rank, position, and age Tubero is first; who I think, particularly as he is a writer of history, could select from his own Annals many whom he would like and would be able to imitate. Alienus, again, is ours, as well in heart and affection, as in his conformity to our principles. I need not speak of Gratidius: I am sure that, while taking pains to preserve his own reputation, his fraternal affection for us makes him take pains for ours also. Your quæstor is not of your own selection, but the one assigned you by lot. He is bound both to act with propriety of his own accord, and to conform to the policy and principles which you lay down. But should any one of these adopt a lower standard of conduct, you should tolerate such behaviour, if it goes no farther than a breach, in his private capacity, of the rules by which he was bound, but not if it goes to the extent of employing for gain the authority which you granted him as a promotion.

For I am far from thinking, especially since the moral sentiments of the day are so much inclined to excessive laxity and self-seeking, that you should investigate every case of petty misconduct, and thoroughly examine every one of these persons; but that you should regulate your confidence by the trustworthiness of its recipient. And among such 5 persons you will have to vouch for those whom the Republic has itself given you as companions and assistants in public affairs, at least within the limits which I have before laid down. . . .

If, however, you have found in the province itself anyone, hitherto unknown to us, who has made his way into intimacy with you, take care 10 how much confidence you repose in him; not that there may not be many good provincials, but, though we may hope so, it is risky to be positive. For everyone's real character is covered by many wrappings of pretence and is concealed by a kind of veil: face, eyes, expression very often lie, speech most often of all. Wherefore, how can you expect to find in that 15 class any who, while foregoing for the sake of money all from which we can scarcely tear ourselves away, will yet love you sincerely and not merely pretend to do so from interested motives? I think, indeed, it is a hard task to find such men, especially if we notice that the same persons care nothing for almost any man out of office, yet always with one consent 20 shew affection for the prætors. But of this class, if by chance you have discovered any one to be fonder of you—for it may so happen—than of your office, such a man indeed gladly admit upon your list of friends: but if you fail to perceive that, there is no class of people you must be more on your guard against admitting to intimacy, just because they 25 are acquainted with all the ways of making money, do everything for the sake of it, and have no consideration for the reputation of a man with whom they are not destined to pass their lives. And even among the Greeks themselves you must be on your guard against admitting close intimacies, except in the case of the very few, if such are to be found, who 30 are worthy of ancient Greece. As things now stand, indeed, too many of them are untrustworthy, false, and schooled by long servitude in the arts of extravagant adulation. My advice is that these men should all be entertained with courtesy, but that close ties of hospitality or friendship should only be formed with the best of them: excessive intimacies with 35 them are not very trustworthy—for they do not venture to oppose our wishes—and they are not only jealous of our countrymen, but of their own as well. . . .

These and similar instances of your strict administration in your province we shall find difficulty in justifying, unless they are accompanied 40 by the most perfect integrity: wherefore let there be the greatest strictness in your administration of justice, provided only that it is never varied from favour, but is kept up with impartiality. But it is of little avail that justice is administered by yourself with impartiality and care, unless the same is done by those to whom you have entrusted any portion of this duty. 45 And, indeed, in my view there is no very great variety of business in the government of Asia: the entire province mainly depends on the administration of justice. In it we have the whole theory of government, especially

of provincial government, clearly displayed: all that a governor has to do is to shew consistency and firmness enough, not only to resist favouritism, but even the suspicion of it. To this also must be added courtesy in listening to pleaders, consideration in pronouncing a decision, and painstaking efforts to convince suitors of its justice, and to answer their arguments. It is by such habits that C. Octavius has recently made himself very popular; in whose court, for the first time, the lictor did not interfere, and the marshal kept silence, while every suitor spoke as often and as long as he chose. In which conduct he would perhaps have been thought over-lax, had it not been that this laxity enabled him to maintain the following instance of severity. The partisans of Sulla were forced to restore what they had taken by violence and terrorism. Those who had made inequitable decrees, while in office, were now as private citizens forced to submit to the principles they had established. This strictness on his part would have been thought harsh, had it not been rendered palatable by many sweetening influences of courtesy. But if this gentleness were sufficient to make him popular at Rome, where there is such haughtiness of spirit, such unrestrained liberty, such unlimited licence of individuals, and, in fine, so many magistrates, so many means of obtaining protection, such vast power in the hands of the popular assembly, and such influence exercised by the senate, how welcome must a prætor's courtesy be in Asia, in which there is such a numerous body of citizens and allies, so many cities, so many communities, all hanging on one man's nod, and in which there are no means of protection, no one to whom to make a complaint, no senate, no popular assembly! Wherefore it requires an exalted character, a man who is not only equitable from natural impulse, but who has also been trained by study and the refinements of a liberal education, so to conduct himself while in the possession of such immense power, that those over whom he rules should not feel the want of any other power.

Take the case of the famous Cyrus, portrayed by Xenophon, not as in historical character, but as a model of righteous government, the serious dignity of whose character is represented by that philosopher as combined with a peculiar courtesy. And, indeed, it is not without reason that our hero Africanus used perpetually to have those books in his hands, for there is no duty pertaining to a careful and equitable government which is not to be found in them. Well, if *he* cultivated those qualities, though never destined to be in a private station, how carefully ought those to maintain them to whom power is given with the understanding that it must be surrendered, and given by laws under whose authority they must once more come? In my opinion all who govern others are bound to regard as the object of all their actions the greatest happiness of the governed. That this is your highest object, and has been so since you first landed in Asia, has been published abroad by consistent rumour and the conversation of all. It is, let me add, not only the duty of one who governs allies and citizens, but even of one who governs slaves and dumb animals, to serve the interests and advantage of those under him. In this point I notice that everyone agrees that you take the greatest pains: no new debt

is being contracted by the states, while many have been relieved by you from a heavy and long-standing one. Several cities that had become dilapidated and almost deserted—of which one was the most famous state in Ionia, the other in Caria, Samos and Halicarnassus—have been given a new life by you: there is no party fighting, no civil strife in the towns: you take care that the government of the states is administered by the best class of citizens: brigandage is abolished in Mysia; murder suppressed in many districts, peace is established throughout the province; and not only the robberies usual on highways and in country places, but those more numerous and more serious ones in towns and temples, have been completely stopped: the fame, fortunes, and repose of the rich have been relieved of that most oppressive instrument of prætorial rapacity—vexatious prosecution; the expenses and tribute of the states are made to fall with equal weight on all who live in the territories of those states: access to you is as easy as possible: your ears are open to the complaints of all: no man's want of means or want of friends excludes him, I don't say from access to you in public and on the tribunal, but even from your house and chamber: in a word, throughout your government there is no harshness or cruelty—everywhere clemency, mildness, and kindness reign supreme.

What an immense benefit, again, have you done in having liberated Asia from the tribute exacted by the ædiles, a measure which cost me some violent controversies! For if one of our nobles complains openly that by your edict, "No moneys shall be voted for the games," you have robbed him of 200 sestertia, what a vast sum of money would have been paid, had grant been made to the credit of every magistrate who held games, as had become the regular custom! However, I stopped these complaints by taking up this position—what they think of it in Asia I don't know, in Rome it meets with no little approval and praise—I refused to accept a sum of money which the states had decreed for a temple and monument in our honour, though they had done so with the greatest enthusiasm in view both of my services and of your most valuable benefactions; and though the law contained a special and distinct exception in these words, "that it was lawful to receive for temple or monument;" and though again the money was not going to be thrown away, but would be employed on decorating a temple, and would thus appear to have been given to the Roman people and the immortal Gods rather than to myself—yet, in spite of its having desert, law, and the wishes of those who offered the gift in its favour, I determined that I must not accept it, for this reason among others, namely, to prevent those, to whom such an honour was neither due nor legal, from being jealous. Wherefore adhere with all your heart and soul to the policy which you have hitherto adopted—that of being devoted to those whom the senate and people of Rome have committed and entrusted to your honour and authority, of doing your best to protect them, and of desiring their greatest happiness. Even if the lot had made you governor of Africans, or Spaniards, or Gauls—uncivilized and barbarous nations—it would still have been your duty as a man of feeling to consult for their interests and advantage, and to have contributed

to their safety. But when we rule over a race of men in which civilization not only exists, but from which it is believed to have spread to others, we are bound to repay them, above all things, what we received from them. For I shall not be ashamed to go so far—especially as my life and achievements have been such as to exclude any suspicion of sloth or frivolity—
 5 as to confess that, whatever I have accomplished, I have accomplished by means of those studies and principles which have been transmitted to us in Greek literature and schools of thought. Wherefore, over and above the general good faith which is due to all men, I think we are in a special
 10 sense under an obligation to that nation, to put in practice what it has taught us among the very men by whose maxims we have been brought out of barbarism.

And indeed Plato, the fountain-head of genius and learning, thought that states would only be happy when scholars and philosophers began
 15 being their rulers, or when those who were their rulers had devoted all their attention to learning and philosophy. It was plainly this union of power and philosophy that in his opinion might prove the salvation of states. And this perhaps has at length fallen to the fortune of the whole empire: certainly it has in the present instance to your province, to have a
 20 man in supreme power in it, who has from boyhood spent the chief part of his zeal and time in imbibing the principles of philosophy, virtue, and humanity. Wherefore be careful that this third year, which has been added to your labour, may be thought a prolongation of prosperity to Asia. And since Asia was more fortunate in retaining you than I was in my
 25 endeavour to bring you back, see that my regret is softened by the exultation of the province. For if you have displayed the very greatest activity in earning honours such as, I think, have never been paid to anyone else, much greater ought your activity to be in preserving these honours. What I for my part think of honours of that kind I have told you in previous
 30 letters. I have always regarded them, if given indiscriminately, as of little value, if paid from interested motives, as worthless: if, however, as in this case, they are tributes to solid service on your part, I hold you bound to take much pains in preserving them. Since, then, you are exercising supreme power and official authority in cities in which you have before
 35 your eyes the consecration and apotheosis of your virtues, in all decisions, decrees, and official acts consider what you owe to those warm opinions entertained of you, to those verdicts on your character, to those honours which have been rendered you. And what you owe will be to consult for the interests of all, to remedy men's misfortunes, to provide for their
 40 safety, to resolve that you will be both called and believed to be the "father of Asia."

However, to such a resolution and deliberate policy on your part the great obstacle is the *publicani*: for, if we oppose them, we shall alienate from ourselves and from the Republic an order which has done us most
 45 excellent service, and which has been brought into sympathy with the Republic by our means; if, on the other hand, we comply with them in every case, we shall allow the complete ruin of those whose interests, to say nothing of their preservation, we are bound to consult. This is the

one difficulty, if we look the thing fairly in the face, in your whole government. For disinterested conduct on one's own part, the suppression of all inordinate desires, the keeping a check upon one's staff, courtesy in hearing causes, in listening to and admitting suitors—all this is rather a question of credit than of difficulty: for it does not depend on any special exertion, but rather on a mental resolve and inclination. But how much bitterness of feeling is caused to allies by that question of the *publicani* we have had reason to know in the case of citizens who, when recently urging the removal of the port-dues in Italy, did not complain so much of the dues themselves, as of certain extortionate conduct on the part of the collectors. Wherefore, after hearing the grievances of citizens in Italy, I can comprehend what happens to allies in distant lands. To conduct oneself in this matter in such a way as to satisfy the *publicani*, especially when contracts have been undertaken at a loss, and yet to preserve the allies from ruin, seems to demand a virtue with something divine in it, I mean a virtue like yours. To begin with, that they are subject to tax at all, which is their greatest grievance, ought not to be thought so by the Greeks, because they were so subject by their own laws without the Roman government. Again they cannot despise the word *publicanus*, for they have been unable to pay the assessment according to Sulla's polltax without the aid of the publican. But that the Greek *publicani* are not more considerate in exacting the payment of taxes than our own may be gathered from the fact that the Caunii, and all the islands assigned to the Rhodians by Sulla, recently appealed to the protection of the senate, and petitioned to be allowed to pay their tax to us rather than to the Rhodians. Wherefore neither ought those to revolt at the name of a *publicanus* who have always been subject to tax, nor those to despise it who have been unable to make up the tribute by themselves, nor those to refuse his services who have asked for them. At the same time let Asia reflect on this, that if she were not under our government, there is no calamity of foreign war or internal strife from which she would be free. And since that government cannot possibly be maintained without taxes, she should be content to purchase perpetual peace and tranquillity at the price of a certain proportion of her products. . . .

But since your first year gave rise to most talk in regard to this particular complaint—I believe because the wrongdoing, the covetousness, and the arrogance of men came upon you as a surprise, and seemed to you unbearable—while your second year was much milder, because habit and reflexion, and, as I think, my letters also, rendered you more tolerant and gentle, the third ought to be so completely reformed, as not to give even the smallest ground for anyone to find fault. And here I go on to urge upon you, not by way of exhortation or admonition, but by brotherly entreaties, that you would set your whole heart, care, and thought on the gaining of praise from everybody and from every quarter. If, indeed, our achievements were only the subject of a moderate amount of talk and commendation, nothing eminent, nothing beyond the practice of others, would have been demanded of you. As it is, however, owing to the brilliancy and magnitude of the affairs in which we have been engaged,

if we do not obtain the very highest reputation from your province, it seems scarcely possible for us to avoid the most violent abuse. Our position is such that all loyalists support us, but demand also and expect from us every kind of activity and virtue, while all the disloyal, seeing that we have
 5 entered upon a lasting war with them, appear contented with the very smallest excuse for attacking us. Wherefore, since fortune has allotted to you such a theatre as Asia, completely packed with an audience, of immense size, of the most refined judgment, and, moreover, naturally capable of conveying sound, so that its expressions of opinion and its
 10 remarks reach Rome, put out all your power, I beseech you, exert all your energies to appear not only to have been worthy of the part we played here, but to have surpassed everything done there by your high qualities. . . .

Farewell.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



III. *DECLINE OF THE REPUBLIC*

Among the many causes of the fall of the republican form of government at Rome none was more potent than the effects of Rome's relations with her provinces. Sulla, and ultimately Cæsar, used their provinces as bases from which to launch military attacks on Rome herself. Hundreds of lesser men, governors, and all their train of subordinates, had for years used their almost unlimited powers to enrich themselves at the provincials' expense. Direct extortion, and the more indirect means of loans, sometimes forced on the natives at high interest, proved very profitable, for there was always a Roman army to assist in collection. The noble Brutus had out loans in Cicero's province Cilicia at some 48%. A saying was current that a governor must make three fortunes during his term, one to pay his debts contracted in getting the position, a second to bribe the judges who would try him for maladministration at the end of his term, and a third to live on himself. The honest governor, while not unknown, was the exception.

The effects on Roman character and consequently on the government in Rome may readily be imagined. All classes were affected. An inevitable result was loss of public spirit, the sense of duty to the state which had for ages been Rome's particular pride. Anarchy, suppressed, but breaking out again and again, followed in due course.

It was among such conditions that Julius Cæsar developed his career. He is at once an excellent illustration of the period and a direct cause of its end and the beginning of better things. After his victory in the civil war which he waged against Pompey and the senate, he made himself supreme in the state, centering political and military powers in his dictatorship. What organization he would have worked out in detail if he had not been murdered can never be known; but it seems clear that he intended to have all important officials responsible to himself, a step which Augustus, his adopted son and ultimate successor, took in the next generation.

Cæsar was killed in March of 44 B.C. The conspirators had hoped by his death to restore the Republic, but had made no adequate plans to make their hope a reality. They had only made it possible for other dictators to rise. Cicero entered public life once more and worked heroically to unify the republican elements; but when Mark Antony with Octavius Cæsar, who had been acting on Cicero's side, and with Lepidus, governor in Gaul, formed a coalition, the second triumvirate, efforts for free government were quickly checked, and Cicero lost his life.

MISMANAGEMENT IN THE PROVINCES

SICILY UNDER VERRES

CICERO

[*Verrine Orations I*]

Verres was governor of Sicily from 73 to 71 B.C.

The political scandal here disclosed was made possible by the inadequacy of the machinery of the central government at Rome. Cicero apparently did not realize that it was symptomatic of the diseased condition of the state.

That which was above all things to be desired, O judges, and which above all things was calculated to have the greatest influence towards allaying the unpopularity of your order, and putting an end to the discredit into which your judicial decisions have fallen, appears to have been thrown in your way, and given to you not by any human contrivance, but almost by the interposition of the gods, at a most important crisis of the republic. For an opinion has now become established, pernicious to us, and pernicious to the republic, which has been the common talk of every one, not only at Rome, but among foreign nations also,—that in the courts of law as they exist at present, no wealthy man, however guilty he may be, can possibly be convicted. Now at this time of peril to your order and to your tribunals, when men are ready to attempt by harangues, and by the proposal of new laws, to increase the existing unpopularity of the senate, Caius Verres is brought to trial as a criminal, a man condemned in the opinion of every one by his life and actions, but acquitted by the enormousness of his wealth according to his own hope and boast. I, O judges, have undertaken this cause as prosecutor with the greatest good wishes and expectation on the part of the Roman people, not in order to increase the unpopularity of the senate, but to relieve it from the discredit which I share with it. For I have brought before you a man, by acting justly in whose case you have an opportunity of retrieving the lost credit of your judicial proceedings, or regaining your credit with the Roman people, and of giving satisfaction to foreign nations; a man, the embezzler of the public funds, the petty tyrant of Asia and Pamphylia, the robber who deprived the city of its rights, the disgrace and ruin of the province of Sicily. And if you come to a decision about this man with

severity and a due regard to your oaths, that authority which ought to remain in you will cling to you still; but if that man's vast riches shall break down the sanctity and honesty of the courts of justice, at least I shall achieve this, that it shall be plain that it was rather honest judgment
 5 that was wanting to the republic, than a criminal to the judges, or an accuser to the criminal.

I, indeed, that I may confess to you the truth about myself, O judges, though many snares were laid for me by Caius Verres, both by land and sea, which I partly avoided by my own vigilance, and partly warded off
 10 by the zeal and kindness of my friends, yet I never seemed to be incurring so much danger, and I never was in such a state of great apprehension, as I am now in this very court of law. Nor does the expectation which people have formed of my conduct of this prosecution, nor this concourse of so vast a multitude as is here assembled, influence me (though indeed I
 15 am greatly agitated by these circumstances) so much as his nefarious plots which he is endeavouring to lay at one and the same time against me, against you, against foreign nations, against the senate, and even against the very name of senator; whose favourite saying it is that they have got to
 20 fear who have stolen only as much as is enough for themselves, but that he has stolen so much that it may easily be plenty for many; that nothing is so holy that it cannot be corrupted, or so strongly fortified that it cannot be stormed by money. But if he were as secret in acting as he is audacious in attempting, perhaps in some particular he might some time or other have escaped our notice. But it happens very fortunately that to his
 25 incredible audacity there is joined a most unexampled folly. For as he was unconcealed in committing his robberies of money, so in his hope of corrupting the judges he has made his intentions and endeavours visible to every one. He says that once only in his life has he felt fear, at the time when he was first impeached as a criminal by me; because he was
 30 only lately arrived from his province, and was branded with unpopularity and infamy, not modern but ancient and of long standing; and, besides that, the time was unlucky, being very ill-suited for corrupting the judges. Therefore, when I had demanded a very short time to prosecute my inquiries in Sicily, he found a man to ask for two days less to make
 35 investigations in Achaia; not with any real intention of doing the same with his diligence and industry, that I have accomplished by my labour, and daily and nightly investigations. For the Achæan inquisitor never even arrived at Brundisium. I in fifty days so travelled over the whole of Sicily that I examined into the records and injuries of all the tribes and of
 40 all private individuals, so that it was easily visible to every one, that he had been seeking out a man not really for the purpose of bringing the defendant whom he accused to trial, but merely to occupy the time which ought to belong to me.

Now that most audacious and most senseless man thinks this. He is
 45 aware that I am come into court so thoroughly prepared and armed, that I shall fix all his thefts and crimes not only in your ears, but in the very eyes of all men. He sees that many senators are witnesses of his audacity; he sees that many Roman knights are so too, and many citizens, and many

of the allies besides to whom he has done unmistakeable injuries. He sees also that very numerous and very important deputations have come here at the same time from most friendly cities, armed with the public authority and evidence collected by their states. And though this is the case, still he thinks so ill of all virtuous men, to such an extent does he believe the decisions of the senators to be corrupt and profligate, that he makes a custom of openly boasting that it was not without reason that he was greedy of money, since he now finds that there is such protection in money, and that he has bought (that was the hardest thing of all) the very time of his trial, in order to be able to buy everything else more easily; so that, as he could not by any possibility shirk the force of the accusations altogether, he might avoid the most violent gusts of the storm. But if he had placed any hope at all, not only in his cause, but in any honourable defence, or in the eloquence or in the influence of any one, he would not be so eager in collecting and catching at all these things; he would not scorn and despise the senatorial body to such a degree, as to procure a man to be selected out of the senate at his will to be made a criminal of, who should plead his cause before him, while he in the meantime was preparing whatever he had need of. And what the circumstances are on which he founds his hopes, and what hopes he builds on them, and what he is fixing his mind on, I see clearly. But how he can have the confidence to think that he can effect anything with the present prætor, and the present bench of judges, I cannot conceive. This one thing I know, which the Roman people perceived too when he rejected the judges, that his hopes were of that nature that he placed all his expectations of safety in his money; and that if this protection were taken from him, he thought nothing would be any help to him.

In truth, what genius is there so powerful, what faculty of speaking, what eloquence so mighty, as to be in any particular able to defend the life of that man, convicted as it is of so many vices and crimes, and long since condemned by the inclinations and private sentiments of every one? And, to say nothing of the stains and disgraces of his youth, what other remarkable event is there in his quæstorship, that first step to honour, except that Cnæus Corbo was robbed by his quæstor of the public money? that the consul was plundered and betrayed? his army deserted? his province abandoned? the holy nature and obligations imposed on him by lot violated?—whose lieutenantcy was the ruin of all Asia and Pamphylia, in which provinces he plundered many houses, very many cities, all the shrines and temples; when he renewed and repeated against Cnæus Dolabella his ancient wicked tricks when he had been quæstor, and did not only in his danger desert, but even attack and betray the man to whom he had been lieutenant, and proquæstor, and whom he had brought into odium by his crimes;—whose city prætorship was the destruction of the sacred temples and the public works, and, as to his legal decisions, was the adjudging and awarding of property contrary to all established rules and precedents. But now he has established great and numerous monuments and proofs of all his vices in the province of Sicily, which he for three years so harassed and ruined that it can by no

possibility be restored to its former condition, and appears scarcely able to be at all recovered after a long series of years, and a long succession of virtuous prætors. While this man was prætor the Sicilians enjoyed neither their own laws, nor the decrees of our senate, nor the common rights of every nation. Every one in Sicily has only so much left as either escaped the notice or was disregarded by the satiety of that most avaricious and licentious man.

No legal decision for three years was given on any other ground but his will; no property was so secure to any man, even if it had descended to him from his father and grandfather, but he was deprived of it at his command; enormous sums of money were exacted from the property of the cultivators of the soil by a new and nefarious system. The most faithful of the allies were classed in the number of enemies. Roman citizens were tortured and put to death like slaves; the greatest criminals were acquitted in the courts of justice through bribery; the most upright and honourable men, being prosecuted while absent, were condemned and banished without being heard in their own defence; the most fortified harbours, the greatest and strongest cities, were laid open to pirates and robbers; the sailors and soldiers of the Sicilians, our own allies and friends, died of hunger; the best built fleets on the most important stations were lost and destroyed, to the great disgrace of the Roman people. This same man while prætor plundered and stripped those most ancient monuments, some erected by wealthy monarchs and intended by them as ornaments for their cities; some, too, the work of our own generals, which they either gave or restored as conquerors to the different states in Sicily. And he did this not only in the case of public statues and ornaments, but he also plundered all the temples consecrated in the deepest religious feelings of the people. He did not leave, in short one god to the Sicilians which appeared to him to be made in a tolerably workmanlike manner, and with any of the skill of the ancients. I am prevented by actual shame from speaking of his nefarious licentiousness as shown in rapes and other such enormities; and I am unwilling also to increase the distress of those men who have been unable to preserve their children and their wives unpolluted by his wanton lust. But, you will say, these things were done by him in such a manner as not to be notorious to all men. I think there is no man who has heard his name who cannot also relate wicked actions of his; so that I ought rather to be afraid of being thought to omit many of his crimes, than to invent any charges against him. And indeed I do not think that this multitude which has collected to listen to me wishes so much to learn of me what the facts of the case are, as to go over it with me, refreshing its recollection of what it already knows.

And as this is the case, that senseless and profligate man attempts to combat me in another manner. He does not seek to oppose the eloquence of any one else to me; he does not rely on the popularity, or influence, or authority of any one. He pretends that he trusts to these things; but I see what he is really aiming at; (and indeed he is not acting with any concealment). He sets before me empty titles of nobility, that is to say the names of arrogant men, who do not hinder me so much by being noble,

as assist me by being notorious;—he pretends to rely on their protection; when he has in reality been contriving something else this long time. What hope he now has, and what he is endeavouring to do, I will now briefly explain to you, O judges. But first of all, remark, I beg you, how the matter has been arranged by him from the beginning. When he first
 5 returned from the province, he endeavoured to get rid of this prosecution by corrupting the judges at a great expense; and this object he continued to keep in view till the conclusion of the appointment of the judges. After the judges were appointed, because in drawing lots for them the fortune of the Roman people had defeated his hopes, and in the rejecting some my
 10 diligence had defeated his impudence, the whole attempt at bribery was abandoned. The affair was going on admirably; lists of your names and of the whole tribunal were in every one's hands. It did not seem possible to mark the votes of these men with any distinguishing mark or colour or spot of dirt; and that fellow, from having been brisk and in high spirits,
 15 became on a sudden so downcast and humbled, that he seemed to be condemned not only by the Roman people but even by himself. But lo! all of a sudden, within these few days, since the consular comitia have taken place, he has gone back to his original plan with more money, and the same plots are now laid against your reputation and against the
 20 fortunes of every one, by the instrumentality of the same people; which fact at first, O judges, was pointed out to me by a very slight hint and indication; but afterwards, when my suspicions were once aroused, I arrived at the knowledge of all the most secret counsels of that party without any mistake.

For as Hortensius the consul elect was being attended home again from the Campus by a great concourse and multitude of people, Caius Curio fell in with that multitude by chance,—a man whom I wish to name by way of honour rather than of disparagement. I will tell you what, if he had been unwilling to have it mentioned, he would not have spoken of in so
 30 large an assembly so openly and undisguisedly; which, however, shall be mentioned by me deliberately and cautiously, that it may be seen that I pay due regard to our friendship and to his dignity. He sees Verres in the crowd by the arch of Fabius; he speaks to the man, and with a loud voice congratulates him on his victory. He does not say a word to Hortensius
 35 himself, who had been made consul, or to his friends and relations who were attending on him; but he stops to speak to this man, embraces him, and bids him cast off all anxiety. "I give you notice," said he, "that you have been acquitted by this day's comitia." And as many most honourable men heard this, it is immediately reported to me; indeed, every one who
 40 saw me mentioned it to me the first thing. To some it appeared scandalous, to others ridiculous; ridiculous to those who thought that this case depended on the credibility of the witnesses, on the importance of the charges, and on the power of the judges, and not on the consular comitia; scandalous to those who looked deeper, and who thought that this con-
 45 gratulation had reference to the corruption of the judge. In truth, they argued in this manner—the most honourable men spoke to one another and to me in this manner—that there were now manifestly and undeniably

no courts of justice at all. The very criminal who the day before thought that he was already condemned, is acquitted now that his defender has been made consul. What are we to think then? Will it avail nothing that all Sicily, all the Sicilians, that all the merchants who have business in that country, that all public and private documents are now at Rome? Nothing, if the consul elect wills it otherwise. What! will not the judges be influenced by the accusation, by the evidence, by the universal opinion of the Roman people? No. Everything will be governed by the power and authority of one man.

- 10 I will speak the truth, O judges. This thing agitated me greatly; for every good man was speaking in this way—"That fellow will be taken out of your hands; but we shall not preserve our judicial authority much longer; for who, when Verres is acquitted, will be able to make any objection to transferring it from us?" It was a grievous thing to every one, and the sudden elation of that profligate man did not weigh with them as much as that fresh congratulation of a very honourable one. I wished to dissemble my own vexation at it; I wished to conceal my own grief of mind under a cheerful countenance, and to bury it in silence. But lo! on the very days when the prætors elected were dividing their duties by lot, and when it fell to the share of Marcus Metellus to hold trials concerning extortion, information is given me that that fellow was receiving such congratulations, that he also sent men home to announce it to his wife. And this too in truth displeased me; and yet I was not quite aware what I had so much to fear from this allotment of the prætor's duties. But I ascertained this one thing from trustworthy men from whom I received all my intelligence; that many chests full of Sicilian money had been sent by some senator to a Roman knight, and that of these about ten chests had been left at that senator's house, with the statement that they were left to be used in the comitia when I expected to be elected ædile, and that men to distribute this money among all the tribes had been summoned to attend him by night. Of whom one, who thought himself under the greatest obligations to me, came to me that same night; reports to me the speech which that fellow had addressed to them; that he had reminded them how liberally he had treated them formerly when he was candidate for the prætorship, and at the last consular and prætorian comitia; and in the second place that he had promised them immediately whatever money they required, if they could procure my rejection from the ædileship. That on this some of them said that they did not dare attempt it; that others answered that they did not think it could be managed; but that one bold friend was found, a man of the same family as himself, Quintus Verres, of the Romilian tribe, of the most perfect school of bribers, the pupil and friend of Verres's father, who promised that, if five hundred thousand sesterces were provided, he would manage it; and that there were some others who said that they would co-operate with him. And as this was the case, he warned me beforehand with a friendly disposition, to take great care.

I was disquieted about many most important matters at one and the same moment, and with very little time to deliberate. The comitia were at hand; and at them I was to be opposed at immense expenditure of money.

This trial was at hand; the Sicilian treasurers menaced that matter also. I was afraid, from apprehension about the comitia, to conduct the matters relating to the trial with freedom; and because of the trial, I was unable to attend with all my heart to my canvass. Threatening the agents of bribery was out of the question, because I saw that they were aware that I was hampered and fettered by this trial. And at this same moment I hear that notice has been given to the Sicilians by Hortensius to come to speak to him at his house; that the Sicilians behaved in that matter with a proper sense of their own liberty, and, when they understood on what account they were sent for, they would not go. In the meantime my comitia began to be held; of which that fellow thought himself the master, as he had been of all the other comitia this year. He began to run about, that influential man, with his son, a youth of engaging and popular manners, among the tribes. The son began to address and call on all the friends of his father, that is to say, all his agents for bribery; and when this was noticed and perceived, the Roman people took care with the most earnest good-will that I should not be deprived of my honour through the money of that man, whose riches had not been able to make me violate my good faith. After that I was released from that great anxiety about my canvass, I began, with a mind much more unoccupied and much more at ease, to think of nothing and to do nothing except what related to this trial. I find, O judges, these plans formed and begun to be put in execution by them, to protract the matter, whatever steps it might be necessary to take in order to do so, so that the cause might be pleaded before Marcus Metellus as prætor. That by doing so they would have these advantages; firstly, that Marcus Metellus was most friendly to them; secondly, that not only would Hortensius be consul, but Quintus Metellus also: and listen while I show you how great a friend he is to them. For he gave him a token of his good-will of such a sort, that he seemed to be giving it as a return for the suffrages of the tribes which he had secured to him. Did you think that I would say nothing of such serious matters as these? and that, at a crisis of such danger to the republic and my own character, I would consult anything rather than my duty and my dignity? The other consul elect sent for the Sicilians; some came, because Lucius Metellus was prætor in Sicily. To them he speaks in this manner; that he is the consul; that one of his brothers has Sicily for his province; that the other is to be judge in all prosecutions for extortion; and that care had been taken in many ways that there should be no possibility of Verres being injured.

I ask you, Metellus, what is corrupting the course of justice, if this is not,—to seek to frighten witnesses, and especially Sicilians, timid and oppressed men, not only by your own private influence, but by their fear of the consul, and by the power of two prætors? What would you do for an innocent man or for a relation, when for the sake of a most guilty man, entirely unconnected with you, you depart from your duty and your dignity, and allow what he is constantly saying to appear true to any one who is not acquainted with you? For they said that Verres said, that you had not been made consul by destiny, as the rest of your family had been,

but by his assistance. Two consuls, therefore, and the judge are to be such because of his will. We shall not only, says he, avoid having a man too scrupulous in investigating, too subservient to the opinion of the people, Marcus Glabrio, but we shall have this advantage also:—Marcus Cæsonius is the judge, the colleague of our accuser, a man of tried and proved experience in the decision of actions. It will never do for us to have such a man as that on the bench, which we are endeavouring to corrupt by some means or other; for before, when he was one of the judges on the tribunal of which Junius was president, he was not only very indignant at the shameful transaction, but he even betrayed and denounced it. After the first of January we shall not have this man for our judge,—we shall not have Quintus Manlius and Quintus Cornificius, two most severe and upright judges, for judges, because they will then be tribunes of the people. Publius Sulpicius, a solemn and upright judge, must enter on his magistracy on the fifth of November. Marcus Crepereius, of that renowned equestrian family and of that incorruptible character; Lucius Cassius, of a family renowned for its severity in all things, and especially as judges; Cnæus Tremellius, a man of the greatest scrupulousness and diligence;—these three men of ancient strictness of principle are all military tribunes elect. After the first of January they will not be able to act as judges. And besides this, we elect by lot a successor in the room of Marcus Metellus, since he is to preside over this trial. And so after the first of January, the prætor, and almost the whole bench of judges being changed, we shall elude the terrible threats of the prosecutor, and the great expectations entertained of this trial, and manage it according to our own will and pleasure. To-day is the fifth of August. You began to assemble at the ninth hour. This day they do not even count. There are ten days between this and the votive games which Cnæus Pompey is going to celebrate. These games will take up fifteen days; then immediately the Roman games will follow. And so, when nearly forty days have intervened, then at length they think that they shall have to answer what has been said by us; and they think that, what with speeches, and what with excuses, they will easily be able to protract the cause till the period of the games of Victory. With these the Plebeian games are connected, after which there will be either no day at all, or very few for pleading in. And so, when the accusation has got stale and cold, the matter will come all fresh before Marcus Metellus as prætor. And if I had distrusted his good faith, I should not have retained him as a judge; but now I have such an opinion of him, that I would rather this matter was brought to a close while he is judge than while he is prætor; and I would rather entrust to him his own tablet while he is on his oath, than the tablets of others when he is restrained by no such obligation.

Now, O judges, I consult you as to what you think I ought to do. For you will, in truth, without speaking, give me that advice which I understand that I must inevitably adopt. If I occupy the time which I legitimately might in speaking, I shall reap the fruit of my labour, industry, and diligence; and by this prosecution I shall make it manifest that no one in the memory of man appears ever to have come before a court of justice

better prepared, more vigilant, or with his cause better got up. But while I am getting this credit for my industry, there is great danger lest the criminal may escape. What, then, is there which can be done? I think it is neither obscure nor hidden. I will reserve for another time that fruit of praise which may be derived from a long uninterrupted speech. At present I must support this accusation by documentary evidence, by witnesses, by letters of private individuals and of public bodies, and by various other kinds of proof. The whole of this contest is between you and me, O Hortensius. I will speak openly. If I thought that you were contending with me in the matter of speaking, and of getting rid of the charges I bring against your client in this cause, I, too, would devote much pains to making an elaborate accusation, and to dilating on my charges. Now, since you have determined to contend against me with artifice, not so much in obedience to the promptings of your own nature, as from consulting his occasions and his cause, it is necessary for me to oppose conduct of that sort with prudence. Your plan is, to begin to answer me after two sets of games have been celebrated; mine is to have the adjournment over before the first games. And the result will be, that that plan of yours will be thought crafty, but this determination of mine necessary.

But as for what I had begun to say,—namely, that the contest is between you and me, this is it,—I, when I had undertaken this cause at the request of the Sicilians, and had thought it a very honourable and glorious thing for me that they were willing to make experiment of my integrity and diligence, who already knew by experience my innocence and temperance: then, when I had undertaken this business, I proposed to myself some greater action by which the Roman people should be able to see my good-will towards the republic. For that seemed to me to be by no means worthy of my industry and efforts, for that man to be brought to trial by me who had been already condemned by the judgment of all men, unless that intolerable influence of yours, and that grasping nature which you have displayed for some years in many trials, was interposed also in the case of that desperate man. But now, since all this dominion and sovereignty of yours over the courts of justice delights you so much, and since there are some men who are neither ashamed of their licentiousness and their infamy, nor weary of it, and who, as if on purpose, seem to wish to encounter hatred and unpopularity from the Roman people, I profess that I have undertaken this,—a great burden perhaps, and one dangerous to myself, but still worthy of my applying myself to it with all the vigour of my age, and all diligence. And since the whole order of the senate is weighed down by the discredit brought on it by the wickedness and audacity of a few, and is overwhelmed by the infamy of the tribunals, I profess myself an enemy to this race of men, an accuser worthy of their hatred, a persevering, a bitter adversary. I arrogate this to myself, I claim this for myself, and I will carry out this enmity in my magistracy, and from that post in which the Roman people has willed that from the next first of January I shall act in concert with it in matters concerning the republic, and concerning wicked men. I promise the Roman people that this shall be the most honourable and the fairest employment of my

ædileship. I warn, I forewarn, I give notice beforehand to those men who are wont either to put money down, to undertake for others, to receive money, or to promise money, or to act as agents in bribery, or as go-betweens in corrupting the seat of judgment, and who have promised
5 their influence or their impudence in aid of such a business, in this trial to keep their hands and inclinations from this nefarious wickedness.

Hortensius will then be consul with the chief command and authority, but I shall be ædile—that is, I shall be a little more than a private individual; and yet this business, which I promise that I am going to
10 advocate, is of such a nature, so pleasing and agreeable to the Roman people, that the consul himself will appear in this cause, if that be possible, even less than a private individual in comparison of me. All those things shall not only be mentioned, but even, when certain matters have been explained, shall be fully discussed, which for the last ten years, ever since
15 the office of the judge has been transferred to the senate, has been nefariously and wickedly done in the decision of judicial matters. The Roman people shall know from me why it is that when the equestrian body supplied the judges for nearly fifty years together, not even the slightest suspicion ever arose of bribes having been accepted for the
20 purpose of influencing a decision; why it is, I say, when the judicial authority was transferred to the senatorial body, and the power of the Roman people over every one of us was taken away, Quintus Calidius, when he was condemned, said that a man of prætorian rank could not honestly be condemned at a less price than three hundred thousand
25 sesterces; why it is that when Publius Septimius, a senator, was condemned for extortion, when Quintus Hortensius was prætor, damages were assessed against him, including money which he had received as judge to decide causes which came before him; why it is, that in the case of Caius Herennius, and in that of Caius Popillius, senators, both of whom were
30 convicted of peculation—why it is, that in the case of Marcus Atilius, who was convicted of treason—this was made plain,—that they had all received money for the purpose of influencing their judicial decisions; why it is, that senators have been found who, when Caius Verres, as prætor of the city, gave out the lots, voted against the criminal whom they were con-
35 demning without having inquired into his case; why it is, that a senator was found who, when he was judge, took money in one and the same trial both from the defendant to distribute among the judges, and from the accuser to condemn the defendant. But how shall I adequately complain of that stain, that disgrace, that calamity of the whole senatorial order,—
40 that this thing actually happened in the city while the senatorial order furnished the judges, that the votes of men on their oaths were marked by coloured tablets? I pledge myself that I will urge all these things with diligence and with strictness.

And what do you suppose will be my thoughts, if I find in this very trial
45 any violation of the laws committed in any similar manner? especially when I can prove by many witnesses that Caius Verres often said in Sicily in the hearing of many persons, “that he had a powerful friend, in confidence in whom he was plundering the province; and that he was not

seeking money for himself alone, but that he had so distributed the three years of his Sicilian prætorship, that he should say he did exceedingly well, if he appropriated the gains of one year to the augmentation of his own property, those of the second year to his patrons and defenders, and reserved the whole of the third year, the most productive and gainful of all, for the judges." From which it came into my mind to say that which, when I had said lately before Marcus Glabrio at the time of striking the list of judges, I perceived the Roman people greatly moved by; that I thought that foreign nations would send ambassadors to the Roman people to procure the abrogation of the law, and of all trials, about extortion; for if there were no trials, they think that each man would only plunder them of as much as he would think sufficient for himself and his children; but now, because there are trials of that sort, every one carries off as much as it will take to satisfy himself, his patrons, his advocates, the prætor, and the judges; and that this is an enormous sum; that they may be able to satisfy the cupidity of one most avaricious man, but are quite unable to incur the expense of his most guilty victory over the laws. O trials worthy of being recorded! O splendid reputation of our order! when the allies of the Roman people are unwilling that trials for extortion should take place, which were instituted by our ancestors for the sake of the allies. Would that man ever have had a favourable hope of his own safety, if he had not conceived in his mind a bad opinion of you? on which account, he ought, if possible, to be still more hated by you than he is by the Roman people, because he considers you like himself in avarice and wickedness and perjury.

And I beg you, in the name of the immortal gods, O judges, think of and guard against this! I warn you, I give notice to you, of what I am well assured, that this most seasonable opportunity has been given to you by the favour of the gods, for the purpose of delivering your whole order from hatred, from unpopularity, from infamy, and from disgrace. There is no severity believed to exist in the tribunals, nor any scruples with regard to religion; in short, there are not believed to be any tribunals at all. Therefore we are despised and scorned by the Roman people; we are branded with a heavy and now a long standing infamy. Nor, in fact, is there any other reason for which the Roman people has with so much earnestness sought the restoration of the tribunician power: but when it was demanding that in words, it seemed to be asking for that, but in reality it was asking for tribunals which it could trust. And this did not escape the notice of Quintus Catulus, a most sagacious and honourable man, who, when Cnæus Pompeius, a most gallant and illustrious man, made a motion about the tribunician power, and when he was asked his opinion, began his speech in this manner, speaking with the greatest authority, "that the conscript fathers presided over the courts of justice badly and wickedly; but if in deciding judicial trials they had been willing to satisfy the expectations of the Roman people, men would not so greatly regret the tribunician power." Lastly, when Cnæus Pompeius himself, when first he delivered an address to the people as consul elect, mentioned (what seemed above all things to be watched for) that he

would restore the power of the tribunes, a great shout was raised at his words, and a grateful murmur pervaded the assembly. And when he had said also in the same assembly "that the provinces were depopulated and tyrannised over, that the courts of justice were become base and wicked, and that he desired to provide for and to remedy that evil," the Roman people then signified their good will, not with a shout, but with a universal uproar.

But now men are on the watch towers; they observe how every one of you behaves himself in respecting religion and in preserving the laws. They see that, ever since the passing of the law for restoring the power of the tribunes, only one senator, and he too a very insignificant one, has been condemned. And though they do not blame this, yet they have nothing which they can very much commend. For there is no credit in being upright in a case where there is no one who is either able or who endeavours to corrupt one. This is a trial in which you will be deciding about the defendant, the Roman people about you;—by the example of what happens to this man it will be determined whether, when senators are the judges, a very guilty and a very rich man can be condemned. Moreover, he is a criminal of such sort, that there is absolutely nothing whatever in him except the greatest crimes, and excessive riches; so that if he be acquitted, no other opinion can be formed of the matter except that which is the most discreditable possible. Such numerous and enormous vices as his will not be considered to have been cancelled by influence, by family connexion, by some things which may have been done well, or even by the minor vices of flattery and subserviency; in short, I will conduct the cause in this manner, I will bring forward things of such a sort, so well known, so proved by evidence, so important, and so undeniable, that no one shall venture to use his influence to obtain from you the acquittal of that man; for I have a sure path and method by which I can investigate and become acquainted with all their endeavours. The matter will be so managed by me that not only the ears but even the eyes of the Roman people shall seem to be present at all their counsels. You have in your power to remove and to eradicate the disgrace and infamy which has now for many years attached to your order. It is evident to all men, that since these tribunals have been established which we now have, there has never been a bench of judges of the same splendour and dignity as this. If anything is done wrongly in this case, all men will think not that other more capable judges should be appointed of the same order of men, which is not possible; but that another order must be sought for, from which to select the judges for the future.

On which account, in the first place, I beg this of the immortal gods, which I seem to myself to have hopes of too, that in this trial no one may be found to be wicked except him who has long since been found to be such; secondly, if there are many wicked men, I promise this to you, O judges, I promise this to the Roman people, that my life shall fail rather than my vigour and perseverance in prosecuting their iniquity. But that iniquity, if it should be committed, I promise to prosecute severely, with however much trouble and danger to myself, and whatever enmities I

may bring on myself by so doing, you, O Marcus Glabrio, can guard against ever taking place by your wisdom, and authority, and diligence. Do you undertake the cause of the tribunals. Do you undertake the cause of impartiality, of integrity, of good faith and of religion. Do you undertake the cause of the senate; that, being proved worthy by its conduct 5 in this trial, it may come into favour and popularity with the Roman people. Think who you are, and in what a situation you are placed; what you ought to give to the Roman people, what you ought to repay to your ancestors. Let the recollection of the Acilian law passed by your father occur to your mind, owing to which law the Roman people has had this 10 advantage of most admirable decisions and very strict judges in cases of extortion. High authorities surround you which will not suffer you to forget your family credit; which will remind you day and night that your father was a most brave man, your grandfather a most wise one, and your father-in-law a most worthy man. Wherefore, if you have inherited 15 the vigour and energy of your father Glabrio in resisting audacious men; if you have inherited the prudence of your grandfather Scævola in foreseeing intrigues which are prepared against your fame and that of your fellow-judges; if you have any share of the constancy of your father-in-law Scaurus, so that no one can move you from your genuine and deliberate 20 opinion, the Roman people will understand that with an upright and honourable prætor, and a carefully selected bench of judges, abundance of wealth has more influence in bringing a criminal into suspicion, than in contributing to his safety.

I am resolved not to permit the prætor or the judges to be changed in 25 this cause. I will not permit the matter to be delayed till the lictors of the consul can go and summon the Sicilians, whom the servants of the consuls elect did not influence before, when by an unprecedented course of proceeding they sent for them all; I will not permit those miserable men, formerly the allies and friends of the Roman people, now their slaves and 30 suppliants, to lose not only their rights and fortunes by their tyranny, but to be deprived of even the power of bewailing their condition; I will not, I say, when the cause has been summed up by me, permit them after a delay of forty days has intervened, then at last to reply to me when my accusation has already fallen into oblivion through lapse of time; I will 35 not permit the decision to be given when this crowd collected from all Italy has departed from Rome, which has assembled from all quarters at the same time on account of the comitia, of the games, and of the census. The reward of the credit gained by your decision, or the danger arising from the unpopularity which will accrue to you if you decide unjustly, 40 I think ought to belong to you; the labour and anxiety to me; the knowledge of what is done and the recollection of what has been said by every one, to all. I will adopt this course, not an unprecedented one, but one that has been adopted before, by those who are now the chief men of our state,— 45 the course, I mean, of at once producing the witnesses. What you will find novel, O judges, is this, that I will so marshal my witnesses as to unfold the whole of my accusation; that when I have established it by examining my witnesses, by arguments, and by my speech, then I shall show the

agreement of the evidence with my accusation; so that there shall be no difference between the established mode of prosecuting, and this new one, except that, according to the established mode, when everything has been said which is to be said, then the witnesses are produced; here they shall
 5 be produced as each count is brought forward; so that the other side shall have the same opportunity of examining them, of arguing and making speeches on their evidence. If there be any one who prefers an uninterrupted speech and the old mode of conducting a prosecution without any break, he shall have it in some other trial. But for this time let him
 10 understand that what we do is done by us on compulsion, (for we only do it with the design of opposing the artifice of the opposite party by our prudence). This will be the first part of the prosecution. We say that Caius Verres has not only done many licentious acts, many cruel ones, towards Roman citizens, and towards some of the allies, many wicked acts
 15 against both gods and men; but especially that he has taken away four hundred thousand sesterces out of Sicily contrary to the laws. We will make this so plain to you by witnesses, by private documents, and by public records, that you shall decide that, even if we had abundant space and leisure days for making a long speech without any inconvenience,
 20 still there was no need at all of a long speech in this matter.

—C. D. YONGE.



ANARCHY AT HOME

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE

SALLUST

Sallust's estimate of the conspiracy, which took place in the year 63 B.C., is that it was an attempt at a complete overthrow of the government. Although he may exaggerate its importance, as Cicero clearly does in his celebrated speeches against Catiline, he is right in interpreting it as one of a number of unmistakable evidences of the increasing inadequacy of the governmental machine. (For Sallust, see above p. 94.)

To maintain the dignity of human nature is the true ambition of man; and to that end it becomes the duty of all, who aspire to distinguish themselves from the race of inferior animals, to exert their most strenuous efforts, lest they pass their days in silence, like the herds of the field,
 25 formed by nature prone to the earth, and governed altogether by the incitements of appetite. Man is composed of mind and body, and in the exercise of both consists the energy of his nature. The mind is the directing principle; the body is subservient. The former we participate with the gods; the latter we hold in common with the brute creation. Hence the fame
 30 acquired by our intellectual powers has ever appeared to me the truest

glory, far superior to all that can be achieved by mere corporeal vigour; and since the life which we enjoy is frail and transitory, it should be the endeavour of every man to extend his fame, and leave a lasting memorial of his existence. For what are all the advantages of wealth, and all the graces of form and feature? mere precarious gifts, that soon fade and moulder away. It is virtue, and virtue only, that ennobles the human character, and lives in the memory of aftertimes. 5

But a just estimate of our mental and bodily faculties was not easily made. Which of them was most conducive to the success of military operations, was in former times a question much agitated, and long undecided. It is evident, however, that before the undertaking of a warlike enterprise, judgment is required to concert and plan the necessary measures; vigour in the execution is equally necessary. The powers of man, in their separate functions feeble and ineffectual, demand each other's aid, and flourish by mutual assistance. 10 15

And yet we see that in the commencement of royalty (for by that title the first rulers of the world were dignified) the several kings proceeded by different exertions; some choosing to cultivate their mental faculties, while others relied on bodily vigour. But in that period men led a blameless life; each individual enjoyed his own, and with that was satisfied. In process of time, when Cyrus in Asia, and the Spartans and Athenians in Greece, began to extend their conquests over cities and nations; when the lust of dominion was a sufficient motive for the desolation of war, and the acquisition of territory swelled the conqueror's pride; then at length the dangers of the field and the intricacy of negotiations made it evident that the head, and not the sword, is the great engine of war. Were the same attention paid to the affairs of civil government; if kings and leaders of armies were as willing to display their genius in the calm seasons of peace, the rights of men would rest on a surer foundation, and the world would no longer be a scene of war and wild commotion. Dominion obtained by the powers of genius, may be supported by the same arts. But when, in the place of industry, moderation, and justice, sloth, ambition, and inordinate desires succeed, the manners of a whole people change with their condition; and the government is transferred from the hands of incapacity, to the man of superior genius. 20 25 30 35

The labours of man, whether he choose to cultivate the land, to explore the ocean, or to raise the lofty dome, agriculture, navigation, architecture, and all the arts of life, owe their success to the faculties of the mind; and yet we see in the mass of life numbers addicted to sloth and the gratifications of appetite; men uneducated and unformed, who have passed their time like incurious travellers, of whom it may be said, the organs of bodily sensation were their delight, and their minds were no better than a burden. The life and death of all that description, I rank in the same degree; they pass away, and leave no trace behind them. He only, according to my way of thinking, can be said to live, and to answer the ends of his being, who devotes his time to some worthy employment, and either distinguishes himself by honourable deeds, or seeks the fame of excellence in some liberal art. 40 45

But the business of human life presents a variety of employments; and nature, by a secret bias, invites the industry of man to different scenes of action. To serve the commonwealth by patriot toil and vigour, is the highest glory; eloquence in the same cause deserves its rank of praise.

- 5 A name may become great and eminent in peace, as well as war. The men who have performed, and the historians who have recorded generous actions, have been ever held in esteem. It is true, the fame of him who writes can never equal that of him who acts; but still to compose the history of great transactions, has ever appeared to me an arduous under-
10 taking: first, because the style must be proportioned to the subject; and, again, because the reflections of the historian are in danger of being misconstrued. If he censures what is wrong, his objections are supposed to spring from envy and malevolence: if he describes a great and splendid virtue, and sets forth the glory of honourable deeds, every man in that
15 case makes himself the standard by which he judges; what he fancies within the reach of his own powers, he is willing to believe, and all beyond that compass he rejects as fiction.

- As to myself, I must acknowledge, that in my younger days, I felt, like many others, a strong desire to enter on the career of civil employment,
20 but many obstacles occurred to retard me in my progress. Instead of modesty, self-denial, and virtue, I saw boldness, corruption, and rapacity, around me. A mind, like mine, as yet unpractised in wrong, was disgusted of course by this general depravity; but still entangled in the vices of the times, and young and ambitious, I was hurried away by the torrent; and,
25 though my heart condemned the morals of those around me, I felt all the same aspiring impatience; and the love of fame, with its sure attendant envy, haunted and disturbed me. At length, however, when, after various conflicts, I escaped from all the dangers of my situation, and my spirits were restored to peace and tranquillity, I resolved to pass the rest of my
30 life at a distance from the stage of public business: but, in that retreat, it was by no means my intention to let the hours of leisure run to waste in listless indolence. I was not willing to pass my days in agriculture, hunting, or such degrading pursuits. On the contrary, recurring to those early studies, from which vain ambition had seduced me, I formed a resolution
35 to compose a narrative of Roman affairs, selecting for that purpose such events as seemed worthy of the notice of posterity; a task, in which I was the more willing to engage, as I could then bring to the work a mind uninfluenced by hope or fear, and perfectly free from party connexions. I shall therefore, with the strictest regard to truth, and with all possible
40 brevity, relate the conspiracy of Catiline; this event appearing to me to rank among the most memorable and interesting, whether we consider its singular atrocity or the novelty of the dangers which it menaced. Before, however, I enter upon my narrative, it will be proper to give some account of the manners and character of the man.

- 45 Lucius Catiline was the descendant of an illustrious family. The extraordinary vigour of his body was equalled by that of his mind; but his genius was fatally bent on mischief. Intestine discord, murder and massacre, plunder and civil wars, were the delight of his youth; and in

those scenes of commotion he exercised his earliest talents. His frame of body was such that he could endure hunger, cold, and watching, with a patience altogether incredible. His spirit was bold and daring; his genius subtle and various. Perfect in the arts of simulation and dissimulation; greedy after the property of others, and prodigal of his own, whatever he desired, he desired with ardour. Possessed of sufficient eloquence, his portion of wisdom was but small. Fond of the vast, the immoderate, the incredible, his spirit aimed at projects far beyond his powers. 5

Such being the temper of the man, it is no wonder, that, having before his eyes the late example of Sulla's usurpation, he formed a design to make himself master of the commonwealth. The measures by which he pursued the object gave him no solicitude: to be the tyrant of his country by any means, was his ardent passion. His mind, naturally fierce and impetuous, was rendered still more so by the ruin of his fortunes, and the goading reproaches of a guilty conscience; evils, which the crimes of every day augmented. The general depravity of the times was a further incentive: he saw the people corrupt and profligate, hurried on in a wild career of luxury and avarice, vices which differ in their nature, but agree in the misery of their consequences. 10 15

And here, since I have had occasion to mention the manners of the age, if I go back for a moment to review the practice of our ancestors, the digression, I trust, will not be deemed improper: it will serve to shew the spirit of the Roman government in war and peace; the system of civil and military institutions; the arts by which our ancestors founded the commonwealth, and carried it to the highest grandeur. We shall at the same time see by what fatal steps the government declined, till it fell from the noblest height to its present depth of degeneracy, and from the best and most flourishing state has now become the most weak and flagitious. 20 25

The city of Rome, as we collect from history, was founded and governed by the Trojans, who under the conduct of Æneas saved themselves from the destruction of their country, and wandered for some time from place to place in quest of a settled habitation. They were soon joined by the Aborigines, or natives of Italy; a race of men, who ran wild in the woods, and lived without any form of government, unchecked by laws, free and independent. The two nations agreed to coalesce: united within the same walls, it is wonderful how soon they became one undistinguished people, notwithstanding the diversity of their origin, their language, and their manners. The new state went on increasing in population, extending its territory, and forming wholesome regulations, insomuch that it began to assume the appearance of an opulent and flourishing colony. From that time, according to the usual course of human affairs, their growing affluence provoked the jealousy of their neighbours. Contentions ensued, and wars with different princes. The new settlers obtained little or no assistance from their allies, while the rest, struck with terror, kept aloof from the perils of war. The Romans, in the meantime, neglected nothing; intent on their internal policy, and conducting the war with vigour, they planned their military operations with judgment; they executed with dispatch, they animated one another; they gave battle to the enemy, and 30 35 40 45

by their courage were able to protect their liberty, their country, and their fellow-citizens. Having at length surmounted all their difficulties and by their valour delivered themselves from the calamities of war, they resolved to succour their allies; and thus, by conferring benefits, not by
 5 receiving them, they enlarged the circle of their friends.

They established a regular form of government, with the title of king. A select number of the wisest citizens, men indeed impaired by years, but still retaining the vigour of their mind, formed the great council of the state. They were distinguished by the title of fathers; a name derived from
 10 their advanced age; or, perhaps, from their paternal care of the commonwealth. In process of time, when the royal dignity, which was at first intended to protect the liberty of the subject, and promote the interests of the commonwealth, began to degenerate into pride and despotism, the constitution underwent a change, and two magistrates were appointed
 15 to supply the office of king for the term of a year only. The policy of the measure was, that a mere annual authority would not be sufficient to inflame the minds of men with pride and insolence. This was a period when every man stood forward in the service of his country, and when all who professed talents, discovered and exerted them. In despotic
 20 governments the able and the worthy are objects of more suspicion than the wicked and insignificant; nothing is so formidable to a tyrant as virtue.

Now civil liberty being established at Rome, the rapid progress with which the state enlarged its territory is almost incredible. The love of glory pervaded every breast. Young men, as soon as they were of age to
 25 carry arms, betook themselves to toil and labour in the camp, and in that school acquired the military art. To have burnished arms, and well-trained horses, was their pride; loose women and convivial riots had no attraction. To soldiers so formed and exercised, no labour was fatiguing; no place was rugged or difficult; the face of the enemy struck no terror: their virtue
 30 towered above all obstructions. The struggle among themselves was for glory. To assault the foe, scale the walls, and to be seen while they performed such deeds, was their ambition. In that consisted their riches; that was their highest glory; that was their true nobility. Covetous of praise and lavish of money, they panted for glory, and were indifferent about
 35 riches; a competence obtained with honour satisfied their wishes. I could here enumerate their military exploits; could mention places where they had defeated powerful armies with a very inferior force, and taken cities by assault which Nature herself had fortified; but this recital would lead me too far from my original design.

40 It may, however, be observed, that in the course of human affairs much is owing to chance and the circumstances of the time. Hence it happens, that the actions of men are often obscured or aggrandized, as caprice inspires, not as truth should dictate. For example, the transactions of the Athenians were, it must be acknowledged, great and noble; but surely
 45 they fall short of the splendour with which they are represented. The fact is, Athens produced a race of eloquent writers, whose genius gave such a lustre to what they related that the fame of their countrymen surpasses all the rest of the world; and the virtue of the men who figured in those

times, is now seen in all the colours of eloquence, carried by the writers as high as imagination could aspire. The Romans had not those advantages: their ablest men were employed in action. They exercised the body as well as the mind. To act rather than speak, was the ambition of eminent men, and they performed what others might praise, instead of praising what others had performed. 5

But even that rude, unenlightened age produced a system of the best and wisest institutions. Sound morals were established in the city and the army. A spirit of union prevailed; not a symptom of avarice was seen; virtue and justice were secured as much by good inclination as by the laws. Their strife, their quarrels, and their differences were all confined to the enemy; with their fellow-citizens they knew no disunion; to distinguish themselves by superior virtue, was the only struggle. Magnificent in their temples, they were economists in their homes; and their fidelity in friendship was pure and exemplary. Their maxims for their own good and the welfare of the public were few and simple, namely, courage in war, and justice in peace. As a proof of what has been advanced, it may be observed, that in the most active campaign they had more frequent occasion to punish the soldiers who attacked the enemy without orders, or continued the battle after the signal for retreat, than the men who deserted their colours or fled from their post. In time of peace, their rule was to secure obedience by rewards rather than by punishment; and when they received an injury, they chose rather to forgive, than to revenge. 10 15 20

By this wise system the republic rose to the highest pitch of grandeur; great and opulent states were reduced to subjection; powerful kings were conquered; Carthage, that formidable rival, was laid in ruins; and Rome remained mistress by land and sea. It was then that fortune began to change the scene, and throw everything into confusion. The people who had before that time endured hardship and labour, peril and adversity, began to relax; and to them repose and riches, the great objects of other nations, became a burden that broke their spirit, and extinguished their virtue. A love of money, and lust for power, took possession of every mind. These hateful passions were the source of innumerable evils. Good faith, integrity, and every virtuous principle, gave way to avarice; and in the room of moral honesty, pride, cruelty, and contempt of the gods succeeded. Corruption and venality were introduced; and everything had its price. Such were the effects of avarice. Ambition was followed by an equal train of evils; it taught men to be false and deceitful; to think one thing, and to say another; to make friendship or enmity a mere traffic for private advantage, and to set the features to a semblance of virtue, while malignity lay lurking in the heart. But at first these vices sapped their way by slow degrees, and were often checked in their progress; but spreading at length like an epidemic contagion, morals and the liberal arts went to ruin; and the government, which was before a model of justice, became the most profligate and oppressive. 25 30 35 40 45

In this decline of all public virtue, ambition, and not avarice, was the passion that first possessed the minds of men; and this was natural. Ambition is a vice that borders on the confines of virtue; it implies a love

of glory, of power, and pre-eminence; and those are objects that glitter alike in the eyes of the man of honour, and the most unprincipled: but the former pursues them by fair and honourable means, while the latter, who finds within himself no resources of talent, depends altogether upon
 5 intrigue and fallacy for his success. Avarice, on the other hand, aims at an accumulation of riches; a passion unknown to liberal minds. It may be called a compound of poisonous ingredients; it has power to enervate the body, and debauch the best understanding; always unbounded; never satisfied; in plenty and in want equally craving and rapacious.

- 10 At length, when Lucius Sulla had by force of arms restored the common-wealth (though unfortunately the issue of his enterprise did not produce the consequences which his first intentions seemed to promise); in the commotions that followed, his soldiers, flushed with conquest, thought of nothing but plunder and depredation. One aspired to have a splendid
 15 mansion; another, to possess a landed estate: none were restrained within the bounds of moderation; all gave a loose rein to their fury, and committed the most violent outrages on their fellow-citizens. There was still another source of corruption: Sulla, in order to allure to his interest the minds of the army which he commanded in Asia, renounced the
 20 military system of our forefathers, and allowed his soldiers to riot in luxury; the consequence of which was, that the softness of those delightful regions, and a life of indolence, made the men forget the discipline of their ancestors, and relaxed their native vigour. It was in Asia that the Roman soldiers first began to yield to the seductions of wine and women; to
 25 admire statues, pictures, and sculpture; to seize them for their own use in private houses and public buildings; to pillage the temples, and to lay violent hands on everything sacred and profane without distinction. When soldiers, thus inured to licentiousness, were flushed with victory, it cannot be matter of wonder that they left nothing to the vanquished. A series of
 30 prosperity is often too much even for the wisest and best disposed: that men corrupted should make a temperate use of their victory could not be expected. Riches became the epidemic passion; and where honours, imperial sway, and power, followed in their train, virtue lost her influence, poverty was deemed the meanest disgrace, and innocence was thought to
 35 be better than a mark for malignity of heart. In this manner riches engendered luxury, avarice, and pride; and by those vices the Roman youth were enslaved. Rapacity and confusion went on increasing; regardless of their own property, and eager to seize that of their neighbours, all rushed forward without shame or remorse, confounding everything
 40 sacred and profane, and scorning the restraint of moderation and justice.

- In order to form a just idea of ancient frugality and modern luxury, let us first consider the magnificence of our buildings, our superb mansions and villas, in extent and grandeur resembling large cities: it will then be
 45 matter of curiosity to compare the temples raised by our ancestors in honour of the gods; the simplicity that appears in those venerable structures, plainly shews that our forefathers, a religious race of men, considered piety as the ornament best befitting places of worship, in the

same manner as true glory was, in their estimation, the proper decoration of their houses. To those principles we must ascribe their conduct on the day of victory: they took nothing from the vanquished but the power of renewing hostilities. Is that the practice of the present times? Our victorious armies, with an abject spirit unworthy of soldiers, and with a ferocity that shocks humanity, plunder their allies, and rapaciously seize what the commanders of former times left even to their enemies. We seem to think, that to commit acts of oppression is the true use of power.

Need I mention, what to all but eyewitnesses would seem incredible? whole mountains levelled to the valley by the expense and labour of individuals, and even the seas covered with magnificent structures! To such men riches seem to be a burden: what they might enjoy with credit and advantage to themselves, they seem in eager haste to squander away in idle ostentation.

To these vices, that conspired against the commonwealth, many others may be added, such as prostitution, convivial debauchery, and all kinds of licentious pleasure. The men unsexed themselves, and the women made their persons venal. For the pleasures of the table, sea and land were ransacked; the regular returns of thirst and hunger were anticipated; the hour of sleep was left to caprice and accident; cold was a sensation not to be endured by delicate habits; luxury was the business of life, and by that everything was governed. In this scene of general depravity, the extravagance of youth exhausted whatever was left of their patrimonial stock, and their necessities urged them on to the perpetration of the most flagitious deeds. The mind, habituated to every vice, could not divest itself of passions that had taken root, and, by consequence, all were hurried down the stream of dissipation, eager to grasp whatever could administer to inordinate and wild desires.

In so vast, so populous, and so corrupt a city, which swarmed with hordes of the vile and profligate, Catiline had at his beck a band of desperate men, who served as body-guard near his person. Whoever was thoroughly debauched, and rendered infamous by a long course of adultery; whoever by his gluttony, by gaming, by his headlong passion, his lawless pleasures, and festival carousals, had ruined his fortune; whoever was overwhelmed with debts, contracted to pay the forfeit of his crimes; the whole gang of parricides, sacrilegious wretches, convicts, or men who lived in fear of conviction, together with the perjurer and assassin, who were nourished with the blood of their fellow-citizens; and, in short, all who felt themselves distracted by their flagitious deeds, their poverty, or the horrors of conscience; all of this description lived with Catiline in friendship and the closest familiarity. If it happened that a person of unblemished character was drawn into the vortex of Catiline and his crew, by the force of daily intercourse, and the baits thrown out to ensnare him, he soon became one of the same stamp, in nothing inferior to the rest.

To allure the youth of Rome to his party, was Catiline's main design: in the early season of life the tender mind, he well knew, was susceptible of the first impression, and consequently easily moulded to his purposes.

He watched the temper of his proselytes, and studied their predominant passions. He found concubines for some, and for others horses and dogs. He spared neither his purse nor his honour, in order by any means to increase the number of his followers. . . .

- 5 The conspirators, who have been already mentioned, being assembled in convention, Catiline, though he had tampered with them separately, thought it expedient to address them in a body, in order to inflame the minds of all with new ardour, and a spirit of union. For this purpose, he withdrew with the whole party to the most retired part of the house; and,
10 after due precaution to exclude spies and informers, he delivered the following harangue:

- "If I had not abundant reason to rely with confidence on your fidelity and undaunted valour, the opportunity that now presents itself would answer no useful end, and the prospect which we have of making a radical
15 reform of the state, would be vain and fruitless. For myself, if I thought I had now to do with weak and abject spirits, I should remain inactive, unwilling to exchange a safe and sure condition for the precarious prospect of future events. But I know you all; I know your firmness, your unshaken constancy in the worst of times. Encouraged by your fidelity and courage,
20 I have planned a great, a glorious enterprise. Our hopes and fears are the same; our interests are interwoven with each other; the same good or evil awaits us all. We stand or fall together. Our desires and diversions are the same; we have but one will, that is our bond of union; to think alike of the commonwealth is the true source of lasting friendship.

- 25 "The cause in which we are embarked has been explained to you all in separate conferences. I burn with impatience to strike the finishing blow. The ardour that expands my bosom, is kindled by your presence to a brighter flame; but let me ask you, what must be our condition, if we have not the spirit to redress our grievances, and vindicate the rights of men?
30 What I desire to know is the true state of the commonwealth. A few imperious demagogues have seized all power into their own hands; to those usurpers, kings, princes, and tetrarchs, crouch in subjection; they are tributary to our masters; foreign nations pay taxes to them; and as to us, wretched citizens! in what light have we been considered? The good,
35 the virtuous, the noble, and ignoble, are all blended in one undistinguished mass; a mere vulgar herd, without interest, without place or preferment; obliged, like slaves, to bend to those, who, if a thorough reform took place, and restored the government to its true principles, would shrink and tremble before the majesty of the people. At present, everything is
40 engrossed by a proud and insolent oligarchy; power, riches, honours, are in the hands of the few, or scantily dealt out among their creatures, at their will and pleasure. To us they have left nothing but disgrace, contempt, and danger, the terror of prosecutions, and the pangs of griping poverty. How long, ye brave and gallant men! how long will you endure these vile
45 indignities? Let us rouse at once; or if we must fall, let us fall nobly in one brave attempt, rather than crawl on to our graves, dragging a miserable existence under the scourge of insolent nobles, to die at last the victims of a lawless usurpation.

“But the juncture is favourable; success, I call men and gods to witness! success and victory are in our hands. We are in the vigour of life; our minds are strong and active; while, on the other hand, our enemies, enervated by sloth and luxury, droop under their infirmities, and languish in decay. To begin the attack is to conquer; events will direct and guide our future operations. 5

“Is there a man, who feels the energy of his nature, who in these times can look tamely on, and see the senators and the patrician order riot in such heaps of wealth, that they are able with wild profusion to cover the seas with magnificent buildings, and annihilate mountains, while we are left to pine in want and misery of heart? Shall the nobles build their splendid porticos for the purpose of making a communication between two or more palaces; and shall we in the meantime want a cottage for the reception of our household gods? Behold your tyrants at an immense expense purchasing pictures, statues, vases curiously wrought in gold and silver; see them with sudden caprice pulling down their new-built mansions, erecting other more magnificent, and in short, dissipating their riches with lavish extravagance, and yet, with all their folly, still unable to drain their coffers. And what is our case? We have beggary at home, a load of debts abroad; desolation before our eyes, and not the smallest hope of relief to assuage our misery. In a word, the breath we draw is all that is left us. 10 15 20

“And shall we not in these circumstances rise as one man? Behold, my friends, behold that liberty for which you long have panted; behold riches, honours, and immortal glory, all within your reach: they glitter before your eyes; they call forth to action. These are the bright rewards which fortune has in store for valour. The situation of affairs, the time, the favourable juncture, the dangers that surround you, the hard hand of poverty that weighs you down, and the splendid spoils of war, that promise joy and affluence; all these are now before you; they are strong incentives, more powerful than all the arguments I can urge. Make your own use of me; I am your general, if you will; or if you choose it, your fellow-soldier. My heart is with you; my powers of body and mind are devoted to your service. As matters stand at present, I am not without hopes of obtaining the consulship, and in that high office I propose, in conjunction with you, to concert our future measures. When I say this, I rely on your generous ardour, persuaded that you are not so abject as to pine in slavery, when you have it in your power to be the legislators of your country.” 25 30 35

This speech was addressed to the passions of men who groaned under every kind of distress, without any means of support, and without a gleam of hope to comfort them. To such minds a convulsion in the state was an inviting prospect, the bright reward of all their labours. The majority, however, desired to be informed upon what terms they were to embark in so bold an enterprise; what was to be the recompense of their fidelity; what were their resources, and where they were to look for friends to support their cause? Catiline promised to cancel all their debts, a proscription of the rich, the honours of the magistracy, sacerdotal dignities, 40 45

plunder, rapine, with all the usual perquisites of war, and whatever the insolence of victory could extort from the vanquished. . . .

The election soon after followed, and in a full assembly of the people Cicero and Antonius were declared consuls for the year.

- 5 This event was a blow that staggered the conspirators; but Catiline, still fierce and determined, abated nothing from the violence of his temper. He continued his exertions; he strained every nerve, and provided arms at proper stations throughout Italy. The money which he was able to raise by his own credit, or that of his friends, he conveyed to the city
10 of Fæsulæ, to be there deposited in the hands of Manlius, the man who was afterwards the first that reared the standard of rebellion.

- Even in this situation of his affairs, Catiline, we are told, still had the address to gain over to his cause a number of proselytes, and among them several women, who in the prime of life had gained large sums of money
15 by setting a price on their beauty, but in more advanced years, when the decline of their charms reduced their profits, but left their passion for luxury still in force, they continued to live in the same course of unbounded expense, and consequently contracted a load of debt. By the arts of these women, Catiline flattered himself that he should be able to cause an
20 insurrection of the slaves, and with their assistance he resolved to set fire to the city. He had still a further use to make of his female friends: by their influence he hoped to draw their husbands into the conspiracy, or, if they refused to comply, he had no doubt but he could contrive to get them put to death. . . .

- 25 Though Catiline had thus prepared his measures, he did not lose sight of the consulship. He declared himself a candidate for the following year, still conceiving, if he succeeded, that Antonius would be an instrument in his hands. Determined, in the meantime, not to remain inactive, he made it his business to lay snares for Cicero. The consul was never off
30 his guard, but with consummate address was able to counteract the schemes of a wily adversary. He had no sooner entered on the consulship, than he took care to secure Fulvia in his interest, and through her he gained, by the force of promises, such an influence on Quintus Curius, who has been already mentioned, that the machinations of Catiline were
35 discovered to him without delay. Besides this advantage, Cicero had the precaution to detach Antonius from the conspiracy. He promised by his weight and management to procure for his colleague the administration of an opulent province; and, by that prospect of preferment, engaged him to take no part with the enemies of the commonwealth. In the mean
40 time Cicero took care to have, without parade, a number of his friends and clients near at hand to protect his person.

- The day on which, according to custom, the consuls elect were declared, Catiline had the mortification of seeing all his hopes utterly defeated. His various efforts against the life of Cicero were likewise unsuccessful.
45 In that distress, when all his secret machinations ended in confusion and disgrace, he resolved, without further hesitation, to have recourse to open arms. For that purpose, he ordered Caius Manlius to his post in Fæsulæ, to overawe that part of Etruria; to the territory of Picenum he

sent a man of the name of Septimius, a native of the city of Camers, and at the same time despatched Caius Julius to guard the passes of Apulia: several others were commissioned to seize the most advantageous posts in every quarter. He himself remained at Rome, exerting his utmost industry, and concerting plans of mischief. He was still envenomed against Cicero, and never ceased to lay snares for his life. He resolved to set fire to the city, and in every quarter stationed a band of assassins. He went constantly armed, and exhorted his followers to hold themselves in readiness on the first alarm. He never rested day or night; a stranger to repose, unsubdued by toil, and never fatigued by midnight vigils.

Perceiving at length that all his labours were still ineffectual, he directed Porcius Læca to call the chiefs of the conspiracy to a meeting in the dead of night. He there expostulated with his partisans, and after severe reproaches for their want of zeal, he gave them to understand, that he had commissioned Manlius to take upon him the command of an armed force, which was already mustered; and that various other officers had been despatched to proper stations, with orders to begin the war. He added, that he wished for nothing so much as to put himself at the head of his army; but Cicero by his counsels, his activity and vigilance, continued to frustrate all his measures. To cut off the consul was, therefore, a point of the greatest moment.

The assembly remained mute, and covered with consternation, when Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, offered to bear the murderer's poniard; and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, declared himself ready to join in the same horrible design. They resolved that very night to collect a band of ruffians, and at the dawn of day, under pretence of paying an early visit, to proceed to the consul's house, and dispatch him on the spot, unguarded and unsuspecting. Curius took the alarm; he shuddered at the danger that threatened Cicero's life, and discovered the plot to Fulvia, who took care to give immediate intelligence to the consul. The assassins kept their appointed hour, but gained no admittance; their design proved abortive.

Manlius, in the mean time, exerted himself with his utmost vigour to raise an insurrection in Etruria. The people in that part of the country were ripe for a revolt; extreme poverty, and the sense of injuries under Sulla's usurpation, exasperated the public mind; the wretched inhabitants had been deprived of their lands, and plundered of their property; resentment was fostered in every breast, and all were loud for a revolution. The country abounded with freebooters, and all of that description the rebel chief collected in a body. At the same time he made it his business to enlist the soldiers whom Sulla had planted in different colonies; a licentious crew, who had dissipated the spoils of war in riotous expense, and were now reduced to extreme poverty.

Cicero was regularly informed of all that passed, but found himself much embarrassed by the magnitude of the danger; apprehending that it would not be in his power to traverse the machinations of the conspirators by his own private diligence, and not being sufficiently apprized of the numbers and designs of Manlius, he resolved to open the whole affair to

the senate. Public report had spread a general alarm, but the particulars were not sufficiently known.

The senate, as was usual in cases of urgent necessity, ordained by a decree, "That the consuls should take care that the state suffered no
5 detriment." By this law, which was founded on ancient policy, and the institutions of our ancestors, the consuls were invested with extraordinary powers. They were authorized to raise new levies, and lead the armies of the republic to the field; by coercion to restrain the citizens of Rome and the allies, within due bounds; and to exercise supreme jurisdiction at
10 home as well as in camp. When no such act has passed, the consular authority is limited by law. The acts of power above-mentioned were never known to be exercised, unless sanctioned by a declaratory law.

In the course of a few days after the decree of the fathers, Lucius Senius, a member of the senate, produced in that assembly a letter, which
15 he said was brought to him from the city of Fæsulæ, importing that Manlius, about the sixth of the calends of November, had taken the field at the head of a numerous army. The account was swelled, as is usual on such occasions, with a number of prodigies and reports from various quarters; with an account of conventions held in different places; that
20 large quantities of arms were provided; and that a servile war was ready to break out in Capua and Apulia.

The senate ordered by a decree, that Quintus Marcius Rex should proceed to Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus to Apulia, in order to secure those parts of the country. Those two generals had been for some
25 time waiting on the outside of the city walls, in expectation of a triumphal entry, but that honour was withheld from them by the contrivance of artful men, whose practice it was on all occasions, just or unjust, to put every thing up to sale. By the same decree of the senate, the prætor, Quintus Pompeius, and Quintus Metellus Celer, were ordered to repair
30 to their posts; the former to command at Capua, the latter at Picenum. Both had it in commission to levy forces with all the expedition that the times required.

The senate, at the same time, passed another decree, "by which rewards were promised to whoever should give information touching the
35 conspiracy: if a slave, he was to have his freedom, and one hundred thousand sesterces; if a freeman, double that sum, and a full indemnity." It was further ordered, that whole families of gladiators should be stationed at Capua and other municipal towns, in proportion to the strength and importance of the places. Rome was guarded by a nightwatch placed at
40 convenient posts throughout the city, under the command of the inferior magistrates.

These preparations spread a general alarm through the city. The face of things was entirely changed. To scenes of joy and festivity, the consequence of a long peace, dismay and terror succeeded. Hurry, bustle,
45 and distraction, were seen in every quarter; no place was safe; distrust prevailed; no confidence among neighbours; a medley of peace and war prevailed; all were covered with confusion, and each individual formed his idea of the danger according to his doubts and fears. The panic that

seized the women was still more alarming. They had until then lived secure under a great and flourishing empire, and now the horror of an approaching war threw them into consternation. In despair they raised their hands to heaven; they wept over their infant children; they ran wild through the streets inquiring for news; they trembled at every report; they forgot their taste for pleasure, their pride and luxury, anxious only for their lives, and the safety of their country. 5

Meanwhile Catiline abated nothing from the ferocity of his nature; he persisted in his dark designs, still meditating scenes of destruction. The vigorous measures of the senate were not sufficient to control a mind like his. He even knew that he was impeached by Lucius Paulus for an offence against the Plautian law, and he still remained unshaken and undaunted. At length, in order to varnish his character, and throw a veil over his traitorous intentions, he had the hardiness to take his seat in the senate. It was on that occasion that the consul, Marcus Tullius Cicero, apprehending, perhaps, some dangerous consequence from the presence of such a man, or else fired with indignation at the audacity of a detected traitor, delivered that noble oration, which he afterwards reduced to writing, and published to the world. 10 15

As soon as Cicero closed his speech, Catiline, who went prepared with all his arts of dissimulation, rose with a modest and dejected air, and in a softened tone implored the fathers not to give credit to false suggestions against a man descended from an illustrious family. Following the example of his ancestors, he said that on many occasions he had deserved well of the commonwealth; and from his early youth had so regulated his conduct, as to entitle himself to fair and honourable expectations. Was it probable that he, of an illustrious patrician rank, could wish to see the government overturned? or that Cicero, a new man, lately transplanted from a municipal town, could have the interest of the state more at heart than himself? He went on in a strain of bitter invective against the consul, when he was interrupted by a general clamour. The fathers with one voice pronounced him an enemy to his country, a traitor, and a parricide. By this treatment Catiline was transported beyond all bounds: he broke out with rage and fury, and "Since," he said, "I am thus encompassed by my enemies, and by this outrage driven to the last extremity, the flame which I find kindled round me, shall be extinguished in the general ruin." 20 25 30 35

Having uttered that furious menace, he rushed out of the senate, and retired to his own house. He then fell into deep reflection; he saw that Cicero was not to be assailed by stratagem, and that the midnight guards prevented his intended conflagration. In the agitation of his mind, he judged that the best step he could take, would be to augment his army, and, before the legions could be called into the field, to anticipate the measures of his enemies. Having formed this resolution, he set out in the dead of the night with a few attendants, and made the best of his way to the Manlian camp. He left directions with Lentulus, Cethegus, and such of his accomplices as he knew to be men of prompt and daring resolution, to strengthen their faction by every method in their power; if possible, to cut off the consul; and hold themselves in readiness to lay a scene of 40 45

blood and massacre, to kindle a general conflagration, and involve the commonwealth in all the horrors of a destructive war. They might rely upon his firmness, and in a short time would find him at the gates of Rome with a powerful army. . . .

5 We are now at the point of time when the commonwealth was reduced to the most humiliating condition. She had carried her victorious arms from the rising to the setting sun: the city of Rome flourished in peace and affluence, the two great comforts of human life; and yet, in that very period, she harboured in her bosom a crew of desperate incendiaries; 10 men determined with fatal obstinacy to overwhelm themselves and their country in one promiscuous ruin. It is worthy of notice, that after two decrees, one offering a reward to informers, and the other a free pardon to such as revolted, not a man was found to make a discovery, nor was there a single deserter from the enemy. Such was the malignity of the 15 times; it spread like a contagion, and envenomed the minds of men against their country.

Nor was this dangerous spirit confined to the conspirators and their accomplices; it pervaded the lower class of citizens; and the rabble, with their usual levity, wished for a convulsion in the state. Nor is this to be 20 received as matter of wonder: it is natural to men who have no means of subsistence, to view the opulent with an eye of envy; lavish of their encomiums on the leaders of faction, they traduce the good and worthy with envenomed rancour; they hate the established system, and pant for innovation; they are weary of their own condition, and hope to find relief 25 in the distractions of their country. Tumult and sedition are to such men the season of plenty, and, in all events, poverty has nothing at stake.

There were, besides, various causes that conspired in that juncture to inflame the popular discontent. In the first place, all who had signalized themselves by their crimes; who by profusion had dissipated their substance; who were forced by their enormities to fly their country; and, in 30 short, all the loose and abandoned, crowded in one general conflux to the city of Rome, as to the centre of corruption. To these were added the whole tribe that remembered Sulla's victory, and could name the common soldiers who rose to the dignity of senators, with a list of others who 35 acquired immoderate riches, and lived in all the splendour of royal magnificence. All these were ready to take up arms, expecting to enrich themselves with the plunder of a civil war.

Besides these pests of society, there was at Rome a number of young men, who had been used in the country to earn a livelihood by their daily 40 labour, but being attracted to the city by the frequency of public and private largesses, they preferred an idle life to the unprofitable labours of the field. These, and all of their stamp, hoped to find their account in public commotions. That men like these, reduced to indigence, and void of morals, yet flushed with hopes of a reform in the senate, should make 45 the interest of the state subservient to their own private views, was a natural consequence.

There was still another party, composed of those whose fathers had been ruined by Sulla's proscriptions, and lost the rights of citizens. Their

descendants hoped to find in the calamities of war a redress of grievances, and wished for nothing so much as an opportunity to assert their rights.

The city, moreover, was divided into factions, and they who did not take part with the senate, could not bear to see their country in a more flourishing condition than themselves. Dissensions between the populace 5 and the senate had been the old inveterate canker of the commonwealth, subdued, indeed, for a considerable time; but, after an interval of many years, revived with all the violence of former rancour.

The renewal of this mischief may be traced to the consulship of Pompey and Crassus. Under their administration, the tribunes of the people 10 recovered their ancient rights, and all the powers annexed to their office. That magistracy, in a short time, fell to the lot of young men of fierce and turbulent dispositions, who began to disturb the proceedings of the senate, and by their contentions to inflame the people against the constituted authority of the state. To strengthen their influence, they distributed 15 largesses with unbounded generosity, and by adding liberal promises, seduced the multitude into a league against the constitution. The tribunes were elate with success, they triumphed over all opposition, and were the first men in the state. The nobles exerted themselves to stem the torrent, with pretended zeal for the dignity of the senate, but in fact to promote 20 their own grandeur. The truth is, the men who in those times appeared on the stage of public business, had the address to gloss their designs with specious colours, some pretending to be the friends of the people; others to maintain the rights of the senate. The public good was the ostensible motive of every faction, while ambition and the love of power were the 25 secret springs that set the whole in motion. The contention between the parties was carried on with animosity; justice and moderation were discarded, and the side that occasionally prevailed, exulted with all the pride and insolence of victory.

At length, when Pompey was sent to command against the Pirates, and afterwards to conduct the Mithridatic war, the popular party was no 30 longer able to make head against the nobles. The reins of government were seized by a few leading men, who engrossed the honours of the magistracy, the administration of provinces, and preferment of every kind. Superior to their fellow-citizens, and above control, they lived in splendour and 35 security, by the terror of prosecutions restraining all who presumed to take a part in public business, and, by consequence, leaving the people without a leader. In process of time, when the scene of affairs was changed, and men began to think a revolution not impracticable, the old dissension broke out with redoubled violence. The discontents of the populace rose to 40 such a pitch, that if Catiline gained the first victory, or even left the fortune of the day undecided, the commonwealth would have been reduced to the brink of danger. The war would have continued with alternate vicissitudes, without a decisive blow to end the conflict, till both sides, enfeebled and exhausted by repeated losses, would have fallen an easy prey to some 45 ambitious chief who stood prepared in such a crisis to usurp the supreme power, to the utter ruin of public liberty. . . .

On the following day one Lucius Tarquinius was led to the bar of the

senate. This man was apprehended on his way to Catiline's army, and brought in custody to Rome. He offered to make important discoveries, if he might speak with safety under the promise of a public pardon. Being satisfied on this point by the consul, he gave an account in effect the same
5 as Volturcius had done, stating the intended fire of the city, the massacre of the worthiest citizens, and the route by which the rebels were to advance to Rome. He added that "he was dispatched by Crassus to inform Catiline, that, so far from being discouraged by the imprisonment of Lentulus and Cethegus, with the other conspirators, he ought to expedite his march
10 towards Rome, in order to revive the courage of his party, and rescue his friends from confinement."

As soon as the informer mentioned the name of Crassus, a man of the first consideration in the state, distinguished by his illustrious birth, his vast riches, and his power and influence, a murmur of disapprobation was
15 heard from all quarters of the senate. Numbers pronounced the charge altogether incredible; others were of the opinion that it was not destitute of foundation, but that in such a crisis it would be more prudent to temporize, than to provoke the resentment of a great and powerful citizen. The majority of the Fathers had their private reasons for taking part with
20 Crassus: they were under pecuniary obligations, and did not hesitate to pronounce the charge a false and malicious calumny. Upon that point they desired that the question might be put. Cicero collected the voices, and the Fathers decreed unanimously, that "the information was false and groundless, and that Tarquinius should stand committed, never to be
25 heard again, unless he first discovered the person by whose procurement he had fabricated so vile a falsehood."

There was at that time a current opinion, that Publius Autronius was the author of the charge, under the idea that Crassus, finding himself implicated in the plot, would be a shield to protect the rest of the conspirators.
30 Others would have it, that Cicero suborned the witness, apprehending that Crassus might be induced, according to his custom, to undertake the defence of pernicious citizens. By involving him in the general guilt, it was supposed that his voice would be silenced. Since that time, Crassus has averred in my hearing, that he was indebted to Cicero for that dark
35 imputation.

It must be acknowledged, that Quintus Catulus and Caius Piso were not able by their weight and influence, by entreaty, or any other inducement, to prevail on Cicero to suffer a cloud of suspicion to be thrown on Julius Cæsar by the Allobrogians, or any other witness. Those two great
40 men were, in that juncture, the avowed enemies of Cæsar; the former, because on his return from Cisalpine Gaul, in a prosecution carried on against him for being corrupted by a bribe to pass judgment of death upon a native of the country beyond the Po, Cæsar took a decided part in that affair, and obtained judgment against him. The mind of Catulus was
45 embittered by his disappointment when he stood candidate for the office of high pontiff. Cæsar opposed his election; and that so young a man should enter into competitions, and be able to defeat an ancient citizen in the evening of his days, when he had almost closed the career of public

honours, was a reflection that inflamed him with resentment. Their time for framing an accusation against Cæsar was not ill chosen: Cæsar, by private liberality, and a profusion of largesses, had contracted an immense load of debt, and by that circumstance gave his enemies a fair opportunity.

Cicero, however, refused to enter into their designs; but still Piso and Catulus, though they found their solicitations ineffectual, persisted in their malevolent purpose. They caballed with individuals, framing from their own invention the foulest imputations, and, to give them colour, pretending that they had all their intelligence from Volturcius and the Allobrogians. By these artifices they excited the popular odium, and made Cæsar so obnoxious, that a band of Roman knights, who had ranged themselves under arms to guard the avenues of the Temple of Concord, drew their swords, and brandished them in a menacing manner, as Cæsar went forth from the senate. By this act of violence the knights declared their detestation of the conspiracy, or, perhaps, acted with a nobler motive, to announce their ardour in the cause of their country.

The fathers, finding ample reason to be satisfied with the testimony of the Allobrogians and Volturcius, proceeded to consider of the recompense due to them for their services. In the mean time, the freedmen and clients of Lentulus were busy in various parts of the city, with design to collect a party of slaves and labouring men, in order to rescue their patron out of custody. Others went about the streets in quest of certain seditious declaimers, on all occasions ready incendiaries for hire, and consequently well practised in the arts of raising popular tumults. Cethegus also had his emissaries, who endeavoured to stir up, by his domestic slaves and freedmen, an abandoned crew, ever ready for any desperate mischief. They were to proceed in a body, and sword in hand set their master at liberty.

The consul, informed of all that was in agitation, disposed his guards at proper stations, as the exigence seemed to require, and without delay convened the senate. To that assembly he opened the case of the prisoners. They had been all adjudged traitors and public enemies; he now moved for a decree, to determine finally what ought to be done with men in their situation. The question being put, Decimus Junius Silanus, at that time consul elect, was the first in order to deliver his opinion. His advice was, that not only those in actual custody, but also Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbranus, and Quintus Annius, as soon as taken, should all be condemned to suffer death. Julius Cæsar opposed that proposition: his speech on the occasion made such an impression on Silanus, that his resolution failed, and he went over to the opinion of Tiberius Nero, who was for strengthening the guard, and adjourning the debate for further consideration. . . .

As soon as Cato concluded, all of consular rank, and, indeed, the majority of the Fathers, went over to his opinion. They extolled his spirit and greatness of soul with the warmest applause; they fell into mutual reproaches, and accused one another of pusillanimity. The house resounded with the praises of Cato, and a decree was passed in form and substance as he proposed.

A reflection occurs in this place, which may claim some attention. The brave exploits and upright policy of the Romans have filled the page of history. After studying that page with diligence, and attending to the observations of others, I was led by curiosity to inquire what were the
 5 resources of the commonwealth, and what the principles that contributed to raise and support so vast a fabric. I was aware, that with inferior armies Rome had often made head against great and powerful nations; I knew that mighty monarchs had been obliged to yield to the superior valour of well-disciplined forces, and that the Roman legions were not to be subdued
 10 by adverse fortune. The Greeks had made the palm of eloquence their own, and the Gauls were at one time famous for a more warlike spirit.

The result of my inquiries was, that the Roman name owes all its lustre to the patriot spirit of a few great and eminent men, who by their virtue enabled poverty to cope with the wealth of nations, and inferior numbers
 15 to triumph over numerous armies. But when, after a long series of success, luxury diffused its baneful influence, and the minds of men grew torpid in ease and indolence, the commonwealth by its own inward energy was still able to stand on a solid basis, firm and unshaken by the vices of her commanders abroad, and the intrigues of her magistrates at home. But the
 20 season of public virtue has declined, and for several years Rome, like a superannuated matron, did not produce one great and eminent character.

Of late indeed, we have seen flourishing among us two illustrious citizens, both of the first order, adorned with superior talents, but different in their manners. The persons whom I have in view, are Marcus Cato and Caius
 25 Julius Cæsar. Two such characters ought not to be passed by in silence. They naturally present themselves to the historian's observation, and since the opportunity is so fair, I shall here endeavour, with all the skill I am master of, to give the prominent features of each.

In point of birth, age, and eloquence, they were nearly equal. Greatness
 30 of soul was the characteristic of both. They attained the summit of glory, but by different means. Cæsar came upon mankind by acts of friendship and public munificence: Cato stood distinguished by his moral conduct, and the integrity of his life. Humanity and benevolence were the virtues of Cæsar: severity of manners added dignity to the name of Cato. The
 35 former gained the affections of mankind by liberal donations, by generosity to his friends, and by forgiving his enemies; the latter distributed no favours, and on that reserved temper founded his glory. One was the protector of the unhappy; the other, the scourge of bad men. Cæsar was admired for the facility of his manners; Cato for his unshaken constancy.
 40 In a word, Cæsar entered on a career of vigilance, of active industry, and laborious application; he devoted his time to the interest of his friends, regardless of his own; whatever he possessed worthy of acceptance, he gave as a present; ambition was his ruling passion; he aimed at prodigious things; he desired to have the command of armies; he considered war as
 45 his element, and panted for some bright occasion, which might lay open to him the field of glory. Cato, on the other hand, was careful to observe the rules of moderation, of regular conduct, and, above all, an inflexible severity of manners. In point of riches he vied with no man; with the

factions he entered into no competition; an honest emulation inspired his soul; the constant rival of the good and worthy, he struggled for the palm of courage with the brave; in simplicity of life he contended with the modest, and in a constant course of virtue, with the most pure and innocent. To be, and not to seem, was his settled principle. He disregarded popularity, and his glory rose the higher. 5

As soon as the senate concurred, as has been mentioned, with the sentiments of Cato, the consul thought that no time ought to be lost, and accordingly, to prevent seditious attempts during the night, which was then approaching, he ordered the triumvirs to prepare for the immediate execution of the condemned malefactors; he himself, having first disposed his guards at proper stations, conducted Lentulus to the prison. The prætors attended the rest of the conspirators. 10

In the jail, as you ascend on the left hand, there is a place called the Tullian dungeon, sunk about twelve feet under ground, enclosed on all sides with strong walls, and covered over with a stone arch; a dark and dismal vault, exhaling a fetid stench, the last stage of guilt and misery. Lentulus was conducted to that hideous cavern, and there strangled by the officers of justice. 15

Such was the dismal catastrophe of a man descended from an illustrious branch of the Cornelian family, who had been invested with the consular dignity. He closed his days by an ignominious death, the just retribution due to his crimes. Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Ceparius, suffered in like manner. . . . 20

Antonius, the commander of the Roman army, was attacked by a fit of the gout, and, by consequence, unable to conduct the battle. He gave the honour of the day to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant-general. By the directions of that officer the army was drawn up in the following order: the veterans, who had been called out to serve in the exigence of the times, were stationed in the front; the rest of the army formed their lines in the rear. Petreius rode through the ranks, calling on the men by name: he exhorted, he conjured them to exert their former courage. "You see," he said, "a band of freebooters, of robbers, and murderers, a vile collection of incendiaries almost naked and disarmed. When you advance to the charge, remember that you draw the sword in the cause of your country, your children, your altars, and your household gods." Petreius had been a military man for more than thirty years: he rose to eminence through the several gradations of tribune, præfect, lieutenant-general, and prætor, having served during all the time with the highest honour. In the several stations through which he passed, he had a fair opportunity of knowing most of the veterans; he called to mind their former conduct, and by holding to view their acts of valour, inspired them with a resolution to act in a manner worthy of themselves. 30 35 40

Having arranged his measures, Petreius ordered the trumpets to sound to battle. The cohorts advanced with a slow pace in regular order. Catiline's soldiers did the same. As soon as the two armies drew so near, that the light-armed troops could begin the onset by a volley of darts, both sides set up a warlike shout, and rushed on to the attack. A close engagement 45

followed. None relied on their missive weapons; they fought sword in hand. The veterans, eager to preserve their renown in arms, advanced into the heat of the action. The rebels received them with a steady countenance. A fierce and obstinate conflict ensued. Catiline, at the head of his
 5 light-armed infantry, shewed himself in the front of the lines; he fought in the thickest ranks; he succoured all that gave ground; he supplied the place of the wounded with fresh soldiers; wherever the enemy pressed, he was ready to support the ranks; he charged in person, and enacted prodigies of valour, at once a gallant soldier and an able general.

- 10 Petreius, seeing that Catiline disputed the field with more obstinacy than he at first expected, led his prætorian cohort into the thick of the battle. The rebels were thrown into disorder, and a dreadful slaughter followed. All who resisted were put to the sword. The Roman wings, at the same time, attacked the enemy in flank. Manlius, and the commander from
 15 Fæsulæ, both fighting bravely, fell in the first onset. Catiline saw his troops routed on every side, and nothing but desolation round him. Having only a handful of his followers left, he was still determined not to forget his illustrious birth, and the dignity of his rank. He rushed among the closest ranks, and, exerting himself with fury and brave despair, fell
 20 under repeated wounds.

- When the battle was ended, the fierce and obstinate spirit that animated Catiline's army, appeared manifest to view. The spot on which the soldier took his stand during the action, was covered with his body when he expired. A few, whom the prætorian cohort overpowered, were driven
 25 from their post, but they fell under honourable wounds. Catiline was found at a distance from his men, amidst heaps of slain. His breath had not quite left him: the same ferocity that distinguished him when living, was still visible in his countenance.

- It may be further observed, that in his whole army not one free citizen
 30 was taken prisoner, either during the battle, or after the defeat. Determined to give no quarter, they were prodigal of their own lives. Nor could the army of the commonwealth boast of having gained a cheap victory. They paid the price of their blood. The bravest among them were either slain in the action, or carried from the field covered with wounds. Numbers
 35 went from the camp to survey the field of battle, led either by curiosity, or in search of plunder. Employed in moving the dead bodies, they found among the slain a friend, a relative, or an intimate companion. Some discovered their particular enemies stretched on the ground. The impressions made by this melancholy scene were various: mixed emotions
 40 of joy and sorrow, regret and congratulation, prevailed throughout the army.

—ARTHUR MURPHY.



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN MILO AND CLODIUS

CICERO

[From the *Defence of Milo*]

Cicero's statesmanship limited itself to solving each problem as it arose. The conflict between Milo and Clodius was only one of a number of indications that something was fundamentally wrong. The two leaders with their gangs of slaves had caused anarchy at Rome for a time by their street brawls. Finally Clodius was killed by Milo's followers in 52 B.C. Milo was brought to trial and was defended unsuccessfully by Cicero. It was later that Cicero wrote the speech given below.

When Publius Clodius had determined to distress the republic by all sorts of wickedness during his prætorship, and saw that the comitia were so delayed the year before, that he would not be able to continue his prætorship many months, as he had no regard to the degree of honour, as others have, but both wished to avoid having Lucius Paullus, a citizen of singular virtue, for his colleague, and also to have an entire year to mangle the republic; on a sudden he abandoned his own year, and transferred himself to the next year, not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full and entire year to act as prætor, that is, to overthrow the republic.

It occurred to him that his prætorship would be crippled and powerless, if Milo was consul; and, moreover, he saw that he was being made consul with the greatest unanimity of the Roman people. He betook himself to his competitors, but in such a manner that he alone managed the whole election, even against their will,—that he supported on his own shoulders, as he used to say, the whole comitia,—he convoked the tribes,—he interposed,—he erected a new Colline tribe by the enrollment of the most worthless of the citizens. In proportion as the one caused greater confusion, so did the other acquire additional power every day. When the fellow, prepared for every atrocity, saw that a most brave man, his greatest enemy, was a most certain consul, and that that was declared, not only by the conversation of the Roman people, but also by their votes, he began to act openly, and to say without disguise that Milo must be slain.

He had brought down from the Apennines rustic and barbarian slaves, whom you saw, with whom he had ravaged the public woods and Etruria. The matter was not concealed at all. In truth, he used to say undisguisedly that the consulship could not be taken from Milo, but that life could. He often hinted as much in the senate; he said it plainly in the public assembly. Besides, when Favonius, a brave man, asked him what he hoped for by giving way to such madness while Milo was alive? he answered him, that in three, or at most in four days, he would be dead. And this saying of his Favonius immediately reported to Marcus Cato, who is here present.

In the meantime, as Clodius knew—and it was not hard to know it—that Milo was forced to take a yearly, legitimate, necessary journey on the twentieth of January to Lanuvium to appoint a priest, because Milo was

dictator of Lanuvium, on a sudden he himself left Rome the day before, in order (as was seen by the event) to lay an ambush for Milo in front of his farm; and he departed, so that he was not present at a turbulent assembly in which his madness was greatly missed, and which was held
5 that very day, and from which he never would have been absent, if he had not desired to avail himself of the place and opportunity for a crime.

But Milo, as he had been that day in the senate till it was dismissed, came home, changed his shoes and his garments, waited a little, as men do, while his wife was getting ready, and then started at the time when Clodius
10 might have returned, if, indeed, he had been coming to Rome that day. Clodius meets him unencumbered on horseback, with no carriage, with no baggage, with no Greek companions, as he was used to, without his wife, which was scarcely ever the case; while this plotter, who had taken, forsooth, that journey for the express purpose of murder, was driving
15 with his wife in a carriage, in a heavy travelling cloak, with abundant baggage, and a delicate company of women, and maid-servants, and boys. He meets Clodius in front of his farm, about the eleventh hour, or not far from it. Immediately a number of men attack him from the higher ground with missile weapons. The men who are in front kill his driver, and
20 when he had jumped down from his chariot and flung aside his cloak, and while he was defending himself with vigorous courage, the men who were with Clodius drew their swords, and some of them ran back towards his chariot in order to attack Milo from behind, and some, because they thought that he was already slain, began to attack his servants who were
25 behind him; and those of the servants who had presence of mind to defend themselves, and were faithful to their master, were some of them slain, and the others, when they saw a fierce battle taking place around the chariot, and as they were prevented from getting near their master so as to succour him, when they heard Clodius himself proclaim that Milo was
30 slain, and they thought that it was really true, they, the servants of Milo, (I am not speaking for the purpose of shifting the guilt on to the shoulders of others, but I am saying what really occurred) did, without their master either commanding it, or knowing it, or even being present to see it, what every one would have wished his servants to do in a similar case.

35 These things were all done, O judges, just as I have related them. The man who laid the plot was defeated; violence was defeated by violence; or, I should rather say, audacity was crushed by valour. I say nothing about what the republic, nothing about what you, nothing about what all good men gained by the result. I do not desire it to be any advantage to
40 me to hear that he was born with such a destiny that he was unable even to save himself, without at the same time saving the republic and all of you. But if both reason has taught this lesson to learned men, and necessity to barbarians, and custom to all nations, and nature itself to the beasts, that they are at all times to repel all violence by whatever means they can
45 from their persons, from their liberties, and from their lives, then you cannot decide this action to have been wrong, without deciding at the same time that all men who fall among thieves must perish, either by their weapons, or by your sentence.

And if he had thought that this was the law, it would have been preferable for Milo to offer his throat to Publius Clodius,—which was not attacked by him once only, nor for the first time on that day,—rather than now to be destroyed by you because he did not surrender himself then to be destroyed by him. But if there is no one of you who entertains such an opinion as that, then the question which arises for the consideration of the court is, not whether he was slain or not, which we admit, but whether he was slain legally or illegally, which is an inquiry which has often been instituted in many causes. It is quite plain that a plot was laid; and that is a thing which the senate has decided to be contrary to the laws of the republic. By whom it was laid is a question. And on this point an inquiry has been ordered to be instituted. So the senate has marked its disapproval of the fact, not of the man; and Pompeius has appointed this inquiry into the merits of the case, and not into the fact of its existence.

Does then any other point arise for the decision of the court, except this one,—which laid a plot against the other? None whatever. The case comes before you in this way, that if Milo laid a plot against Clodius, then he is not to be let off with impunity. If Clodius laid it against Milo, then we are acquitted from all guilt.

How then are we to prove that Clodius laid a plot against Milo? It is quite sufficient in the case of such a wicked, such an audacious monster as that, to prove that he had great reason to do so; that he had great hopes founded on Milo's death; that it would have been of the greatest service to him. Therefore, that maxim of Cassius, to see to whose advantage it was, may well have influence in respect of these persons. For although good men cannot be induced to commit crimes by any advantage whatever, wicked often can by a very trifling one. And, if Milo were slain, Clodius gained this, not only that he should be prætor without having him for a consul, under whom he would not be able to commit any wickedness, but also that he should have those men for consuls while he was prætor, who, if they did not aid him, would at all events connive at all his proceedings to such an extent that he hoped he should be able to escape detection in all the frantic actions which he was contemplating; as they (so he argued to himself) would not, even if they were able to do so, be anxious to check his attempts when they considered that they were under such obligations to him; and on the other hand, if they did wish to do so, perhaps they would hardly be able to crush the audacity of that most wicked man when it got strength by its long continuance. Are you, O judges, the only persons ignorant of all this? Are you living in this city as ignorant of what passes as if you were visitors? Are your ears all abroad, do they keep aloof from all the ordinary topics of conversation of the city, as to what laws (if, indeed, they are to be called laws, and not rather firebrands to destroy the city, pestilences to annihilate the republic that man was intending to impose on all of us, to brand on our foreheads? Exhibit, I beg you, Sextus Clodius, produce, I beg, that copy of your laws which they say that you saved from your house, and from the middle of the armed band which threatened you by night, and bore aloft, like another palladium, in order, forsooth, to be able to carry that splendid present, that instrument

for discharging the duties of the tribuneship, to some one, if you could obtain his election, who would discharge those duties according to your directions. . . .

Now turn your attention to Milo. What advantages could it be to Milo
5 that Clodius should be slain? What reason was there why Milo, I will not say should do such an action, but should even wish for his death? Oh, Clodius was an obstacle to Milo's hope of obtaining the consulship. But he was obtaining it in spite of him. Ay, I might rather say he was obtaining it all the more because Clodius was opposing him; nor in fact was I a
10 more efficient support to him than Clodius was. The recollection, O judges, of the services which Milo had done to me and to the republic had weight with you. My entreaties and my tears, with which I perceived at that time that you were greatly moved, had weight with you; but still more weight had your own fear of the dangers which were impending. For who of the
15 citizens was there who turned his eyes to the unrestrained prætorship of Publius Clodius, without feeling the greatest dread of a revolution? and unrestrained you saw that it would be unless you had a consul who had both courage and power to restrain him; and as the whole Roman people saw that Milo alone was that man, who could hesitate by his vote
20 to release himself from fear, and the republic from danger?

But now, now that Clodius is removed, Milo has got to labour by more than ordinary practices to preserve his dignity. That preeminent glory, which was then attributed to him alone, and which was daily increasing in consequence of his efforts to repress the frenzy of Clodius, has been put
25 an end to by the death of Clodius. You have gained your object of being no longer afraid of any one of the citizens; he has lost that incessant arena for his valour, that which procured him votes for the consulship, that ceaseless and ever-springing fountain of his glory. Therefore, Milo's canvass for the consulship, which could not be hindered from prospering
30 while Clodius was alive, now, the moment he is dead, is attempted to be checked. So that the death of Clodius is not only no advantage, but is even a positive injury to Milo.

"Oh, but his hatred prevailed with him; he slew him in a passion; he slew him because he was his enemy; he acted as the avenger of his own injury;
35 he was exacting atonement to appease his private indignation." But what will you say if these feelings, I do not say existed in a greater degree in Clodius than in Milo, but if they existed in the greatest possible degree in the former, and not at all in the latter? What will you require beyond that? For why should Milo have hated Clodius, the material and groundwork
40 of his glory, except as far as that hatred becoming a citizen goes, with which we hate all worthless men? There was plenty of reason for Clodius to hate Milo, first, as the defender of my safety; secondly, as the repressor of his frenzy, the defeator of his arms; and lastly, also, as his prosecutor. For Clodius was liable to the prosecution of Milo, according to the provi-
45 sions of the Plotian law, as long as he lived. And with what feelings do you suppose that that tyrant bore that? how great do you suppose was his hatred towards him? and, indeed, how reasonable a hatred was it for a wicked man to entertain.

It remains for me now to urge his natural disposition and his habits of life in the defence of one, and the very same things as an accusation against the other. Clodius, I suppose, had never done anything by violence; Milo had done everything by violence. What then shall I say, O judges? When, amid the grief of all of you, I departed from the city, was I afraid of the result of trial? was I not afraid of slaves, and arms, and violence? What, I pray you, was the first ground of my restoration, except that I had been unjustly driven out? Clodius, I suppose, had commenced a formal prosecution against me; he had named a sum as damages; he had commenced an action for high treason; and, I suppose too, I had cause to fear your decision in a cause which was an unjust one, which was my own private cause, not one which was a most righteous one, and which was, in reality, your cause, and not mine? No,—I was unwilling that my fellow-citizens, who had been saved by my prudence and by my own personal danger, should be exposed to the arms of slaves and needy citizens and convicted malefactors. For I saw—I saw, I say, this very Quintus Hortensius, the light and ornament of the republic, almost slain by the hands of slaves, while he was standing by me. In which crowd Caius Vibienus, a senator, a most excellent man, who was with Hortensius, was so maltreated that he lost his life.

When, then, was it that that assassin's dagger of his, which he had received from Catiline, rested? It was aimed at us; I would not allow you all to be exposed to it for my sake. It was prepared in treachery for Pompeius. It stained with blood, through the murder of Papirius, the very Appian road, the monument of his name; this, this same dagger, after a long interval was again turned against me; lately, as you know, it nearly murdered me close to the palace of Ancus.

What is there of Milo's conduct like all this? when all the violence that he has ever displayed has amounted to this, that he wished to prevent Publius Clodius (as he could not be brought to trial) from oppressing the city by violence. And if he wished to put him to death, what great, what repeated, and what splendid opportunities he had of doing so! Might he not have avenged himself without violating the law when he was defending his own house and his household goods from his attacks? might he not have done so when that illustrious citizen and most gallant man, Publius Sextius, his own colleague, was wounded? might he not have done so when that most excellent man, Quintus Fabricius, while carrying a bill for my restoration, was driven away, and when a most cruel slaughter was taking place in the forum? might he not have done so when the house of Lucius Cæcilius, that most upright and fearless prætor, was attacked? might he not have done so on that day on which the law concerning me was passed, and when that vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, whom a regard for my safety had roused up, would have gladly recognised and adopted as its own the glory of that action? so that, even if Milo had performed it, the whole state would claim the praise of it as belonging to itself.

And what a time was it? A most illustrious and fearless consul, Publius Lentulus, and enemy to Clodius, the avenger of his wickedness, the

bulwark of the senate, the defender of your inclinations, the patron of that general unanimity, the restorer of my safety; seven prætors, eight tribunes of the people, adversaries of him, defenders of me, Cnæus Pompeius, the prime mover of and chief agent in my return, his open
 5 enemy; whose opinion respecting my return, delivered in the most dignified and most complimentary language, the whole senate adopted; he who exhorted the whole Roman people, and, when he passed a decree concerning me at Capua, gave himself the signal to all Italy, which was eager for it, and which was imploring his good faith, to join together for the purpose
 10 of restoring me to Rome; in short, universal hatred on the part of all the citizens, was excited against him, while their minds were inflamed with as earnest a regret for me; so that if any one had slain him at that time, people's thoughts would have been, not how to procure impunity for such a man, but how to reward him sufficiently.

15 Nevertheless, Milo restrained himself, and twice summoned Publius Clodius before the court, but never once invited him to a trial of strength in scenes of violence. What do I say? while Milo was a private individual, and on his trial before the people, on the accusation of Publius Clodius, when an attack was made on Cnæus Pompeius, while speaking in defence
 20 of Milo, was there not then not only an admirable opportunity of, but even a reasonable pretext for slaying him? And lately when Marcus Antonius had inspired all virtuous men with the very greatest hopes of safety, and when he, being a most noble young man, had with the greatest gallantry espoused the cause of the republic, and had that beast almost
 25 in his toils in spite of his avoiding the snares of the law; what an opportunity, what a time and place was there, O ye immortal gods! And when Clodius had fled and hidden himself in the darkness of the stairs, there was a fine opportunity for Milo to slay him without incurring the slightest odium himself, and to load Antonius at the same time with the greatest
 30 glory! What? How repeatedly had he a similar chance in the comitia! when he had broken into the voting booth, and contrived to have swords drawn and stones thrown, and then on a sudden, terrified at the look of Milo, fled towards the Tiber, and you and all virtuous men prayed to heaven that Milo might take it into his head to give full scope to his
 35 valour.

If then he did not choose to slay him, when he might have done so with the gratitude of every one, is it likely that he should have chosen to do so when some people were sure to complain of it? If he did not venture to do it when he might have done so lawfully, when he had both place and time
 40 in his favour, when he might have done so with impunity, can we believe that he did not hesitate to slay him unjustly at a time and place which supplied him with no excuse for the deed, when it was at the hazard of his life? especially, O judges, when the day of contest for the greatest distinction of the state, and the day of the comitia, was at hand. At which time
 45 (for I know what a nervous thing ambition is, how vehement and how anxious is the desire for the consulship), we are afraid of everything, not only of those things which can be openly found fault with, but even of whatever can be secretly thought; we shudder at every rumour, at every

idle and empty story; we look anxiously at every one's countenance, at every one's eye. For there is nothing so soft, so tender, so frail, so flexible, as the inclinations and feelings of our fellow-citizens towards us; for they are not only angry at any impropriety in the conduct of candidates, but they often even take a disgust at our virtuous actions. . . .

I see that all things up to this point are plain and consistent. That it was even desirable for Milo that Clodius should live; that for Clodius the death of Milo was the most advantageous thing possible, with reference to those objects on which he had set his heart; that he bore him the most bitter hatred, but that Milo had no such feelings towards him; that the one lived in a perpetual round of violence, that the other's habits were limited to repelling it; that Milo had been threatened by him with death, and that his death had been openly predicted by him; that no such expression had ever been heard from Milo; that the day of Milo's journey was well known to Clodius, but that Clodius's return was unknown to Milo; that the journey of the one was inevitable, and that of the other was even inconvenient to himself; that the one had openly declared that on that day he should set out from Rome, that the other had concealed the fact of his intending to return on that day; that the one had in no respect whatever changed his intention, that the other had invented a false pretence for changing his mind; that the one, if he were plotting, would naturally wish night to come on when he was near the city, while an arrival at the city by night was to be feared by the other, even if he had no apprehension of danger from this man.

Let us now consider this, which is the main point of all; for which of the two the identical spot where they did meet was the best suited for planting an ambush. But is that, O judges, a matter about which one can possibly doubt or think seriously for a moment? In front of Clodius's farm—that farm on which, on account of those absurd erections and excavations for foundations of his, there were pretty well a thousand vigorous men employed,—on that high and raised ground belonging to his adversary, did Milo think that he should get the better in the contest, and had he with that view selected that spot above all others? Or was he rather waited for in that place by a man who had conceived the idea of attacking, because of the hopes that that particular spot suggested to him? The facts, O judges, speak for themselves; facts, which are always of the greatest weight in a cause. If you were not hearing of this transaction, but were looking at a picture of it, still it would be quite visible which of the two was the plotter which was thinking no evil, when one of the two was driving in a chariot wrapped up in a mantle, with his wife sitting by his side. It is hard to say which was the greatest hindrance to him, his dress, or his carriage, or his wife. How could a man be less ready for battle than when he was entangled in a mantle as in a net, hampered with a carriage, and fettered as it were by his wife clinging to him? Look, on the other hand, at Clodius, first setting out from his villa; all on a sudden: why? It was evening. Why was he forced to set out at such a time? Going slowly. What was the object of that, especially at that time of night? He turns aside to the villa of Pompeius. To see

Pompeius? He knew that he was near Alsium. To see the villa? He had been in it a thousand times. What, then, was his object? Delay; he wanted to waste time. He did not choose to leave the spot till Milo arrived.

Come now, compare the journey of this unencumbered bandit with all the hindrances which beset Milo. Before this time he always used to travel with his wife; now he was without her. He invariably went in a carriage; now he was on horseback. His train were a lot of Greeklings wherever he was going; even when he was hastening to the camp in Etruria; but this time there were no triflers in his retinue. Milo, who was never in the habit of doing so, did by chance have with him some musical slaves belonging to his wife, and troops of maid servants. The other man, who was always carrying with him prostitutes, worn-out debauchees both men and women, this time had no one with him except such a band that you might have thought every one of them picked men. Why, then, was he defeated? Because the traveller is not always murdered by the robber; sometimes the robber is killed by the traveller; because, although Clodius in a state of perfect preparation was attacking men wholly unprepared, still it was the case of a woman falling upon men. And, indeed, Milo was never so utterly unprepared for his violence, as not to be nearly sufficiently prepared. He was always aware how greatly it concerned the interest of Publius Clodius that he should be slain, how greatly he hated him, and how great was his daring. Wherefore, he never exposed his life to danger without some sort of protection and guard, knowing that it was threatened, and that a large price, as it were, was set upon it.

Add to this consideration all the chances; add the always uncertain result of a battle, and the common fortune of Mars, who often overthrows the man who is already exulting and stripping his enemy, and strikes him to the ground by some mean agent; and the blundering conduct of a leader who had dined and drunk, and who was yawning and drowsy; who, when he had left his enemy cut off in the rear, never thought of his companions on the outskirts of his train; and then when he fell among them inflamed with anger, and despairing of saving the life of their master, he fell on that punishment which the faithful slaves inflicted on him as a retribution for their master's death. Why, then, has Milo emancipated them? He was afraid, I suppose, lest they should give information against him; lest they should be unable to bear pain; lest they should be compelled by tortures to confess that Publius Clodius was slain in the Appian road by the slaves of Milo.

What need is there of any torture? What do you want to know? whether he was slain? He was slain. Whether he was slain lawfully or unlawfully? That is beyond the province of the torture. For the rack can only inquire into the fact; it is the bench of judges that must decide on the law. . . .

Nor, indeed, is it without good reason that Milo's cause has always been approved of by the senate. For these wisest of men took into consideration the whole circumstances of the case; Milo's presence of mind, and vigour in defending himself. Have you forgotten, O judges, when the news of Clodius's death was still recent, the opinions and the language which was held, not only by Milo's enemies, but also by other ignorant people?

They said that he would not return to Rome at all. For if he had committed the deed in a passionate and excited mood, so that he had slain his enemy while under the influence of strong hatred, they thought that he would consider the death of Publius Clodius an event of such importance, that he would bear being deprived of his country with equanimity, as he had sated his hatred in the blood of his enemy; or, if he had deliberately intended to deliver his country by the slaughter of Clodius, then they thought that he, as a brave man, would not hesitate, after having brought safety to his country at his own risk, to submit with equanimity to the laws, to carry off with himself everlasting renown, and to leave those things to us to enjoy which he had preserved for us himself.

Many also spoke of Catiline and the monsters of his train. "We shall have another Catiline breaking out. He will occupy some strong place; he will make war on his country." Wretched sometimes is the fate of those citizens who have faithfully served the republic! when men not only forget the illustrious exploits which they have performed, but even suspect them of the most nefarious designs! Therefore, all those things were false, which would certainly have turned out true, if Milo had committed any action which he could not defend with honour and truth. . . .

And if people are even now afraid of Milo, we are not now under apprehension because of the charge respecting Clodius, but we are shuddering at your suspicions,—at yours, I say, O Cnæus Pompeius (for I address you yourself, and I speak loudly so that you may be able to hear me). If you are afraid of Milo,—if you believe that he either now cherishes wicked designs against your life, or that he ever has entertained such; if the levying of troops throughout Italy, as some of your recruiting-sergeants pretend,—if these arms,—if these cohorts in the Capitol,—if these watchmen, these sentinels,—if this picked body of youths, which is the guard of your person and your house, is all armed against an attack on the part of Milo; and if all these measures have been arranged, and prepared, and aimed against him alone,—then certainly he must be a man of great power, of incredible courage; surely it must be more than the power and resources of one single man which are attributed to him, if the most eminent of our generals is invested with a command, and all Italy is armed against this one man. But who is there that does not understand that all the diseased and feeble parts of the republic were entrusted to you, O Pompeius, that you might heal and strengthen them with your arms? And if an opportunity had been afforded to Milo, he would, doubtless, have proved to you yourself, that no man was ever more dear to another than you are to him; that he had never shunned any danger which might be of service in promoting your dignity; that he had often contended against that most foul pest on behalf of your glory; that his conduct in his tribuneship had been entirely regulated by your counsels for the protection of my safety, which was an object very dear to your; that he afterwards had been defended by you when in danger of his life, and had been assisted by you when a candidate for the prætorship; and that he had always believed that the two firmest friends whom he had were you and I,—you, as shown by the kindness of your behaviour to him, and I, secured

to him by the services which he himself had done me. And if he could not convince you of this,—if that suspicion had sunk so deep in your mind that it could not possibly be eradicated; if, in short, Italy was never to have any rest from those levies, nor the city from arms, till Milo was ruined,—
 5 then no doubt, he, without hesitation, would have departed from his country, a man born to make such sacrifices and accustomed to make them; but still he would have cited you, O Magnus, as a witness in his favour, as he now does.

See, now, how various and changeable is the course of human life,—
 10 how fickle and full of revolutions is fortune; what instances of perfidy are seen in friends, how they dissemble and suit their behaviour to the occasion; when dangers beset one, how one's nearest connexions fly off, and what cowardice they show. The time will come, ay, will most certainly come,—that day will surely dawn some time or other, when you, though
 15 your affairs, are all, as I trust they will be, in a really sound condition, though they may, perhaps, wear an altered appearance in consequence of some commotion of the times, such as we are all liable to (and how constantly such things happen we may know from experience),—when you, I say, may be in need of the good-will of one who is most deeply
 20 attached to you, and the good faith of a man of the greatest weight and dignity, and the magnanimity of the very bravest man that ever lived in the world. Although, who would believe that Cnæus Pompeius, a man most thoroughly versed in public law, in the usages of our ancestors, and in all the affairs of the republic, after the senate had entrusted to him the charge
 25 of taking care, “that the republic suffered no injury,” by which one line the consuls have always been sufficiently armed, even though no warlike weapons were given to them,—that he, I say, after having had an army and a levy of troops given to him, would wait for a legal decision to repress the designs of that man who was seeking by violence to abolish the courts
 30 of justice themselves?

It was sufficiently decided by Pompeius, quite sufficiently, that all those charges were falsely brought against Milo; when he passed a law by which, as I conceive, he was bound to be acquitted by you,—at all events, as all men allow, might legally be acquitted. But when he sits in that place,
 35 surrounded by all those bands of public guards, he declares plainly enough that he is not striking terror into you (for what could be less worthy of him than to condemn a man whom he himself might punish if guilty, both by his own authority and in strict accordance with the precedents of our ancestors?), but that he keeps them about him for the sake
 40 of protection; that you may be aware, that it is allowed to you to decide with freedom according to your own opinions, in contradiction to that assembly of the people which was held yesterday.

Nor, O judges, am I at all moved by the accusation respecting Clodius, nor am I so insane, and so ignorant of, and inexperienced in, your feelings,
 45 as not to be aware what your opinions are about the death of Clodius, concerning which, if I were unwilling to do away with the accusation in the manner in which I have done away with it, still I assert that it would have been lawful for Milo to proclaim openly, with a false but glorious

boast, "I have slain, I have slain, not Spurius Mælius, who fell under the suspicion of aiming at kingly power by lowering the price of corn, and by squandering his own family estate, because by that conduct he was thought to be paying too much court to the common people; not Tiberius Gracchus, who out of a seditious spirit, abrogated the magistracy of his own colleague; whose slayers have filled the whole world with the renown of their name; but him" (for he would venture to name him when he had delivered his country at his own risk) "who was detected in the most infamous adultery in the most sacred shrine, by most noble women; him, by the execution of whom the senate has repeatedly resolved that solemn religious observances required to be propitiated; him whom Lucius Lucullus, when he was examined on the point, declared on his oath that he had detected in committing unhallowed incest with his own sister; him, who by means of armed bands of slaves drove from the country that citizen whom the senate, whom the Roman people, whom all nations had declared to be the saviour of the city and of the lives of all the citizens; him, who gave kingdoms, took them away, and distributed the whole world to whomsoever he pleased; him who, after having committed numberless murders in the forum, drove a citizen of the most extraordinary virtue and glory to his own house by violence and by arms; him, to whom nothing was ever too impious to be done, whether it was a deed of atrocity or of lust; him, who burnt the temple of the nymphs, in order to extinguish the public record of the census which was committed to the public registers; lastly, him who acknowledged no law, no civil rights, no boundaries to any man's possessions,—who sought to obtain other people's estates, not by actions at law and false accusations, not by unjust claims and false oaths, but by camps, by an army, by regular standards and all the pomp of war,—who, by means of arms and soldiers, endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Etrurians, for he thoroughly despised them, but even this Publius Varius, that most gallant man and most virtuous citizen, one of our judges,—who went into other people's villas and grounds with architects and surveyors, who limited his hopes of acquiring possessions by Janiculum and the Alps; him, who, when he was unable to prevail on an estimable and gallant Roman knight, Marcus Paconius, to sell him his villa on the Prelian Lake, suddenly conveyed timber, and lime, and mortar, and tools in barques to the island, and while the owner of the island was looking at him from the opposite bank, did not hesitate to build a house on another man's land; who said to Titus Furfanius—O ye immortal gods, what a man! (for why should I mention that insignificant woman, Scantia, or that youth Aponius, both of whom he threatened with death if they did not abandon to him the possession of their villas?) but he dared to say to Furfanius, that if he did not give him as much money as he demanded, he would carry a dead body into his house, and so raise a storm of unpopularity against him; who turned his brother Appius, a man connected with me by the most faithful friendship, while he was absent, out of the possession of his farm; who determined to run a wall across the vestibule of his sister's house in such a manner, and to draw the line of foundation in such a direction, as not only to deprive his

sister of her vestibule, but of all access to her house, and of her own threshold."

- Although all these things appeared such as might be endured,—although he attacked with equal fury the republic, and private individuals, and men
- 5 who were at a distance, and men who were near, people who had no connexion with him, and his own relations; yet somehow or other the incredible endurance of the state had by long use grown hardened and callous. But as for the things which were at hand, and were impending over you, in what manner was it possible for you either to avert them or to
- 10 bear them? If he had once obtained real power,—I say nothing of our allies, of foreign nations, and kings, and tetrarchs; for you would have prayed that he might turn himself against them rather than against your possessions, your houses, and your money; money, do I say? your children, rather,—I solemnly swear he would never have restrained himself from
- 15 your children and from your wives. Do you think that these things are inventions of mine? They are evident; they are notorious to every one; they are proved. Is it an invention of mine that he was about to enlist an army of slaves in the city, by whose instrumentality he might take possession of the whole republic, and of the private fortune of every one?
- 20 Wherefore, if Titus Annius, holding in his hand a bloody sword, had cried out, "Come hither, I beg of you, and listen to me, O citizens: I have slain Publius Clodius; with this sword and with this right hand I have turned aside from your necks the frenzied attacks of that man whom we were unable to restrain by any laws, and by any judicial proceedings
- 25 whatever; by my single efforts has it been brought to pass that right, and equity, and laws, and liberty, and modesty, and chastity remain in this city"; would there in truth have been any reason to fear in what manner the city would receive this announcement? For now, as it is, who is there who does not approve of what has been done? who does not praise it?
- 30 who does not both say and feel that of all men to whom recollection can reach back, Titus Annius has done the republic the greatest service; that of all men he has diffused the greatest joy among the Roman people, and over the whole of Italy, and throughout all nations? I cannot form a conception of what would have been the old-fashioned joy of the Roman
- 35 people. Already our age has seen many, and those most illustrious victories, won by consummate generals; but not one of them has brought with it a joy that either lasted so long, or that was so excessive while it did last.

—C. D. YONGE.



THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR¹

CÆSAR

[From the *Civil War*, Book I]

Cæsar takes advantage of a very remarkable introduction to a military narrative to make plain his own political conduct. He very skilfully defends his position, in undertaking war on the government as represented by the senate, while seeming merely to picture the unyielding attitude of the opposing faction. In the Civil War, Cæsar narrates the campaigns from the crossing of the Rubicon in 49 B.C. to the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalus in 48. (For Cæsar, see above p. 122.)

When Cæsar's dispatch had been handed to the consuls, the tribunes, with difficulty and after much wrangling, gained their permission for it to be read in the senate, but they could not obtain consent for a motion to be brought before the senate on the subject of the dispatch. The consuls bring forward a motion of the state of public affairs. The consul L. Lentulus puts pressure on the senate, and promises that he will not fail the republic if the senators are willing to express their opinions with boldness and resolution; but if they pay regard to Cæsar and try to win favour with him as they have done on previous occasions, he says that he will consider his own interests and will not obey their authority. "I too," said he, "can shelter myself under the favour and friendship of Cæsar." Scipio expresses himself in similar terms—that Pompeius is inclined not to desert the republic if the senate follows him; but if it delays and acts remissly, it will in vain solicit his aid should it wish to do so in the future.

This speech of Scipio appeared to come from the mouth of Pompeius himself, since the senate was meeting in the city and Pompeius was close at hand. Some had expressed less rigorous views, such as M. Marcellus, who at first embarked on a speech to the effect that the question ought not to be referred to the senate till levies had been held throughout Italy and armies enrolled under whose protection the senate might venture to make such decrees as it wished safely and freely; such, too, as M. Calidius, who expressed the opinion that Pompeius should go to his own provinces in order that there might be no motive for hostilities: Cæsar, he said, was afraid lest it should be thought that Pompeius, having extorted two legions from him, was holding them back and retaining them near Rome with a view to imperilling him; such also as M. Rufus, who with a few modifications followed the opinion of Calidius. All these speakers were assailed with vehement invective by the consul L. Lentulus. He absolutely refused to put the motion of Calidius, and Marcellus, alarmed by the invectives, abandoned his proposal. Thus most of the senators, compelled by the language of the consul, intimidated by the presence of the army and by the threats of the friends of Pompeius, against their will and

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

yielding to pressure, adopt the proposal of Scipio that Cæsar should disband his army before a fixed date, and that, if he failed to do so, he should be considered to be meditating treason against the republic. The tribunes M. Antonius and Q. Cassius intervene. The question of their
 5 intervention is immediately brought before the senate. Opinions of weighty import are expressed, and the more harsh and cruel the speech the more it is applauded by the personal enemies of Cæsar.

When the senate was dismissed in the evening all the members of the order are summoned out of the city by Pompeius. He praises the zealous
 10 and encourages them for the future; the sluggish he reproves and stimulates. Everywhere a number of reserves from the old armies of Pompeius are called out to serve by the prospect of prizes and promotion; many are summoned from the two legions handed over by Cæsar. The city and the comitium itself are filled with tribunes, centurions, reserves. All the friends
 15 of the consuls, all the adherents of Pompeius and of those whose enmity to Cæsar was of long standing, are compelled to attend the senate. By their clamorous throngs the weaker are terrified and the wavering are confirmed, while the majority are robbed of the privilege of free decision. The censor L. Piso promises to go to Cæsar, also the prætor L. Roscius, to inform
 20 him of these matters. They demand a period of six days for the execution of their purpose. Some express the opinion that envoys should be sent to Cæsar to set before him the feelings of the senate.

All these speakers encounter opposition and are confronted with speeches from the consul, from Scipio, and from Cato. Cato is goaded
 25 on by his old quarrels with Cæsar and vexation at his defeat. Lentulus is moved by the greatness of his debts, by the prospect of a military command and a province, and by the lavish bribes of rulers claiming the title of king, and boasts among his friends that he will prove a second Sulla to whom shall fall the supreme command. Scipio is stimulated by
 30 the same hope of a province and of armies, which he thinks that kinship will entitle him to share with Pompeius; also by the dread of the law courts, by the flattery of certain powerful men who had then great influence in public affairs and in the law courts, and by his own and their ostentatious character. Pompeius, urged on by Cæsar's enemies and by his desire that
 35 no one should be on the same level of dignity with himself, had completely withdrawn himself from Cæsar's friendship and become reconciled with their common enemies, most of whom he had himself imposed upon Cæsar at the time of their connexion by marriage. Stirred, too, by the discredit attaching to his diversion of two legions from their route by
 40 Asia and Syria and his appropriation of them for his own power and supremacy, he was eager that the issue should be brought to the arbitrament of war.

For these reasons everything is done in hurry and confusion. Cæsar's friends are allowed no time to inform him, nor are the tribunes given any
 45 opportunity of protesting against the peril that threatened them, nor even of retaining, by the exercise of their veto, the most fundamental of their rights, which L. Sulla had left them, but within the limit of seven days they are compelled to take measures for their own safety, whereas the

most turbulent of the tribunes in earlier times had been wont to regard with apprehension the conclusion of at least eight months of administration. Recourse is had to that extreme and ultimate decree of the senate which had never previously been resorted to except when the city was at the point of destruction and all despaired of safety through the audacity of malefactors: "The consuls, the prætors, the tribunes, and all the proconsulars who are near the city shall take measures that the state incur no harm." These resolutions are recorded by decree of the senate on January 7. So on the first five days on which a meeting of the senate could be held after the date on which Lentulus entered on his consulship, except two election days, decrees of the severest and harshest character are passed affecting Cæsar's imperial command and those highly important officials, the tribunes of the people. The tribunes at once flee from the city and betake themselves to Cæsar. He was at that time at Ravenna and was awaiting a reply to his very lenient demands, in the hope that by some sense of equity a peaceable conclusion might be reached.

On the following days the senate meets outside the city. Pompeius carries out the policy which he had indicated by the mouth of Scipio. He commends the manly consistency of the senate, and sets forth the strength of his forces, showing that he has ten legions ready to hand, and, moreover, that he had ascertained for certain that the troops were ill-disposed to Cæsar and could not be persuaded to defend or follow him. Other matters are at once referred to the senate—that a levy should be held throughout Italy, that Faustus Sulla should be at once sent into Mauritania, and that a grant of money should be made to Pompeius from the treasury. A motion is also proposed that King Juba should be styled Ally and Friend. But Marcellus refuses to allow this for the present. The tribune Philippus vetoes the motion about Faustus. On the other matters decrees of the senate are recorded in writing. The provinces, two consular, the rest prætorian, are decreed to private persons. Syria falls to Scipio, Gallia to L. Domitius; Philippus and Cotta are passed over by private arrangement, nor are their lots cast into the urn. To the rest of the provinces prætors are sent. Nor do they wait, as had been the habit in previous years, for a motion to be brought before the people about their imperial command; but, wearing the scarlet military cloak, they leave Rome after offering the usual vows. The consuls quit the city, a thing which had never previously happened, and private persons have lictors in the city and the Capitol, contrary to all the precedents of the past. Levies are held throughout Italy, arms are requisitioned, sums of money are exacted from the municipal towns and carried off from the temples, and all divine and human rights are thrown into confusion.

When this was known Cæsar addresses his troops. He relates all the wrongs that his enemies had ever done him; and complains that Pompeius had been led astray and corrupted by them through jealousy and a desire to detract from his credit, though he had himself always supported and aided his honour and dignity. He complains that a new precedent had been introduced into the state whereby the right of tribunicial intervention, which in earlier years had been restored by arms, was now being branded

with ignominy and crushed by arms. Sulla, he said, though stripping the tribunicial power of everything, had nevertheless left its right of intervention free, while Pompeius, who had the credit of having restored the privileges that were lost, had taken away even those that they had before.

- 5 There had been no instance of the decree that the magistrates should take measures to prevent the state from suffering harm (the declaration and decision of the senate by which the Roman people are called to arms) except in the case of pernicious laws, tribunicial violence, a popular secession, or the seizure of temples and elevated positions: and he explains
10 that these precedents of a former age had been expiated by the downfall of Saturninus and of the Gracchi. No event of this kind had occurred at the time in question or had even been thought of. He exhorts them to defend from his enemies the reputation and dignity of the commander under whose guidance they have administered the state with unfailing
15 good fortune for nine years, fought many successful battles, and pacified the whole of Gaul and Germany. Thereupon the men of the Thirteenth Legion, which was present (he had called this out at the beginning of the disorder; the rest had not yet come together), exclaim that they are ready to repel the wrongs of their commander and of the tribunes.

- 20 Having thus learnt the disposition of the soldiery, he sets out for Ariminum with that legion, and there meets the tribunes who had fled to him. The rest of the legions he summons from their winter quarters and orders them to follow him. Thither comes the young L. Cæsar whose father was one of Cæsar's legates. When their first greetings were over he
25 explains—and this was the real reason of his coming—that he has a message from Pompeius to give him in a matter of private obligation. He says that Pompeius wishes to be cleared of reproach in the eyes of Cæsar, who should not censure as an affront to himself what he had done for the sake of the state. He had always placed the interests of the republic
30 before private claims. Cæsar, too, considering his high position, should give up for the benefit of the state his partisan zeal and passion, nor be so bitterly angry with his enemies as to injure the commonwealth in the hope that he is injuring them. He adds a few other remarks of this kind, at the same time making excuses for Pompeius. The prætor Roscius lays substantially the same proposals before Cæsar, and in the same language, and
35 makes it clear that he received them from Pompeius.

- Though these proceedings seemed to have no effect in lessening the sense of wrong, nevertheless now that he had found suitable persons to convey his wishes to Pompeius he makes the request of each of them that, as they
40 had brought him the instructions of Pompeius, they should not object to convey his demands in reply, in the hope that by a little trouble they might be able to put an end to serious disputes and free the whole of Italy from alarm. "As for myself," he said, "I have always reckoned the dignity of the republic of first importance and preferable to life. I was indignant that a
45 benefit conferred on me by the Roman people was being insolently wrested from me, and that, robbed of my six months' command, I was being dragged back to the city, when the people had directed that I should be allowed to be a candidate in absence at the next election.

Nevertheless, for the sake of the state I have borne with equanimity this infringement of my prerogative; when I sent a dispatch to the senate proposing that all should give up arms I failed to obtain even this request. Levies are being held throughout Italy, two legions which had been filched from me under the pretence of a Parthian war are being held back, 5 the state is in arms. To what does all this tend but to my own ruin? Still I am prepared to resort to anything, to submit to anything, for the sake of the commonwealth. Let Pompeius go to his own provinces, let us disband our armies, let every one in Italy lay down his arms, let fear be banished from the state, let free elections and the whole control of the republic be 10 handed over to the senate and the Roman people. That this may be done more easily and on definite terms and be ratified by an oath, let Pompeius himself come nearer or allow me to approach him. In this way a conference will settle all disputes."

Having received his instructions, Roscius arrives at Capua with L. Cæsar 15 and there finds the consuls and Pompeius, and delivers Cæsar's demands. After deliberation they reply and send him back by their hands written instructions, the main purport of which was that Cæsar should return to Gaul, quit Ariminum and disband his forces; if he did this, Pompeius would go to the Spanish provinces. Meanwhile, until a pledge was given 20 that Cæsar would carry out his promise, the consuls and Pompeius would not interrupt their levies.

It was an unfair bargain to demand that Cæsar should quit Ariminum and return to his province while he himself retained his provinces and legions that were not his own: to wish that Cæsar's army should be 25 disbanded while he himself continued his levies: to promise that he would go to his province and not to fix a limit of date for his departure, so that if he had not gone when Cæsar's consulship was over he would nevertheless be held guiltless of breaking his word: finally, his refusal to give an opportunity for a conference and to promise that he would approach 30 Cæsar tended to produce a profound despair of peace. And so he sends M. Antonius with five cohorts from Ariminum to Arretium, and himself stops at Ariminum with two cohorts and arranges to hold a levy there; he occupies Pisaurum, Fanum, and Ancona, each with one cohort.

—A. G. PESKETT.



THE DICTATORSHIP

HELPLESSNESS

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]

Cicero here voices the common feeling of the senatorial party, that under Cæsar's dictatorship they are completely shelved so far as administration of the state is concerned. (For Cicero, see above p. 109.)

To P. Nigidius Figulus:

Though I have for some time past been on the look-out as to what I had best write you, not only does no definite subject occur to me, but even the usual style of letter seems impossible. For of one department and
5 habitual element in those letters, which we used to write in the days of our prosperity, the state of the times has violently deprived us, and fortune has ordained that I should be unable to write or so much as to think of anything of the sort. There only remained a certain gloomy and wretched style of letter, and one suited to the state of the times: that, too,
10 fails me. In it there is bound to be either a promise of some assistance, or some consolation for your sorrow. I had no such promise to give: for, cast down by a similar blow of fortune, I am myself supporting my disasters by the aid of others, and it more frequently occurs to my mind to complain that I am living as I do, than to rejoice that I am alive. For although no
15 signal injury has been inflicted upon me personally appart from others, and although it has never occurred to my mind to wish for anything in such circumstances which Cæsar has not spontaneously offered me, yet nevertheless I am being so worn out with anxieties, that I regard myself as doing wrong in the mere fact of remaining alive. For I have lost not only
20 many very intimate associates whom either death has snatched from me, or exile torn away, but also all the friends whose affection my former defence of the Republic, accomplished with your aid, had gained for me. I am in the very midst of their shipwrecked fortunes and the confiscation of their property; and I not only hear—which in itself would have been
25 bad enough—but I have before my very eyes the sharpest of all pangs, the actual sight of the ruin of those men by whose aid in old times I quenched that conflagration. And in the city in which I once enjoyed such popularity, influence, and glory, I am now entirely deprived of all these. I retain, indeed, Cæsar's supreme kindness: but that cannot make up for violence and a
30 complete upset of the established order of things. Therefore, being shorn of all to which nature and taste and habit had accustomed me, I present no pleasant object either to others, as it seems to me, or to myself. For, being inclined by nature to be always actively employed in some task worthy of a man, I have now no scope, not merely for action, but even
35 for thought. And I, who in old times was able to help men, who were either obscure or even guilty, am now unable to make even a kind promise to Publius Nigidius—the most eminent man of the day for learning and purity of character, who formerly enjoyed the highest popularity, and at any rate was a most affectionate friend to me.

40 Therefore from that kind of letter I am forcibly debarred. The only thing left is to console you and to put before you some considerations by which I may endeavour to distract your thoughts from your afflictions. But, if anyone ever had, you have the gift in the highest degree of consoling either yourself or another. Therefore upon that part of the subject which
45 proceeds from profound reason and philosophy I will not touch: I will leave it entirely to you. What is becoming to a brave and wise man, what solidity of character, what a lofty mind, what a past such as yours, what studies and accomplishments, in which you have been eminent from

boyhood, demand of you—that you will see for yourself. I only undertake to assure you of what I am able to gather and perceive, from being at Rome and watching affairs anxiously and with attention: it is that you will not be long in the distressing circumstances in which you are at present; but that in those, nevertheless, which I share with you, you will perhaps be permanently. I think I perceive, to begin with, that the mind of him who is all-powerful is inclined to grant your restoration. I am not writing at random. The less familiar I am with him, the more minute am I in my inquiries. It is in order that he may feel less difficulty in returning a sterner answer to those with whom he is still more angry, that he is as yet slower than he otherwise would have been in releasing you from your distressing position. His close friends, indeed, and those most liked by him, both speak and think of you with surprising kindness. Then there is in your favour the wish of the common people, or I should rather say a consensus of all classes. Even that which for the present, indeed, is most powerless of all, but which must hereafter necessarily be powerful, I mean the Republic itself, will with all the strength it may possess enforce your claim before long, believe me, upon those very men by whom it is now held in bondage.

I come round, then, to the point of even making you a promise, which in the first instance I refrained from doing. For I will both open my arms to his most familiar friends, who are very fond of me and are much in my society, and will worm my way into his intimacy, which up to this time my scruples have closed to me, and I will at least follow up all the paths by which I shall think it possible to arrive at the object of our wishes. In all this department I will do more than I venture to write. And other things, which I know to be at your service at the hands of many, are in the highest state of preparation on my side. There is no one article of property belonging to me which I would choose to have my own rather than yours. On this point, and indeed on the whole subject, I write the less liberally, because I prefer your hoping, what I feel sure will be the case, that you will be in the enjoyment of your own again. It remains for me to beg and beseech you to keep up your spirits to the highest pitch, and not to remember those maxims only which you have learnt from other great men, but those also which you have yourself produced by your genius and industry. If you review these, you will at once hope for the best, and endure philosophically what happens, of whatsoever kind it may be. But you know this better than I, or rather anyone. For my part, whatever I understand to be your interests I will attend to with the greatest zeal and activity, and will preserve the memory of what you did for me at the saddest period of my life.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



HOME IS EXILE

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]

The senators are allowed to exist as private citizens. It behooves them to be resigned to their condition.

To M. Claudius Marcellus:

- I do not venture to advise a man of your consummate wisdom, nor to offer encouragement to a man of the highest spirit and the most conspicuous gallantry—certainly not to *console* him in any way whatever.
- 5 For if you bear what has happened as I am told you do, I ought rather to congratulate you on your manliness than console your sorrow. But if these great disasters to the state are breaking your heart, I have no ingenuity to spare for finding consolations for you, when I cannot console myself. All that remains, therefore, for me to do is at every point so to
- 10 display and guarantee my services, and to be in such a way ready to undertake whatever your friends may wish, as to shew that I hold myself your debtor not only for everything that is within my power to do, but also for what is beyond it. Nevertheless, please to consider that in what follows I have given you a warning, or (if you like) expressed an opinion, or from
- 15 affection for you have been unable to refrain from saying—that you, as I do myself, should make up your mind, if there is to be a republic at all, that the first place in it is your due in everybody's judgment as well as in actual fact, though you are necessarily yielding to the circumstances of the hour: but if there is none, that after all this is the place best fitted for
- 20 living even in exile. For if we are seeking freedom, what place is free from the master's hand? But if all we want is some place, no matter of what sort, what residence is pleasanter than one's own home? But believe me, even the man who now dominates everything favours men of talent: moreover, he opens his arms to high birth and lofty position, as far as circumstances and his own party needs allow. But I have said more than I
- 25 intended. I return therefore to that one fact—that I am yours, and will be by the side of your friends, always provided that they *are* yours: if not, I will in any case satisfy the claims of our attachment and affection in all particulars. Good-bye.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



A VICTORY OF BRUTE FORCE

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]*Brute Force" is ever the cry of the losing side.*

To M. Claudius Marcellus:

Though I am aware that as yet you have maintained a policy of a nature that I do not venture to rebuke—not that I do not myself disagree with it, but because I judge you to be a wise man, that I do not presume to prefer my views to yours—nevertheless, both the antiquity of our friendship and your eminent affection for me, which I have known from your childhood, have urged me to write to you what I believed would make for your personal security, and thought was not inconsistent with your honour. I have a vivid recollection that you were wise enough to discern the first signs of these disasters long before they occurred, and that you administered the consulship with the utmost splendour and in the most loyal spirit. But I also was conscious of this—that you were not satisfied with the policy of the civil war, nor with Pompey's forces, nor the nature of his army, and were always deeply distrustful of it: in which sentiment I think you remember that I also shared. Accordingly, you did not take much part in active service, and I always strove not to do so. For we were not fighting with the weapons with which we might have prevailed—deliberation, weight of character, and the righteousness of our cause, in all of which we had the superiority—but with muscles and brute force, in which we were not his equals. Accordingly, we were beaten, or, if worth cannot really be beaten, at least we were crushed and rendered powerless. And in this no one can do otherwise than highly praise your resolution, in that with all hope of victory you cast aside all desire of keeping up the contest also; and shewed that a wise man and a good citizen takes the first steps in a civil war with reluctance, but with pleasure declines taking the last. Those who did not adopt the same course as yourself I perceive to have split up into two classes. Either they endeavoured to renew the war—and these have betaken themselves to Africa: or, like myself, they trusted themselves to the victor. Your course was a kind of compromise between the two, since you perhaps regarded the second as cowardice, the first as blind obstinacy. I confess that by most people, or I should say by everybody, your plan has been judged to be wise, by many even magnanimous and courageous. But your policy, as it seems to me at least, has a certain limit, especially as in my opinion nothing is wanting to your being able to keep your entire fortune, except your own willingness to do so. For I have gathered that there is nothing else which causes him who is all-powerful to feel any hesitation, except the fear that you would not regard it as a favour at all. As to which there is no occasion for me to say what I think, since my conduct speaks for itself. However, even if you had already made up your mind, that you preferred being absent from Rome

to seeing what was repugnant to your feelings, yet you ought to have reflected that, wherever you were, you would be in the power of the man from whom you were fleeing. And even if he were likely to make no difficulty about allowing you to live in peace and freedom while deprived
 5 of property and country, you ought yet to have reflected whether you preferred living at Rome and in your own house, whatever the state of affairs, to living at Mitylene or Rhodes. But seeing that the power of the man whom we fear is so widely extended, that it has embraced the whole world, do you not prefer being in your own house without danger to
 10 being in another man's with danger? For my part, if I must face death, I would rather do so at home and in my native country, than in a foreign and alien land. This is the sentiment of all who love you, of whom the number is as great as your eminent shining virtues deserve. We have also regard for your property, which we are unwilling to see scattered. For,
 15 though it can receive no injury destined to be lasting, because neither the present master of the Republic, nor the Republic itself, will allow it, yet I don't want to see an attack made by certain banditti upon your possessions: and who these are I would have ventured to write, had I not felt sure that you understand. Here the anxieties, nay, the copious and
 20 perpetual tears of one man, your excellent brother Gaius Marcellus, plead for your pardon: I come next him both in anxiety and sorrow, but in actual prayers am somewhat slow, because I have not the right of *entrée* to Cæsar, being myself in need of intercession. We have only the influence which the conquered have, yet in counsel and zeal we are not wanting to
 25 Marcellus. By your other relations my help is not asked. I am prepared for anything.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



SUBMITTING TO NECESSITY

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]

Although Cicero reiterates complaints about the humiliating condition in which he and his colleagues find themselves, still he is capable of rising to the higher levels of the good loser.

To M. Claudius Marcellus:

Though it is only a very few days ago that I gave Quintus Mucius a letter for you written at considerable length, in which I set forth in what state
 30 of mind I thought you ought to be, and what I thought you ought to do, yet, since your freedman Theophilus was starting, of whose fidelity and affection to you I had satisfied myself, I was unwilling that he should reach you without a letter from me. On the same considerations, then, as I

did in my previous letter, I again and again exhort you, to make up your mind to become a resident member of the Republic, whatever its nature may be, at the earliest possible time. You will perhaps see many things disagreeable to your feelings, but not more after all than you daily hear. Moreover, you are not the man to be affected by the sense of sight alone, 5 and to be less afflicted when you learn the same things by the ear, which indeed are usually even magnified by imagination. But—you object—you will yourself be obliged to say something you do not feel, or to do something you do not approve. To begin with, to yield to circumstances, that is to submit to necessity, has ever been held the part of a wise man: in the 10 next place, things are not—as matters now stand at least—quite so bad as that. You may not be able, perhaps, to say what you think: you may certainly hold your tongue. For authority of every kind has been committed to one man. He consults nobody but himself, not even his friends. There would not have been much difference if he whom we followed were 15 master of the Republic. Can we think that the man who in a time of war, when we were all united in the same danger, consulted only himself and a certain clique of wholly incompetent persons, was likely to be more communicative in the hour of victory, than he had been when the result was still uncertain? And do you think that a man who in your consulship 20 would never be guided by your consummate wisdom, nor, when your brother was administering the consulship under your inspiration, ever condescended to consult you two, would now, if he were in sole power, be likely to want suggestions from us?

Everything in civil war is wretched; of which our ancestors never even 25 once had experience, while our generation has now had it repeatedly: but nothing, after all, is more wretched than victory itself, which, even if it fall to the better men, yet renders them more savage and ruthless, so that, even if they are not such by nature, they are compelled to become 30 so by the necessity of the case. For a conqueror is forced, at the beck of those who won him his victory, to do many things even against his inclination. Were you not wont to foresee simultaneously with myself how bloody that victory was likely to be? Well, would you at that time also have absented yourself from your country for fear of seeing what you disapproved? “No,” you will say, “for then I should have been in posses- 35 sion of wealth and my proper position.” Ah, but it had been consistent with a virtue such as yours to regard your personal interests as among the most insignificant concerns, and to be more profoundly affected by those of the state. Again, what is to be the end of your present policy? For up to now your conduct is approved, and, as far as such a business 40 admits of it, your good fortune also is commended: your conduct, because, while you engaged in the first part of the war under compulsion, you shewed your wisdom by refusing to follow it to the bitter end: your good fortune, because by an honourable retirement you have maintained both the dignity and the reputation of your character. Now, however, it is not 45 right that you should feel any place more to your taste than your native land; nor ought you to love it less because it has lost some of its comeliness, but rather to pity it, and not deprive it of the light of your countenance

also, when already bereft of many illustrious sons. Finally, if it was the sign of high spirit not to be a supplicant to the victor, is it not perhaps a sign of pride to spurn his kindness? If it was the act of a wise man to absent himself from his country, is it not perhaps a proof of insensibility not to regret her? And, if you are debarred from enjoying a public station, is it not perhaps folly to refuse to enjoy a private one? The crowning argument is this: even if your present mode of life is more convenient, you must yet reflect whether it is not less safe. The sword owns no law: but in foreign lands there is even less scruple as to committing a crime. I am personally so anxious for your safety, that in this respect I take rank with your brother Marcellus, or at any rate come next to him. It is your business to take measures for your own interests, civil rights, life, and property.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



CÆSAR AND THE LOYALISTS

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book VI]

A more generous characterization would hardly be expected even from a follower of Cæsar. The fact that Cicero is urging his friends to adopt a policy of acceptance of the circumstances does not take away from the sincerity of his estimate of Cæsar.

To Aulus Cæcina:

15 I am afraid you may think me remiss in my attentions to you, which, in view of our close union resulting from many mutual services and kindred tastes, ought never to be lacking. In spite of that I fear you do find me wanting in the matter of writing. The fact is, I would have sent you a letter long ago and on frequent occasions, had I not, from expecting day after
20 day to have some better news for you, wished to fill my letter with congratulations rather than with exhortations to courage. As it is, I shall shortly, I hope, have to congratulate you; and so I put off that subject for a letter to another time. But in this letter I think that your courage—which I am told and hope is not at all shaken—ought to be repeatedly
25 braced by the authority of a man, who, if not the wisest in the world, is yet the most devoted to you; and that not with such words as I should use to console one utterly crushed and bereft of all hope of restoration, but as to one of whose rehabilitation I have no more doubt than I remember you had of mine. For when those men had driven me from the Republic,
30 who thought that it could not fall while I was on my feet, I remember hearing from many visitors from Asia, in which country you then were,

that you were emphatic as to my glorious and rapid restoration. If that system, so to speak, of Tuscan augury which you had inherited from your noble and excellent father did not deceive you, neither will our power of divination deceive me; which I have acquired from the writings and maxims of the greatest savants, and, as you know, by a very diligent study of their teaching, as well as by an extensive experience in managing public business, and from the great vicissitudes of fortune which I have encountered. And this divination I am the more inclined to trust, from the fact that it never once deceived me in the late troubles, in spite of their obscurity and confusion. I would have told you that events I foretold, were I not afraid to be thought to be making up a story after the event. Yet, after all, I have numberless witnesses to the fact that I warned Pompey not to form a union with Cæsar, and afterwards not to sever it. By this union I saw that the power of the senate would be broken, by its severance a civil war provoked. And yet I was very intimate with Cæsar, and had a very great regard for Pompey, but my advice was at once loyal to Pompey and to the best interests of both alike. My other predictions I pass over; for I would not have Cæsar think that I gave Pompey advice, by which, if he had followed it, Cæsar himself would have now been a man of illustrious character in the state indeed, and the first man in it, but yet not in possession of the great power he now wields. I gave it as my opinion that he should go to Spain; and if he had done so, there would have been no civil war at all. That Cæsar should be allowed to stand for the consulship in his absence I did not so much contend to be constitutional, as that, since the law had been passed by the people at the instance of Pompey himself when consul, it should be done. The pretext for hostilities was given. What advice or remonstrance did I omit, when urging that any peace, even the most inequitable, should be preferred to the most righteous war? My advice was overruled, not so much by Pompey—for he was affected by it—as by those who, relying on him as a military leader, thought that a victory in that war would be highly conducive to their private interests and personal ambitions. The war was begun without my taking any active part in it; it was forcibly removed from Italy, while I remained there as long as I could. But honour had greater weight with me than fear: I had scruples about failing to support Pompey's safety, when on a certain occasion he had not failed to support mine. Accordingly, overpowered by a feeling of duty, or by what the loyalists would say, or by a regard for my honour—whichever you please—like Amphiaraus in the play, I went deliberately, and fully aware of what I was doing. "to ruin full displayed before my eyes." In this war there was not a single disaster that I did not foretell. Therefore, since after the manner of augurs and astrologers, I too, as a state augur, have by my previous predictions established the credit of my prophetic power and knowledge of divination in your eyes, my prediction will justly claim to be believed. Well, then, the prophecy I now give you does not rest on the flight of a bird nor the note of a bird of good omen on the left—according to the system of our augural college—nor from the normal and audible pattering of the corn of the sacred chickens. I have other signs to note; and if they are not more infallible

than those, yet after all they are less obscure or misleading. Now omens as to the future are observed by me in what I may call a twofold method: the one I deduce from Cæsar himself, the other from the nature and complexion of the political situation. Cæsar's characteristics are these:

- 5 a disposition naturally placable and clement—as delineated in your brilliant book of “Grievances”—and a great liking also for superior talent, such as your own. Besides this, he is relenting at the expressed wishes of a large number of your friends, which are well-grounded and inspired by affection, not hollow and self-seeking. Under this head the
10 unanimous feeling of Etruria will have great influence on him.

- Why, then,—you must ask—have these things as yet had no effect? Why, because he thinks if he grants you yours, he cannot resist the applications of numerous petitioners with whom to all appearances he has juster grounds for anger. “What hope, then,” you will say, “from an
15 angry man?” Why, he knows very well that he will draw deep draughts of praise from the same fountain, from which he has been already—though sparingly—bespattered. Lastly, he is a man very acute and farseeing: he knows very well that a man like you—far and away the greatest noble in an important district of Italy, and in the state at large the equal of any
20 of your generation, however eminent, whether in ability or popularity or reputation among the Roman people—cannot much longer be debarred from taking part in public affairs. He will be unwilling that you should, as you would sooner or later, have time to thank for this rather than his favour.

- 25 So much for Cæsar. Now I will speak of the nature of the actual situation. There is no one so bitterly opposed to the cause, which Pompey undertook with better intentions than provisions, as to venture to call us bad citizens or dishonest men. On this head I am always struck with astonishment at Cæsar's sobriety, fairness, and wisdom. He never speaks
30 of Pompey except in the most respectful terms. “But,” you will say, “in regard to him as a public man his actions have often been bitter enough.” Those were acts of war and victory, not of Cæsar. But see with what open arms he has received us! Cassius he has made his legate; Brutus governor of Gaul; Sulpicius of Greece; Marcellus, with whom he was more angry
35 than with anyone, he has restored with the utmost consideration for his rank. To what, then, does all this tend? The nature of things and of the political situation will not suffer, nor will any constitutional theory—whether it remains as it is or is changed—permit, first, that the civil and personal position of all should not be alike when the merits of their case
40 are the same; and, secondly, that good men and good citizens of unblemished character should not return to a state, into which so many have returned after having been condemned of atrocious crimes.

- That is my prediction. If I had felt any doubt about it I would not have employed it in preference to a consolation which would have easily
45 enabled me to support a man of spirit. It is this. If you had taken up arms for the Republic—for so you then thought—with the full assurance of victory, you would not deserve special commendation. But if, in view of the uncertainty attaching to all wars, you had taken into consideration

the possibility of our being beaten, you ought not, while fully prepared to face success, to be yet utterly unable to endure failure. I would have urged also what a consolation the consciousness of your action, what a delightful distraction in adversity, literature ought to be. I would have recalled to your mind the signal disasters not only of men of old times, 5 but of those of our own day also, whether they were your leaders or your comrades. I would even have named many cases of illustrious foreigners: for the recollection of what I may call a common law and of the conditions of human existence softens grief. I would also have explained the nature of our life here in Rome, how bewildering the disorder, how universal 10 the chaos: for it must needs cause less regret to be absent from a state in disruption, than from one well-ordered. But there is no occasion for anything of this sort. I shall soon see you, as I hope, or rather as I clearly perceive, in enjoyment of your civil rights. Meanwhile, to you in your absence, as also to your son who is here—the express image of your soul 15 and person, and a man of unsurpassable firmness and excellence—I have long ere this both promised and tendered practically my zeal, duty, exertions, and labours: all the more so now that Cæsar daily receives me with more open arms, while his intimate friends distinguish me above everyone. Any influence or favour I may gain with him I will employ in 20 your service. Be sure, for your part, to support yourself not only with courage, but also with the brightest hopes.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH

AULUS CÆCINA

[From Cicero's *Letters to Friends*, Book VI]

Aulus Cæcina was an author contemporary with Cicero and one of the latter's correspondents.

The transition from Republic to Monarchy inevitably brought up questions of individual freedom. Such restraints as existed came about more through fear than through any formal measures on the part of Cæsar.

To M. Tullius Cicero:

For my book not having been delivered to you so quickly, forgive my timidity, and pity my position. My son, I am told, was very much alarmed 25 at the book being put in circulation, and with reason—since it does not matter so much in what spirit it was written, as in what spirit it is taken—for fear lest a stupid thing like that should stand in my light, and that too when I am still suffering for the sins of my pen. In that matter my fate has been a strange one: for whereas a slip of the pen is cured by erasure, and 30

stupidity is punished by loss of reputation, my mistake is corrected by exile: though my greatest crime is having spoken ill of the enemy when engaged in active service. There was no one on our side, I presume, who did not pray for victory for himself; no one who, even when offering
 5 sacrifice for something else, did not breathe a wish for Cæsar's speedy defeat. If he imagines that not to be the case, he is a very fortunate man. If he does know it, and has no delusion on the subject, why be angry with a man who has written something against his views, when he has pardoned all those who offered every sort of petition to the gods against his safety?

- 10 But to return to my subject, the cause of my fear was this. I have written about you, on my honour, sparingly and timidly, not merely checking myself, but almost beating a retreat. Now everyone knows that this style of writing ought not merely to be free, but even vehement and lofty. One is thought to have a free hand in attacking another, yet you
 15 must take care not to fall into mere violence: it is not open to one to praise oneself, lest the result should be the vice of egotism: there is no other course than to praise the man, on whom any blame that you may cast is necessarily set down to weakness or jealousy. And I rather think that you will take it all the better, and think it more suited to your present position.
 20 For what I could not do in good style, it was in my power first of all not to touch upon, and, as next best, to do so as sparingly as possible. But after all I did check myself: I softened many phrases, cut out many, and a very large number I did not write down at all. Then, as in a ladder, if you were to remove some rounds, cut out others, leave some loosely fastened, you
 25 would be contriving the means of a fall, not preparing a way of ascent, just so with a writer's genius: if it is at once hampered and frustrated by so many disadvantages, what can it produce worth listening to or likely to satisfy? When, indeed, I come to mention Cæsar himself, I tremble in every limb, nor from fear of his punishing, but of his criticising me. For I
 30 do not know Cæsar thoroughly. What do you think of a courage that talks thus to itself? "He will approve of this: that expression is open to suspicion." "What if I change it to this? But I fear that will be worse." Well, suppose I am praising some one: "Shan't I offend him?" Or when I am criticising some one adversely: "What if it is against his wish?" "He
 35 punishes the pen of a man engaged in a campaign: what will he do to that of a man conquered and not yet restored?"

- You yourself add to my alarm, because in your Orator you shield yourself under the name of Brutus, and try to make him a party to your apology. When the universal "patron" does this, what ought I to do—an
 40 old client of yours, and now everyone's client? Amidst such misgivings therefore created by fear, and on the rack of such blind suspicion, when most of what one writes has to be adapted to what one imagines are the feelings of another, not to one's own judgment, I feel how difficult it is to come off successfully, though *you* have not found the same difficulty,
 45 because your supreme and surpassing genius has armed you for every eventuality. Nevertheless, I told my son to read the book to you, and then take it away, or only to give it to you on condition that you would promise to correct it, that is, if you would give it a totally new complexion.

About my journey to Asia, though the necessity for my making it was very urgent, I have obeyed your commands. Why should I urge you to exert yourself for me? You are fully aware that the time has come when my case must be decided. There is no occasion, my dear Cicero, for you to wait for my son. He is a young man: he cannot from his warmth of feeling, or his youth, or his timidity, think of all necessary measures. The whole business must rest on you: in you is all my hope. Your acuteness enables you to hit upon the measures which Cæsar likes, and which win his favour. Everything must originate with you, and be brought to the desired conclusion by you. You have great influence with Cæsar himself, very great with all his friends. If you will convince yourself of this one thing, that your duty is not merely to do what you are asked—though that is a great and important thing—but that the whole burden rests on you, you will carry it through: unless—which I don't believe—my misfortunes make me too inconsiderate, or my friendship too bold, in placing this burden upon you. But your lifelong habits suggest an excuse for both: for from your habit of exerting yourself for your friends, your intimates have come not so much to hope for that favour at your hands, as to demand it as a right. As for my book, which my son will give you, I beg that you will not let it out of your hands, or that you will so correct it as to prevent it doing me any harm.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



AFTER THE IDES OF MARCH

CÆSAR LIVES ON

CICERO

[From *Letters to Atticus*, Book XIV]

Cicero has occasion to revise an earlier thought that the death of an undesirable citizen will cure the ills of the state.

To T. Pomponius Atticus:

Can it be true? Is this all that our noble Brutus has accomplished—that he should have to live at Lanuvium, and Trebonius should have to slink to his province by by-roads? That all the acts, memoranda, words, promises, and projects of Cæsar should have more validity than if he were still alive? Do you remember that on that very first day of the retreat upon the Capitol I exclaimed that the senate should be summoned into the Capitoline temple? Good heavens, what might have been effected then, when all loyalists—even semi-loyalists—were exultant, and the brigands utterly dismayed! You lay the blame on the Liberalia. What was possible at the time? Our case had long been hopeless. Do you remember that you explained that it was all over with us, if he were allowed a funeral? But he

was even burnt in the forum, and a funeral oration was pronounced over him in moving terms, and a number of slaves and starvelings instigated to attack our houses with firebrands. What next! They even have the impudence to say: "You utter a word against the will of Cæsar?" These
 5 and other things like them I cannot endure, and accordingly I am thinking of wandering away "from land to land." Your land, however, is too much in the eye of the wind.

Is your sickness quite gone by this time? I rather judged so from the tone of your letter.

10 I return to the case of the veterans—your Tebassi, Scævæ, and Frangones. Do you suppose these men feel any confidence in retaining their grants so long as our party have any footing in the state? They have found it possessed of more resolution than they expected. They, I presume, are devoted to the cause of public tranquillity rather than supporters of
 15 robbery! But when I wrote to you about Curtilius and the estate of Sextilius, I must be understood to have included Censorinus, Messalla, Plancus, Postumus, and the whole lot. It had been better to have risked destruction—which would never have befallen us—when Cæsar was killed, rather than to have lived to see this sort of thing.

20 Octavius arrived at Naples on the 18th of April. There Balbus called on him early next day, and on the same day came to see me at Cumæ, with the information that he intended to accept the inheritance, but that, as you say, there will be a fine scrimmage with Antony. Your business about Buthrotum is receiving, as it is bound to do, and will continue to receive
 25 my attention. You ask me whether Cluvius's legacy is reaching one hundred sestertia yet. It seems to be approaching that. At least I made eighty the first year.

My brother Quintus writes to me with heavy complaints of his son, chiefly because he is now taking his mother's part, whereas in old times
 30 when she was kind to him he was on bad terms with her. He sent me a very hot letter against him. If you know what the young man is doing, and have not yet left Rome, I wish you would write me word, and, by Hercules, on any other matter besides. I find great pleasure in your letters.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



CICERO'S POLICY

BRUTUS

[From Cicero's *Letters to Brutus*]

Marcus Junius Brutus was born about 79 and died in 42 B.C., when commander, with Cassius, of the forces of the Republic which fought unsuccessfully at Philippi against Antony and Octavius Cæsar. Brutus was the friend and murderer of Cæsar, "the noblest Roman of them all," to whom Cicero dedicated a number of his treatises.

It is evident, if the following letter by Brutus is representative of the opinion of the day, that Cicero's contemporaries realized his limitations as a statesman while they admired his motives and purposes as a patriot.

To T. Pomponius Atticus:

You say in your letter that Cicero wonders at my never making any remark about his political actions. Since you ask me, under compulsion from you I will set down my sentiments. I know that Cicero does everything with the best intentions—for what could be clearer to me than his devotion to the Republic? But he, the acutest of men, appears to me in certain things to have acted with a want of—shall I call it tact or disinterestedness?—in spite of the fact that he has not scrupled to incur the enmity of Antony at the height of his power on behalf of the Republic. I don't know what to set down on paper for you except the one thing: that the boy's ambition and unscrupulousness have been rather provoked than repressed by Cicero; and that he carries this indulgence to such a pitch that he does not abstain from abusive remarks—remarks which recoil upon himself with double force, because he put more than a single person to death, and ought rather to confess himself a murderer than to taunt Casca as he does, and because he imitates in Casca's case the conduct of Bestia. Pray, because we are not always bragging of the Ides of March, as he always has his Nones of December on his lips, is Cicero in any better position for vilifying a most glorious deed than Bestia and Clodius were for their habitual attacks upon his consulship? Our friend Cicero boasts to me that he has, though a civilian, successfully faced the war of Antony. What good is that to me, if as a price for crushing Antony succession into Antony's position is demanded, and if the avenger of that evil comes forward as the supporter of another destined to have a deeper foundation and to strike deeper roots, unless we prevent it? Granted that his present policy proceeds from fear—shall we say of tyranny, or of a tyrant, or of Antony? Well, but I feel no gratitude to one who, to avoid being the slave of a bad-tempered master, does not deprecate slavery itself—nay, rather proposes to give him a triumph and pay for his men, and by all manner of decrees instigates him not to shrink from coveting the high position of the man whose name he has adopted. Is this worthy of a consular or of a Cicero? Since I have not been allowed to be silent, you will have to read what must necessarily give you annoyance, for I am conscious myself of the pain with which I have written this to you; nor am I ignorant what your sentiments as to the situation are, and how desperate also you think the possibility of its cure. Nor, by heaven, do I blame you, Atticus. For your age, your habits, and your children make you unenterprising—a fact which I gathered also from our friend Flavius. But I return to Cicero. What is the difference between Salvidienus and him? What greater honour could he have proposed in the senate? “Cicero is afraid,” you will say, “even now of the remnant of the civil war.” Does anyone then, while fearing a war nearly concluded, think that neither the tyrannical power of the victorious army's commander nor the rashness of the boy is at all alarming? Or is his motive for this very action the idea

- that now, owing to the greatness of his power, every kind of honour must be spontaneously offered to him? How strange is the blindness of fear! While taking precautions against what you dread, actually to invite danger and to bring it upon you, though you might perhaps have avoided it
- 5 altogether! We are over-fearful of death, exile, and poverty: I think that these things are the worst of evils in Cicero's eyes, and that while he has people from whom to get what he wants, and by whom to be made much of and flattered, he has no aversion to servitude, if it be but tempered by a show of respect—if there can be any respect in what is the last and most
- 10 wretched degradation. Therefore, though Octavius call Cicero "father," consult him in everything, praise and thank him, nevertheless the truth will come out that words do not agree with deeds. For what can be more contrary to common sense than to regard a man as a father, who is not even reckoned as free? For my part, I set no store by these accomplishments
- 15 with which I know Cicero to be better furnished than anyone else: for what good to him are the speeches on behalf of his country's liberty, the essays on dignity, death, exile, poverty, which he has composed with the utmost wealth of language? What a much truer view Philippus seems to have of those things, when he refused all compliments to his own stepson, than Cicero has, who pays them to one who has no connexion with him! Let him cease then from absolutely insulting our misfortunes by his boastful language; for what does it profit us that Antony has been conquered, if the only result of his defeat is to leave his place open to another? However, even now there is a note of uncertainty in your letter. Long live
- 25 Cicero—as he may well do—to cringe and serve! if he is not ashamed to think of his age nor his honour, nor his great past. For myself, at any rate, there is no condition of servitude, however favourable, which will deter me from waging war on the principle: that is, on royalty, unconstitutional magistracies, absolutism, and power that aims at being above the laws.
- 30 Though Antony may be a good man, as you say in your letter—which, however, has never been my opinion—yet the law of our ancestors was that no one, not even a father, should be an absolute master. Unless I had been as deeply attached to you as Cicero believes that Octavius is devoted to him, I should not have written this to you. I am grieved to
- 35 think that as you read this you are getting angry—for you are most affectionate to all your friends, and especially to Cicero: but assure yourself of this, that my personal good-will to Cicero is in no way modified, though my opinion is largely so, for you cannot ask a man to judge except from what seems to him to be truth in each case.
- 40 I could have wished that you had mentioned in your letter what arrangements were being made for the betrothal of our dear Attica: I might have said something to you of what I felt about the matter. I am not surprised that you are anxious about Porcia's health. Lastly, I will gladly do what you ask, for my sisters ask me the same, and I know the man and his
- 45 views.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



IV. LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY

When we turn from the political problems in which the Romans of the Ciceronian era were so deeply absorbed, we find a rather limited range of interests. It was characteristic of the Romans always to look upon literature not so much as a thing to be cultivated for itself, or as an expression of private and personal life, but rather as an art useful in the promotion of practical affairs. Above all it was to be employed in the service of the state. This was true even of the Augustan Age, when there was no longer need or opportunity for the discussion of politics, but it was particularly true of the disturbed times that witnessed the downfall of the Republic.

Yet, even then, there were a few who found other values in literature. Cicero himself devoted much of his time to the study and writing of philosophy, and understood, as no one before him had understood, the values of oratory and of poetry. Lucretius, through his didactic poem on the Epicurean system, gave a new impetus to the study of things having no immediate bearing of a practical nature but of vital concern to man in the more general problem of living. There sprang up also at this time a new school of poets who dared to experiment with lyrical forms of both the classical Greek period and the more recent Alexandrian, and who deemed their own personal experiences fit subjects for poetic expression. What they accomplished in philosophy and in poetry, though small in amount, was of a very high quality, and laid the foundations for the later work of the Augustans. It carried forward the Greek tradition and opened up new possibilities hitherto but vaguely sensed.

APOLOGY FOR PHILOSOPHY¹

CICERO

[From the *Offices*, Book II]

Although my books have aroused in not a few men the desire not only to read but to write, yet I sometimes fear that what we term philosophy is distasteful to certain worthy gentlemen, and that they wonder that I devote so much time and attention to it.

Now, as long as the state was administered by the men to whose care she 5
had voluntarily entrusted herself, I devoted all my effort and thought to her. But when everything passed under the absolute control of a despot and there was no longer any room for statesmanship or authority of mine; and finally when I had lost the friends who had been associated with me in the task of serving the interests of the state, and who were men of the 10
highest standing, I did not resign myself to grief, by which I should have been overwhelmed, had I not struggled against it; neither, on the other hand, did I surrender myself to a life of sensual pleasure unbecoming to a philosopher.

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

I would that the government had stood fast in the position it had begun to assume and had not fallen into the hands of men who desired not so much to reform as to abolish the constitution. For then, in the first place, I should now be devoting my energies more to public speaking than to writing, as I used to do when the republic stood; and in the second place, I should be committing to written form not these present essays but my public speeches, as I often formerly did. But when the republic, to which all my care and thought and effort used to be devoted, was no more, then, of course, my voice was silenced in the forum and in the senate. And since my mind could not be wholly idle, I thought, as I had been well-read along these lines of thought from my early youth, that the most honourable way for me to forget my sorrows would be by turning to philosophy. As a young man, I had devoted a great deal of time to philosophy as a discipline; but after I began to fill the high offices of state and devoted myself heart and soul to the public service, there was only so much time for philosophical studies as was left over from the claims of my friends and of the state; all of this was spent in reading; I had no leisure for writing.

Therefore, amid all the present most awful calamities I yet flatter myself that I have won this good out of evil—that I may commit to written form matters not at all familiar to our countrymen but still very much worth their knowing. For what, in the name of heaven is more to be desired than wisdom? What is more to be prized? What is better for a man, what more worthy of his nature? Those who seek after it are called philosophers; and philosophy is nothing else, if one will translate the word into our idiom, than “the love of wisdom.” Wisdom, moreover, as the word has been defined by the philosophers of old, is “the knowledge of things human and divine and of the causes by which those things are controlled.” And if the man lives who would belittle the study of philosophy, I quite fail to see what in the world he would see fit to praise. For if we are looking for mental enjoyment and relaxation, what pleasure can be compared with the pursuits of those who are always studying out something that will tend toward and effectively promote a good and happy life? Or, if regard is had for strength of character and virtue, then this is the method by which we can attain to those qualities, or there is none at all. And to say that there is no “method” for securing the highest blessings, when none even of the least important concerns is without its method, is the language of people who talk without due reflection and who blunder in matters of the utmost importance. Furthermore, if there is really a way to learn virtue, where shall one look for it, when one has turned aside from this field of learning?

Now, when I am advocating the study of philosophy, I usually discuss this subject at greater length, as I have done in another of my books. For the present I meant only to explain why, deprived of the tasks of public service, I have devoted myself to this particular pursuit.

—WALTER MILLER.

O Philosophy, thou conductor of life! thou discoverer of virtue, and expeller of vices; what had not only I myself been, but the whole life of man without you? To you we owe the origin of cities; you called together the dispersed race of men into social life; you united them together, first, by placing them near one another, then by marriages, and lastly, by the communication of speech and languages. To you we owe the invention of laws; you instructed us in morals and discipline. To you I fly for assistance; and as I formerly submitted to you in a great degree, so now I surrender up myself entirely to you. For one day well spent, and agreeably to your precepts, is preferable to an eternity of sin. Whose assistance then can be of more service to me than yours, which has bestowed on us tranquillity of life, and removed the fear of death? But philosophy is so far from being praised, as she hath deserved of man, that she is wholly neglected by most, and ill spoken of by many. Can any speak ill of the parent of life, and dare to pollute himself thus with parricide! and be so impiously ungrateful as to accuse her, whom he ought to reverence, had he been less acquainted with her? But this error, I imagine, and this darkness, has spread itself over the minds of ignorant men, from their not being able to look so far back, and from their not imagining that those by whom human life was first improved, were philosophers: for though we see philosophy to have been of long standing, yet the name must be acknowledged to be but modern.

But indeed, who can dispute the antiquity of philosophy, either in fact or name? which acquired this excellent name from the ancients, by the knowledge of the origin and causes of everything, both divine and human. Thus those seven *Sophoi*, as they were held and called by the Greeks, and wise men by us: and thus Lycurgus many ages before, in whose time, before the building of this city, Homer is said to have been, as well as Ulysses and Nestor in the heroic ages, were all reported really to have been, as they were called, wise men; nor would it have been said, that Atlas supported the heavens, or that Prometheus was bound to Caucasus, nor would Cepheus, with his wife, his son-in-law, and his daughter, have been enrolled among the constellations, but that their more than human knowledge of the heavenly bodies had transferred their names into an erroneous fable. From whence, all who were exercised in the contemplation of nature, were held to be, as well as called, wise men: and that name of theirs continued to the age of Pythagoras, who is reported to have gone to Phlius, as we find it in Ponticus Heraclides, a very learned man, and a hearer of Plato's, and to have discoursed very learnedly and copiously on certain subjects, with Leon, prince of the Phliasii. Leon, admiring his ingenuity and eloquence, asked him what art he particularly professed; his answer was, that he was acquainted with no art, but that he was a philosopher. Leon, surprised at the novelty of the name, enquired what he

¹ Reprinted from *Greek and Latin Classics* by permission of Parke, Austin and Lipscomb.

meant by the name of philosopher, and in what they differed from other men: on which Pythagoras replied, "That the life of men seemed to him to resemble those games, which were kept with the greatest entertainment of sports, and the general concourse of all Greece. For as there were some, whose pursuit was glory, and the honour of a crown, for the performance of bodily exercises; so others were induced by the gain of buying and selling, and mere lucrative motives: but there was likewise one sort of them, and they by far the best, whose aim was neither applause, nor profit, but who came merely as spectators through curiosity, to remark what was done, and to see in what manner things were carried on there. Thus we come from another life and nature, unto this, as it were out of another city, to some much frequented mart: some slaves to glory, others to money: that there are some few, who, taking no account of any thing else, earnestly look into the nature of things: that these call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers; and as there it is more reputable to be a looker on, without making any acquisition, so in life, the contemplating on things, and acquainting yourself with them, greatly exceeds every other pursuit of life."

Nor was Pythagoras the inventor only of the name, but he enlarged also the thing itself, and, when he came into Italy after this conversation at Phlius, adorned that Greece, which is called Great Greece, both privately and publicly; with the most excellent institutions and arts; of whose discipline perhaps, I shall find another opportunity to speak. But numbers and motions, the beginning and end of things, were the subject of the ancient philosophy down to Socrates, who was a hearer of Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras. These made diligent enquiry into the magnitude of the stars, their distances, courses, and all that relates to the heavens. But Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the heavens, placed it in cities, introduced it into families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil. Whose several methods of disputing, together with the variety of his topics, and the greatness of his abilities, being immortalized by the memory and writings of Plato, gave rise to many sects of philosophers of different sentiments: of all which I have principally adhered to that, which, in my opinion, Socrates himself followed; to conceal my own opinion, clear others from their errors, and to discover what has the most probability in every question.

—W. H. MAIN.



ON THE NATURE OF THINGS

INVOCATION; THE BONDAGE OF RELIGION

LUCRETIOUS

[From Book I]

The life of the poet-philosopher Titus Lucretius Carus (about 96 to 55 B.C.) is clothed in mystery. Only legends of love potions, of madness, and of suicide have come down to us. His undertaking to write a poem on the materialistic philosophy of Epicurus was fraught with many almost insuperable difficulties, but such was his passion for his subject and the nobility of his purpose that he achieved abundant success. He is one of the very few Romans who were genuinely interested in philosophy, and he is an outstanding example of the peculiar Roman genius for didactic poetry. On the Nature of Things was his only product.

The poem opens with the following passage. Although the poem as a whole denies an intimate relation between gods and men, still so strong is epic convention that Lucretius is forced to begin with an invocation that contradicts his beliefs.

Mother of Æneas and his race, darling of men and gods, nurturing Venus, who beneath the smooth-moving heavenly signs fillest with thyself the sea full-laden with ships, the earth with her kindly fruits, since through thee every generation of living things is conceived and rising up looks on the light of the sun: from thee, O goddess, from thee, the winds flee away, 5 the clouds of heaven from thee and thy coming; for thee the wonder-working earth puts forth sweet flowers, for thee the wide stretches of ocean laugh, and heaven grown peaceful glows with outpoured light. For as soon as the vernal face of day is made manifest, and the breeze of the teeming south wind blows fresh and free, thee first the fowls of the air 10 proclaim, thee divine one, and thy advent, pierced to the heart by thy might: next the herds go wild and dance over the rich pastures and swim across rapid rivers, so greedily does each one follow thee, held captive by the charm, whither thou goest on to lead them. Aye, throughout seas and mountains and sweeping torrents and the leafy dwellings of birds and 15 verdant plains, striking soft love into the breasts of all creatures, thou dost cause them greedily to beget their generations after their kind. Since therefore thou alone dost govern the nature of things, since without thee nothing comes forth into the shining borders of light, nothing joyous and lovely is made, thee I crave as partner in writing the verses, which I essay 20 to fashion touching the Nature of Things, for my good Memmius, whom thou, goddess, hast willed at all times to excel, endowed with all gifts. Wherefore all the more grant to my speech, goddess, an ever-living charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to sleep and be still over every

¹ Reprinted by permission of the publishers from Loeb Classical Library, translated by W. H. D. Rouse.

sea and land. For thou alone canst delight mortals with quiet peace, since Mars mighty in battle rules the savage works of war, who often casts himself upon thy lap wholly vanquished by the ever-living wound of love, and thus looking upward with shapely neck thrown back feeds his eager
 5 eyes with love, gaping upon thee, goddess, and as he lies back his breath hangs upon thy lips. There as he reclines, goddess, upon thy sacred body, do thou, bending around him from above, pour from thy lips sweet coaxings, and for thy Romans, illustrious one, crave quiet peace. For in
 10 this time of our country's troubles neither can I do my part with untroubled mind, nor can the noble scion of the Memmii at such a season be wanting to the common weal.

For the rest, ears unpreoccupied and keen intelligence detached from cares you should apply to true philosophy, that my gifts here set forth for you with faithful solicitude, may not by you be contemptuously discarded
 15 before they have been apprehended. For I shall begin to discourse to you upon the most high system of heaven and of the gods, and I shall disclose the first-beginnings of things—how from these nature makes all things and increases and nourishes them, and into these the same nature again reduces them when dissolved:—which in discussing philosophy we are
 20 wont to call matter, and bodies that generate things, and seeds of things, and to entitle the same first bodies, because from them as first elements all things are.

When man's life lay for all to see foully grovelling upon the ground, crushed beneath the weight of Religion, which displayed her head in the
 25 regions of heaven, threatening mortals from on high with horrible aspect, a man of Greece was the first that dared to uplift mortal eyes against her, the first to make stand against her; for neither fables of the gods could quell him, nor thunderbolts, nor heaven with menacing roar, nay all the more they goaded the eager courage of his soul, so that he should desire,
 30 first of all men, to shatter the confining bars of nature's gates. Therefore the lively power of his mind prevailed, and forth he marched far beyond the flaming walls of the heavens, as he traversed the immeasurable universe in thought and imagination; whence victorious he returns bearing his prize, the knowledge what can come into being, what can not, in a word,
 35 how each thing has its powers defined and its deep-set boundary mark. Wherefore Religion is now in her turn cast down and trampled underfoot, whilst we by the victory are exalted high as heaven.

One thing I fear in this matter, that in this your apprenticeship to philosophy you may perhaps see impiety, and the entering on a path of
 40 crime; whereas on the contrary too often it is that very Religion which has brought forth criminal and impious deeds: as when at Aulis, the altar of our Lady of the Crossways was foully defiled by the blood of Iphianassa, shed by chosen leaders of the Danai, chieftains of the host. So soon as the ribbon had bound her maiden tresses falling in equal lengths down either
 45 cheek, so soon as she saw her father standing sorrowful before the altar,

and by his side attendants hiding the knife, and the people shedding tears at the sight of her, dumb with dread, she sank to the ground upon her knees. Alas, poor girl! no help could it be to her at such a time that the name of father had been bestowed on the king first by her; for uplifted by the hands of men, all trembling she was brought to the altar, not that amidst solemn and sacred ritual she might be escorted by loud hymeneal song, but a clean maiden to fall by unclean hands at the very age of wedlock, a victim sorrowful slain by a father's hand: all in order that a fair and fortunate release might be given to the fleet. So potent was Religion in persuading to evil deeds.

You will yourself some day or other seek to fall away from me, overborne by the terrific utterances of priests. Aye indeed, how many dreams can they soon invent you, enough to upset the principles of life and to confound all your fortunes with fear! And with reason: for if men saw that a limit has been set to tribulation, they would have some degree of strength to defy religious fears and the threatenings of the priests; but as it is there is no way of resistance and no power, because everlasting punishment is to be feared after death. For there is ignorance what is the nature of the soul, whether it be born or on the contrary find its way into men at birth, and whether it perish together with us when broken up by death, or whether it visit the gloom of Orcus and his vasty chasms, or by divine ordinance find its way into animals in our stead, as our own Ennius sang, who first brought down from pleasant Helicon a chaplet of evergreen leafage to win a glorious name through the nations of Italian men; although nevertheless he also set forth in everlasting verses that after all there exist regions of Acheron, which neither our spirits last long enough to reach nor our bodies, but certain similitudes of them pallid in wondrous wise: whence he avers that the likeness of ever deathless Homer issued forth, and began to shed salt tears and to unfold the nature of things.

Wherefore as we must lay down right principles concerning things celestial, how the courses of sun and moon come about, and by what power all is done upon earth: so also most especially we must examine with keen-scented reasoning, of what the spirit is made and the nature of the mind, and what thing it is that meeting us when awake terrifies our intelligence whilst we are labouring under disease, or buried in sleep, so that we seem to see and to hear in very presence those who have encountered death, whose bones rest in earth's embrace.

Nor do I fail to understand that it is difficult to make clear the dark discoveries of the Greeks in Latin verses, especially since we have often to employ new words because of the poverty of the language and the novelty of the matters; but still it is your merit, and the expected delight of pleasant friendship, that persuades me to undergo any labour, and entices me to spend the tranquil nights in wakefulness, seeking by what words and what poetry at last I may be able to display clear lights before your mind, whereby you may see into the heart of things hidden.

This terror of mind therefore and this gloom must be dispelled, not by the sun's rays or the bright shafts of day, but by the aspect and law of

nature: and her first principle we will derive from this, that **no thing is ever by divine power produced from nothing**. For of a surety a great dread holds all mortals thus in bond, because they behold many things happening in heaven and earth whose causes they can by no means see, and they think them to be done by divine power. For which reasons when we shall perceive that nothing can be created from nothing, then we shall at once more correctly understand from that principle what we are seeking, both the source from which each thing can be made and the manner in which everything is done without the working of gods.

- 10 For if they came out of nothing, all kinds of things could be produced from all things, nothing would want a seed. Firstly men could arise from the sea, from the earth scaly tribes and birds, cattle and beasts as well might burst forth from the sky: every kind of wild animal would fill desert and cultivated land alike, with no certainty as to birth. Nor would trees
15 be constant in bearing the same fruit, but they would interchange, all would be able to bear all. In fact where there should be no bodies apt to generate each kind, how could there be a constant unchanging mother for things? But as it is, because every kind is produced from fixed seeds, the source of everything that is born and comes forth into the borders of
20 light is that wherein is the material of it and its first bodies; and therefore it is impossible that all things be born from all things because in particular things resides a distinct power. Besides, why do we see the rose put forth in spring, corn in the heat, grapes under persuasion of autumn, unless because each created thing discloses itself when at their own time the seeds
25 of things have gathered together, while the due seasons are present and the lively earth safely brings out things young and tender into the borders of light? But if they came from nothing, suddenly they would arise at uncertain intervals and at unsuitable times of the year; naturally, for there would be no first-beginnings to be restrained from generative union at an
30 unfavourable time. Nor furthermore would time be needed for the growth of things, for seeds to collect, if they could grow from nothing; for youths would be made on a sudden from small infants, and trees would leap forth suddenly arising out of the earth. But manifestly none of these things takes place, since all things as is proper grow little by little at a fixed time,
35 [because they all grow] from a fixed seed and in growing preserve their kind; so that you may infer that every kind grows and is nourished from its own proper material. Add to this that without fixed seasons of rain in the year the earth cannot put forth her cheering fruits, nor furthermore can living things kept apart from food beget their kind and preserve life;
40 so that you may more readily believe many bodies to be common to many things as we see letters to be common to words, than that anything can exist without the beginnings. Again, why could not nature produce men so large, that they could wade through the deep sea as a ford and tear asunder great mountains with their hands and outlive many generations
45 of life, if it is not because a fixed material is assigned for making things from which what can arise is fixed? Lastly, since we see that cultivated land is better than uncultivated and returns better fruit by the labour of our hands, it is plain to see that there are first-beginnings of things in the

ground which we bring to birth by turning over the fruitful clods with the ploughshare and turning under the surface of the soil. But if there were none such, you would see all things severally, without labour of ours, of their own will, grow much better. Therefore we must confess that nothing comes from nothing, since all things must have seed, from which each
5 severally being created may be brought forth into the soft air.

Add to this, that nature resolves everything again into its elements, and does not reduce things to nothing. For if anything were perishable in all its parts, each thing would then perish in a moment snatched away
10 from our sight. For there would be no need of any force, to cause disruption of its parts and dissolve their connexions. But as it is, because the seed of all things is everlasting, nature allows no destruction of anything to be seen, until a force has met it sufficient to shatter, with a blow, or to penetrate within through the void places and break it up. Besides, if time
15 consuming all the material utterly destroys whatever by lapse of years it removes, whence does Venus restore living creatures to the light of life each after its kind, or when they are restored whence does the wonder-working earth nourish them and make them grow, providing food for each after its kind? Whence is the sea supplied by the springs within it, and the rivers without, flowing from afar? Whence does the ether nourish
20 the stars? For all things that are of perishable body must needs have been consumed by infinite time and ages past. But if through that space of time past there have been bodies from which this sum of things subsists being made again, imperishable indeed must their nature be; therefore things cannot severally return to nothing. Again, the same force and cause would
25 destroy all things without distinction, did not everlasting matter hold them together entangled more or less closely by interlacing bonds: for just a touch would be cause enough for destruction, inasmuch as none of these things would be of everlasting body, and any force would necessarily dissolve their contexture. But as it is, since the bonds which combine the
30 elements are different and their matter is everlasting, things abide with body intact until a force meet them that is found vigorous enough to affect the texture of each. Therefore no single thing returns to nothing, but all by disruption return to the elements of matter. In fine, the raindrops pass away when father Ether has cast them into the lap of mother Earth; but
35 bright crops arise, the branches upon the trees grow green, the trees also grow and become heavy with fruit; hence comes nourishment again for our kind and for the wild beasts; hence we behold happy cities blooming with boys and leafy woods all one song with the young birds; hence flocks and herds, weary with their fat, lay their bodies about the rich
40 pastures, and the white milky stream flows from their swollen udders; hence the young ones gambol in merry play over the delicate grass on their weakly limbs, thrilled to their tender hearts by the heady milk. Therefore things do not utterly pass away that seem to do so, since Nature makes up again one thing from another, and suffers not one to be born
45 unless aided by another's death.

Now mark me: since I have taught that things cannot be created from nothing and when brought forth cannot be brought back to nothing, that

you may not by any chance begin nevertheless to distrust my words because the first-beginnings of things cannot be distinguished by the eye, learn in addition of bodies which you must yourself of necessity confess to be numbered amongst things and yet impossible to be seen. First the mighty
5 wind when stirred up beats upon harbours and overwhelms huge ships and scatters the clouds, at times sweeping over the plains with rapid hurricane strews them with great trees and flogs the topmost mountains with tree-crashing blasts: so furious and fierce its howling, so savage and threatening the wind's roar. Therefore undoubtedly the winds are bodies
10 that unseen sweep the sea, that sweep the earth, sweep the clouds of the sky also, beating them suddenly and catching them up in a hurricane, and they flow and they deal devastation in the same way as water: which soft as it is, suddenly rolls in overwelling stream when a great deluge of water from the high mountains swells the flood with torrents of rain, dashing
15 together wreckage of forests and whole trees, nor can strong bridges withstand the sudden force of the coming water, with so mighty a force does the river boiling with rain-torrents rush against the solid piers; it works devastation with loud uproar and rolls huge rocks under its waves, and sweeps away whatever stands in its path. Thus therefore the blasts of
20 the wind also needs must be borne along, which like a strong river, when they have borne down in any direction, thrust all before them and sweep all away with frequent attacks, at times catch things up in a whirling eddy and carry them in a rapidly twisting tornado. Wherefore I say again and again, the winds are bodies unseen, since in deeds and ways they are
25 found to rival great rivers, which possess a body which can be seen. Then further, we smell the various odours of things and yet we never see them approaching our nostrils, nor do we behold scorching heat, nor can we set eyes on cold, nor are we wont to see sounds: yet all these must of necessity consist of bodily structure, since they can act upon our senses. For nothing
30 can touch or be touched, save body. Again, garments hung up on a surf-beaten shore grow damp, the same spread in the sun grow dry; yet none has seen either how the damp of the water pervaded them, or again how it departed in the heat. Therefore the water is dispersed into small particles, which the eye cannot in any way see. Moreover, with many revolutions
35 of the sun's year, a ring on the finger is thinned underneath by wear, the fall of drippings hollows a stone, the curved ploughshare of iron imperceptibly dwindles away in the fields, and the stony pavement of the roads we see already to be rubbed away by men's feet; again bronze statues set by gateways display the right hands thinned away by the often touching
40 of those who kiss and those who pass by. These therefore we observe to be growing less because they are rubbed away; but what particles are separated on each occasion, our niggardly faculty of sight has debarred us from seeing. Lastly, whatever time and nature little by little adds to things, compelling them to grow greater by degrees, no keenness of sight, however
45 strained, can perceive; nor further when things grow old by age and wasting, nor when rocks hanging over the sea are eaten away by the fine salt, could you discern what they lose upon each occasion. Therefore nature works by means of bodies unseen.

Yet everything is not held close and packed everywhere in one solid mass, for there is void in things: which knowledge will be useful to you in many matters, and will not allow you to wander in doubt and to be at a loss as regards the universe and to distrust my words. Wherefore there is intangible space, void, emptiness. But if there were none, things could not in any way move; for that which is the property of body, to hinder and to obstruct, would at all times be present to all things; therefore nothing would be able to move forward, since nothing could begin to give place. But as it is, we discern before our eyes, throughout seas and lands and the heights of heaven, many things moving in many ways and various manners, which if there were no void would not so much lack altogether their restless motion, as never would have been in any way produced at all, since matter would have been everywhere quiescent packed in one solid mass. Besides, however solid things may be thought to be, here is proof that you may discern them to be of less than solid consistency. In rocks and caves the liquid moisture of waters oozes through, and the whole place weeps with plenteous drops. Food is dispersed through all the body in living creatures. Trees grow, and at their time put forth new shoots, because their food is distributed all over them from the lowest roots through trunks and through branches. Sounds pass through walls and fly through closed houses, stiff cold permeates to the bones; but if there were no void there which bodies might pass through in each case, you could not see it happen in any way. Lastly, why do we see some things surpass others in weight when they are no larger? For if there is as much body in a ball of wool as in lead, it is fitting that they should both weigh the same, since it is the property of body to depress everything downwards, but contrariwise the nature of void remains without weight. Therefore that which is equally great and is seen to be lighter, without doubt shows itself to have more void; but contrariwise the heavier makes clear that it has more body in it, and much less of void. There is therefore without doubt, intermingled with things, that which we seek with keen-scented reasoning, that which we call void.



INTRODUCTION; COMBINATIONS OF ATOMS;
CREATION AND DESTRUCTION OF WORLDS

LUCRETII

[From Book II]

Pleasant it is, when over a great sea the winds trouble the waters, to gaze from shore upon another's great tribulation: not because any man's troubles are a delectable joy, but because to perceive what ills you are free from yourself is pleasant. Pleasant is it also to behold great encounters

of warfare arrayed over the plains, with no part of yours in the peril. But nothing is more delightful than to possess well fortified sanctuaries serene, built up by the teachings of the wise, whence you may look down from the height upon others and behold them all astray, wandering abroad

5 and seeking the path of life:—the strife of wits, the fight for precedence, all labouring night and day with surpassing toil to mount upon the pinnacle of riches and to lay hold on power. O pitiable minds of men, O blind intelligences! In what gloom of life, in how great perils is passed all your poor span of time! not to see that all nature barks for is this,

10 that by some means pain be removed away out of the body, and that the mind kept away from care and fear enjoy a feeling of delight! Therefore we see that few things altogether are necessary for the bodily nature, only such in each case as take pain away. Granting also that you may lay a man on a bed of luxury to his greater contentment at times—yet nature herself

15 feels no lack if there be no golden images of youths about the house upholding fiery torches in their right hands that light may be provided for nightly revellings, if the hall shine not with silver and glitter not with gold, if no cross-beams panelled and gilded echo the lyre; when all the same stretched forth in groups upon the soft grass beside a rill of water

20 under the branches of a tall tree men merrily refresh themselves at no great cost, especially when the weather smiles, and the season of the year besprinkles the green herbage with flowers:—yet no quicker do hot fevers fly away from your body, if you have pictured tapestry and blushing purple to toss upon, than if you must lie sick under the poor man's blanket.

25 Wherefore since treasures profit nothing for our body, nor noble birth nor the glory of royalty, therewithal we must think that for the mind also they are unprofitable: unless by any chance when you behold your armies seething over the spacious Plain as they wage the mimicry of war, established firm with mighty supports and a mass of cavalry, marshalled

30 all in arms cap-à-pie and all full of one spirit,—unless I say when you see your fleet come seething forth and spread far and wide, then these things scare your religious fears and drive them in panic flight from your mind—unless then death's terrors leave your heart unpossessed and free from care. But if we see these things to be ridiculous and a mere mockery, if

35 in truth men's fears and haunting cares fear neither the clang of arms nor wild weapons, if they boldly mingle with kings and sovereigns of the world, if they respect not the sheen of gold nor the glowing light of crimson raiment, why doubt you that this power wholly belongs to reason? especially since life is one long struggle in the dark. For even as

40 children tremble and fear all things in blind darkness, so we in the light fear, at times, things that are no whit more to be feared, than what children shiver at in the dark and imagine to be at hand. This terror of the mind, therefore, and this gloom must be dispelled, not by the sun's rays nor the bright shafts of day, but by the aspect and law of nature.

.

45 This also herewith you would do well to guard sealed and treasured in memory, that there is none of those things which are in plain view

before us which consists only of one kind of element, nothing which does not consist of various seeds commingled; and the more a thing has in itself many powers and faculties, so it shows that there are within it most kinds of elements and varied shapes. First, the earth contains the first bodies from which the springs, rolling coolness along, industriously renew the illimitable sea, earth contains the source of fires. For in many places the crust of the earth burns aflame, while from the depths come the fiery eruptions of Etna. Then further, she contains the means to raise up bright corn and fruitful trees for the races of mankind, the means to produce rivers and leaves and fruitful pastures for the mountain-ranging brood of wild beasts. Wherefore she is called great Mother of the gods, and Mother of the wild beasts, and maker of our bodies, even she alone. 5 10

She it is of whom the ancient and learned poets of the Greeks have sung, [how that from her sanctuary she rides in state] on a chariot driving a pair of lions, thus teaching that the great world is poised in the spacious air, and that earth cannot rest on earth. They have yoked in wild beasts, because any offspring however wild ought to be softened and vanquished by the kindly acts of the parents. And they have surrounded the top of her head with a mural crown, because embattled in excellent positions she sustains cities; which emblem now adorns the divine mother's image as she is carried over the great earth in awful state. She it is whom different nations in their ancient ritual acclaim as the Idæan mother, and give her troops of Phrygians to escort her, because men declare that first from that realm came the corn, which then spread over the round world. They give her eunuchs, as wishing to indicate that those who have violated the majesty of the Mother, and have been found ungrateful to their parents, should be thought unworthy to bring living offspring into the regions of light. The taut tomtoms thunder under the open palm, the hollow cymbals sound around, horns with hoarse-echoing blare affright, tootling flutes prick up the spirits with their Phrygian cadences, martial arms show a front of violent fury, that they may amaze the ungrateful minds and impious hearts of the vulgar with fear of the goddess's majesty. Therefore so soon as she rides through mighty cities, silently blessing mankind with unspoken benediction, they bestrew the whole path of her progress with silver and copper, enriching it with bounteous largess, and snow down rose-flowers in a shower, over-shadowing the Mother and her escorting troops. Here an armed group, whom the Greeks name the Phrygian Curetes,—because haply they sport with arms and leap up streaming with blood, in measured tread shaking their awful crests with the movement of their heads,—recalls the Dictæan Curetes who are said once upon a time to have concealed that infant wailing of Jupiter in Crete; when, boys round a boy in rapid dance, clad in armour, they clashed bronze upon bronze to a measure, that Saturn might not catch him and cast him into his jaws and plant an everlasting wound in the mother's heart. For this reason they escort the great Mother armed; or else because they indicate the command of the goddess that with arms and valour they be ready to defend their native land, and to be both protection and pride to their parents. But well and excellently as all this is set forth and told, yet it is rejected far from true 15 20 25 30 35 40 45

reasoning. For the very nature of divinity must necessarily enjoy immortal life in the deepest peace, far removed and separated from our troubles; for without any pain, without danger, itself mighty by its own resources, needing us not at all, it is neither propitiated with services nor touched
 5 by wrath. Here if anyone decides to call the sea Neptune, and corn Ceres, and to misapply the name of Bacchus rather than to use the title that is proper to that liquor, let us grant him to dub the round world Mother of the Gods, while he forbears in reality himself to infect his mind with base superstition. The earth indeed lacks true sensation at all times, and
 10 only because it receives into itself the first-beginnings of many things does it bring forth many in many ways into the sun's light.

Often therefore cropping grass from one field, are woolly sheep and the warrior breed of horses and horned herds of kine, beneath the same canopy of heaven, and quenching thirst from one river of water, which live each
 15 in a different shape and each race keeps its parents' nature and imitates their ways after its kind: so great a diversity of matter is there in each kind of herbage, so great in each river. Hence also any animal of them all is made up of bones, blood, veins, warmth, fluid, flesh, sinews; which are also things very different, made of first-beginnings that have dissimilar
 20 shapes. Then further whatever things are kindled and burnt, up with fire, if nothing else, yet hide in their substance those bodies, which enable them to throw out fire and shoot up light and scintillate sparks and scatter embers all around. Then go through all the rest in a like mode of reasoning, and you will find them to conceal within them seeds of many things and
 25 to contain various shapes. Again, you see many things which are possessed of colour and taste together with smell: amongst the chief, those many offerings [which enkindled are wont to make smoke the altars of the gods;] these therefore must be made of various shapes; for the rank smell penetrates into the body, where colour cannot, colour again in one way,
 30 flavour in another way, creeps into our senses; so that you may recognize that they differ in the shapes of the elements. Unlike shapes therefore come together into one lump, and things consist of mixed seed. Nay, throughout my own verses also you see many elements common to many words, although you must confess that both verses and words are different
 35 and consist of different elements: I do not say that there are very few common letters running through all, or that no two words, if compared, are made up of elements all the same, but that commonly they are not all like all. So in other things also, although many first-beginnings are common to many things, yet taken one with another they can make up a
 40 whole quite unlike; so that different elements may rightly be held to compose the human race and corn and luxuriant trees.

However, it must not be thought that all can be conjoined in all ways: for then you would commonly see monstrosities come into being, shapes of men arising that would be half beasts, lofty branches at times sprouting
 45 from a living body, parts of terrestrial creatures often conjoined with creatures of the sea, Chimæras again, breathing flame from noisome throats, pastured by nature over lands that would produce everything. But that none of these things happen is manifest, since we see that all

things bred from fixed seeds by a fixed mother are able to conserve their kind as they grow. Of a surety this must come about in a fixed way. For in each thing, its own proper bodies are spread abroad through the frame within from all its foods, and being combined produce the appropriate motions; but contrariwise we see alien elements to be thrown back by nature upon the earth, and many beaten by blows, escape from the body with their invisible bodies, which were not able to combine with any part nor within the body to feel the life-giving motions with it and imitate them. But do not think that animals only are held by these laws, for the same principle holds all things apart by their limits. For even as all things made are totally different one from another, so each must needs consist of first-beginnings differently shaped: I do not say that very few are endowed with the same shape, but that commonly they are not all like all. Since, further, the seeds are different, different must needs be their intervals, passages, connexions, weights, blows, meetings, motions, which not only separate animal bodies asunder, but keep asunder the earth and the whole sea and hold back all heaven away from the earth.

.
If you hold fast to these convictions, nature is seen to be free at once and rid of proud masters, herself doing all by herself of her own accord, and having no part nor lot in the gods. For I appeal to the holy hearts of the gods, which in tranquil peace pass untroubled days and a life serene: who is strong enough to rule the sum, who to hold in hand and control the mighty bridle of the unfathomable deep? who to turn about all the heavens at one time and warm the fruitful worlds with ethereal fires, or to be present in all places and at all times, so as to make darkness with his clouds and to shake the serene sky with thunder, then to launch lightnings and often to shatter his own temples, and as he passes away into the wilds to cast that bolt in his wrath which often passes the guilty by and slays the innocent and undeserving?

And since the time when the world came into being, since the first birthday of sea and earth and since the arising of the sun, many bodies have been added from without, many seeds have been added around, which the great all has brought together in its tossing; that from these sea and land might increase, and the habitation of the sky might amplify its expanse and uplift its dwellings high over the earth, and the air might rise up. For all bodies are being distributed abroad by blows from all places each to its own thing and are passing back to their own kinds. liquid goes to liquid, earth grows by earthy elements, fires beat out fires and air air, until up to the extreme limit of growth, nature, the maker of all things, has brought them through with finishing touch; as happens when no more is now given into the arteries of life than what flows away and passes back. At this point the life of all things must come to a stand, at this point nature by her power curbs back growth. For whatever you see growing with merry increase and gradually climbing the steps of mature life, assimilates to itself more bodies than it discharges, so long as

food is easily absorbed into all the veins, and so long as the things are not so widely spread open as to let go many elements and to spend away more than their age feeds on. For certainly we must own ourselves convinced that many elements flow away and pass out from things; but
5 still more must be passed in, until they have touched the pinnacle of growth. After that by minute degrees age breaks the strength and mature vigour, and melts into decay. In good truth when growth ceases, the larger a thing is and the wider it is, it scatters abroad on all sides more elements than the proper measure, and lets them go from itself, nor is
10 food easily sent abroad into all its veins, nor is this enough, in proportion to the abundant streams that it streams out, to enable as much to spring up and to be brought up in its place. For it is food that must repair all by renewing, food must support, food sustain everything, but in vain, since the veins cannot contain enough and nature does not supply as
15 much as is necessary. With good reason therefore the things pass away, since by the flowing off they have become thinned, and since all things fall by blows from without, inasmuch as by great age food fails at last, nor is there anything which bodies buffeting from without cease to break up and to subdue it with fatal blows. So therefore the walls of the mighty
20 heavens in like manner shall be stormed all around, and shall collapse into crumbling ruin. Even now indeed the power of life is broken, and the earth exhausted scarce produces tiny creatures, she who once produced all kinds and gave birth to the huge bodies of wild beasts. For it is not true, as I think, that the generations of mankind were let down from high
25 heaven by some golden chain upon the fields, nor were they sprung from sea or waves beating upon the rocks, but the same earth generated them which feeds them now from herself. Besides, she of her own accord first made for mortals the bright corn and the luxuriant vineyards, of herself she gave forth sweet fruits and luxuriant pasturage, which now scarce
30 grows great when increased by our toil; and we work out our oxen and the strength of our farmers, we wear out the ploughshare, and then are scarce fed by our fields: so do they grudge their fruits, and ask for work to let them increase. Now the ancient ploughman shaking his head sighs many a time, that the labours of his hands have all come to nothing, and
35 comparing times present with times past often praises the fortunes of his father, and grumbles how the old world full of piety supported life with great ease on a narrow domain; since the man's portion of land was formerly much smaller than it is now. Sadly also the cultivator of the degenerate and shrivelled vine rails at the progress of time and wearies
40 heaven; not comprehending that all things gradually decay, and go to the tomb outworn by the ancient lapse of years.



FEAR OF DEATH

LUCRETII

[From Book III]

Therefore death is nothing to us, it matters not one jot, since the nature of the mind is understood to be mortal: and as in time past we felt no distress, while from all quarters the Carthaginians were coming to the conflict, when the whole world shaken by the terrifying tumult of war shivered and quaked under the high heaven, and men were in doubt under which domination all men were destined to fall by land and sea; so when we shall no longer be, when the parting shall have come about between body and spirit from which we are compacted into one whole, then sure enough nothing at all will be able to happen to us who will then no longer be, or to make us feel, not if earth be commingled with sea and sea with sky. And grant for the moment that the nature of mind and power of spirit does feel after it has been torn away from our body, yet that is nothing to us, who by the welding and wedding together of body and spirit exist compacted into one whole. Even if time shall gather together our matter after death and bring it back again as it is now placed, and if once more the light of life shall be given to us, yet it would not matter one bit to us that even this had been done, when the recollection of ourselves has once been broken asunder; and now to us from the we who were before there appertains nothing, nor from those does any anguish now touch us. For when you look back upon all the past expanse of measureless time, and think how various are the motions of matter, you may easily come to believe that these same seeds of which now we consist have been often before placed in the same arrangement they now are in. And yet we cannot call that back by memory: for in between has been cast a stoppage of life, and all the motions have wandered and scattered afar from those sensations. For if by chance anyone is to have misery and pain in the future, he must needs himself also exist then in that time to be miserable. Since death takes away this possibility, and forbids him to exist for whom these inconveniences may be gathered together, we may be sure that there is nothing to be feared after death, that he who is not cannot be miserable, that it makes not one jot of difference whether he has ever been born at any time before, when death the immortal has taken away his mortal life.

Accordingly when you see a man resenting his fate, that after death he must either rot with his body laid in the tomb, or perish by fire, or the jaws of wild beasts, you may know that he rings false, and that deep in his heart is some hidden sting, although himself he deny the belief in any sensation after death. He does not, I think, admit what he professes in full measure, he does not wholly remove and eject himself from life; but unknown to himself he makes something of himself to survive. For when he in life anticipates that birds and beasts will mangle his body after death, he is pitying himself; for he does not distinguish himself from that

thing, he does not separate himself sufficiently from the body there cast out, he imagines himself to be that, and standing beside it gives it a share of his own feeling. Hence he resents that he was born mortal; and does not see that in real death there will be no other self that could live to
5 bewail his perished self, or stand by to feel pain that he lay there lacerated or burning. For if after death it is an evil to be mauled by the jaws and teeth of wild beasts, I do not see how it should not be unpleasant to be laid upon the fire and to shrivel in the hot flames, or to be packed in honey and stifled, and to be stiff with cold lying upon a slab of cold
10 marble, or to be buried and crushed under a weight of superimposed earth.

This also is the way among men, when they have laid themselves down at table and hold goblets in their hands and shade their brows with garlands, that they often say from their hearts "Short enjoyment is given
15 to poor mankind; soon it will be gone, and none will ever be able to recall it." As if after death their chief trouble will be to be miserably parched with thirst and burning drought, or a craving possess them for some other thing! "No longer now will your happy home give you welcome, no longer will your best of wives and sweet children race to win
20 the first kisses, and thrill your heart to its depths with sweetness. You will no longer be able to live in prosperity, and to protect your own. Poor man, poor man!" they say, "one fatal day has robbed you of all these prizes of life." But they do not go on to add "No longer withal does any craving possess you for these things." If they could see this clearly in
25 mind and so conform their speech, they would free themselves from great fear and anguish of mind. "Yes, as you now lie in death's quiet sleep, so you will be for all time that is to come removed from all distressing pains; but we beside you, as you lay burnt to ashes on the horrible pyre, have bewailed you inconsolably, and that everlasting grief no time shall take
30 from our hearts." Of such an one then we may well ask, if all ends in sleep and quiet rest, what bitterness there is in it so great that one could pine with everlasting sorrow. Why, no one feels the want of himself and his life when both mind and body alike are quiet in sleep; for all we care that sleep might be everlasting, and no craving for ourselves touches us
35 at all; and yet those first-beginnings dispersed through the body are not straying far from sense-giving motions at the time when a man startled from sleep gathers himself together. Death therefore must be thought of much less moment to us, if there can be anything less than what we see to be nothing: for a greater dispersion of the disturbed matter takes place
40 at death, and no one awakens and rises whom the cold stoppage of life has once overtaken.

Besides, if nature should suddenly utter a voice, and thus take her turn to upbraid one of us: "What ails you so, O mortal, to indulge overmuch in sickly lamentations? Why do you groan aloud and weep at death?
45 For if your former life now past has been to your liking, if it is not true that all your blessings have been gathered as it were into a riddled jar, and have run through and been lost without gratification: why not like a banqueter fed full of life, withdraw with contentment and rest in peace,

you fool? But if all that you have enjoyed has been spilt out and lost, and if you have a grudge at life, why seek to add more, only to be miserably lost again and to perish wholly without gratification? Why not rather make an end of life and trouble? For there is nothing else I can devise and invent to please you; everything is always the same. If your body is not
5 already withering with years and your limbs worn out and languid, yet everything remains the same, if you should go on to outlive all generations, and even more if you should be destined never to die": what have we to answer, but that nature urges against us a just charge and in her plea sets forth a true case? But if in this regard some older man well stricken in
10 years should make complaint, wretchedly bewailing his death more than he ought, would she not have reason to cry more loudly still and to upbraid in bitter words? "Away, away with your tears, ruffian, check your lamentations. All life's prizes you have enjoyed and now you wither. But because you always crave what you have not, and condemn what you
15 have, life has slipped by for you incomplete and ungratifying, and death stands by your head unexpected, before you can retire gluttoned and full of the feast. But now in any case dismiss all that befits not your years, and be content; come, depart with dignity: thus it needs must be." She would be right, I think, to do so, right to upbraid and reproach. For the old
20 order always passes thrust out by the new, and one thing has to be made afresh from others; but no one is delivered into the pit or black Tartarus: matter is wanted, that coming generations may grow; and yet they all when their life is done will follow you, and before you, no less than you, these generations have fallen and shall fall. So one thing will never cease
25 to arise from another, and no man possesses life in freehold—all as tenants. Look back also and see how the ages of everlasting time past before we were born have been to us nothing. This therefore is a mirror which nature holds up to us, showing the time to come after we at length shall die. Is there anything horrible in that? Is there anything gloomy? 30 Is it not more peaceful than any sleep?

And of a surety whatsoever things are fabled to exist in deep Acheron, these all exist for us in this life. There is no wretched Tantalus, as the story goes, fearing the great rock that hangs over him in the air and frozen with vain terror; rather it is in this life that the fear of gods oppresses
35 mortals without cause, and the fall they fear is any that chance may bring. No Tityos lying in Acheron is rummaged by winged creatures, nor assuredly can they find in eternity anything at all to dig for deep in that vast breast. Wide as you will, let that huge body be spread forth, enough to cover not nine acres only with the outstretched limbs, but the whole
40 globe of earth: yet he will not be able to bear pain for ever, nor to provide food of his own body always. But our Tityos is here, grovelling in love, and the winged things that tear him (anxious anguish eating him up) or rend him with some other lust, are his passions. Sisyphus also appears in this life before our eyes, athirst to solicit from the people the licitor's
45 rods and cruel axes, and always retiring defeated and full of gloom: for to solicit power, an empty thing, which is never granted, and herein always to endure hard toil, this is to push laboriously up a steep hill the

rock that still rolls down again from the very top, and in a rush recovers the levels of the open plain. Then to be always feeding an ungrateful mind, yet never able to fill and satisfy it with good things, as the seasons of the year do for us when they come round bringing their fruits and manifold charms, yet we are never filled with the fruits of life, this I think is meant by the tale of young and lovely damsels pouring water into a riddled urn, which for all their trying can never be filled. Cerberus also and the furies and the withholding of light . . . and Tartarus belching horrible fires from his throat, which neither exist anywhere nor in truth can exist. But in this life there is fear of punishment for evil deeds, fear as notorious as the deeds are notorious, and atonement for crime, prison, and the horrible casting down from the Rock, stripes, torturers, condemned cell, pitch, red-hot plates, firebrands: and even if these are absent, yet the guilty conscience, terrified before aught can come to pass, applies the goad and scorches itself with whips, and meanwhile sees not where can be the end to its miseries or the final limit to its punishment, and fears at the same time that all this may become heavier after death. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that the fool's life becomes a hell on earth.

This thought also you may at times address to yourself: "Even good Ancus has closed his eyes on the light, who was better than you, wicked man, in many ways. After him many kings and potentates have fallen who ruled over great nations. He also who once paved a road across the great sea for his armies to pass over the deep, and taught them to walk on foot over the salt bays, and despised the roarings of the main as he trampled upon it with his cavalry, he also was robbed of the light and poured his spirit out of a dying body. The son of the house of Scipio, thunderbolt of war, terror of Carthage, gave his bones to the earth as though he had been the humblest menial. Add the inventors in the world, of science and beauty, add the brotherhood of Helicon, whose one and only king, Homer, has been laid to rest in the same sleep with all the others. Democritus again, when ripe old age reminded him that the recording motions of his mind were beginning to fail, of his own free will himself offered his head to death. Epicurus himself died when the light of life had run its course, he whose intellect surpassed humanity, who quenched all lights as the risen sun of heaven quenches the stars. And will you hesitate, will you be indignant to die? You whose life is now all but dead though you live and see, you who waste the greater part of your time in sleep, who snore open-eyed and never cease to see dreams, who bear with you a mind plagued with vain terror, who often cannot discover what is amiss with you, when you are oppressed, poor drunken wretch, by a host of cares on all sides, while you wander drifting on the wayward tides of impulse!"

Even as men evidently feel that there is a weight on their minds which wearies with its oppression, if so they could also recognize from what causes it comes, and what makes so great a mountain of misery to lie on their hearts, they would not so live their lives as now we generally see them do, each ignorant what he wants, each seeking always to change his place as if he could drop his burden. There is one goes forth often from

his palace who has been bored to death at home, and then suddenly returns because he feels himself no better abroad. Off he courses, driving the nags to his country house in headlong haste, as if he were bringing urgent help to a blazing pile: suddenly yawns on reaching the threshold of the mansion, or falls into heavy sleep and seeks oblivion, or even makes haste to get back and see the city again. Thus each man flees from himself (but of course, as you might expect, the self whom he cannot escape cleaves to him all the more against his will), and hates himself because he is a sick man that knows not the cause of his complaint; for could he see that well, at once each would throw his business aside and first study to learn the nature of things, since the matter in doubt is not his state for one hour, but for eternity, in what state mortals must expect all time to be passed which remains after death.

Besides, what is this great and evil lust of life that drives us to be agitated amidst doubt and peril? There is an end fixed for the life of mortals, and death cannot be avoided, but die we must. Again we move and have our being always amidst the same things, and by living we cannot forge for ourselves any new pleasure; but while we have not what we crave, that seems to surpass all else; afterwards when we have attained that, we crave something else; one unchanging thirst of life fills us and our mouths are for ever agape: and it is uncertain what fortune the next years may bring, what chance has in store, what end awaits us. And by protracting life we do not deduct one jot from the time when death shall last, nor are we strong enough to diminish that so as to leave a shorter time after our taking off. Nay, you may live to complete as many generations as you will, nevertheless that everlasting death will still be waiting, and no less long a time will he be no more who has made an end of life with to-day's sun, than he who fell many a month and year before . . .



EVOLUTION OF LIFE AND SOCIETY

LUCRETIVS

[From Book V]

And now to proceed: since I have explained in what way everything might come to pass through the blue spaces of the great firmament, so that we might be able to understand what force and what cause set in motion the sun's varied courses and the moon's travels, how their light could be obstructed and they disappear veiling the astonished world in darkness, when they seem to wink and again with open eye gaze on the whole place bright with clear light, I now return to the world's infancy, what first the fields of earth in their tender age thought fit to bring forth into the regions of light with new birth-throes and to commit to the wayward winds.

In the beginning the earth gave forth grasses after their kinds and bright verdure about the hills and all over the plains, and the flowering meadows shone with the colour of green; then to the various kinds of trees came a mighty struggle, as they raced at full speed to grow up into the air. As
 5 feathers and hair and bristles grow on the frame of four-footed creatures or the body of birds all strong-i'-the-wing, so then the new-born earth put forth herbage and trees first, and in the next place created the generations of mortal creatures, arising in many kinds and in many ways by different processes. For animals cannot have fallen from the sky, nor can
 10 creatures of the land have come out of the salt pools. It remains, therefore, that the earth deserves the name of mother which she possesses, since from the earth all things have been produced. And even now many living creatures arise from the earth, formed by the rain and the warm heat of the sun, so that it is less wonderful if then more and larger ones arose,
 15 which grew up when earth and air were young. First the race of winged things and the different birds issued from their eggs being hatched in the springtime, even as now in summer the cicadas of their own accord leave their filmy husks, to seek life and living. Then first, look you, the earth gave forth the generations of mortal creatures. For there was great
 20 abundance of heat and moisture in the fields; therefore wherever a suitable place was found, wombs would grow, holding to the earth by roots; and when in due time the age of the infants broke the bladders, fleeing from the moisture and seeking the air, nature would direct thither pores of the earth and make it discharge from these open veins a liquid like to milk,
 25 even as now when a woman has brought forth she is filled with sweet milk, because all that rush of nourishment is directed towards the breasts. Earth gave food for the children, warmth gave the raiment, the herbage a bed with abundance of down rich and soft. But the infancy of the world produced neither hard cold nor excessive heat nor winds of great force:
 30 for all things grow and gain strength together.

Wherefore again and again the earth deserves the name of mother which she has gotten, since of herself she created the human race, and produced almost at a fixed time every animal that ranges wild everywhere over the great mountains, and the birds of the air at the same time in all
 35 their varied forms. But because she must have some limit to her bearing, she ceased, like a woman worn out by old age. For time changes the nature of the whole universe, and one state of things must pass into another, and nothing remains as it was; all things move, all are changed by nature and compelled to alter. For one thing crumbles and grows faint and weak
 40 with age, another grows up and comes forth from contempt. So therefore time changes the nature of the whole universe, and one state of the earth gives place to another; so that what she bore she cannot, but can bear what she bore not before.

Many were the monsters also that the earth then tried to make, springing
 45 up with wondrous appearance and frame: the hermaphrodite, between man and woman yet neither, different from both; some without feet, others again bereft of hands; some found dumb also without a mouth, some blind without face; some bound fast with all their limbs adhering

to their bodies, so that they could do nothing and go nowhere, could neither avoid mischief nor take what they might need. So with the rest of like monsters and portents that she made, it was all in vain: since nature denied them growth, and they could not attain the desired flower of age nor find food nor join by the ways of Venus. For we see that living beings need many things in conjunction, so that they may be able by procreation to forge out the chain of the generations: first there must be food, next there must be a way for the life-giving seeds to ooze through the frame and be discharged from the body, and that male and female be joined they must both have the means to exchange mutual pleasures. 5 10

And many species of animals must have perished at that time, unable by procreation to forge out the chain of posterity: for whatever you see feeding on the breath of life, either cunning or courage or at least quickness must have guarded and kept that kind from its earliest existence; many again still exist, entrusted to our protection, which remain, commended to us because of their usefulness. Firstly, the fierce brood of lions, that savage tribe, has been protected by courage, the wolf by cunning, by swiftness the stag. But the intelligent dog, so light of sleep and so true of heart, beasts of burden of all kinds, wooly sheep also, and horned breeds of oxen, all these are entrusted to men's protection, Memmius. For these have eagerly fled from the wild beasts, they have sought peace and the generous provision gained by no labour of theirs, which we give them as the reward of their usefulness. But those to which nature gives no such qualities, so that they could neither live by themselves at their own will, nor give us some usefulness for which we might suffer them to feed under our protection and be safe, these certainly lay at the mercy of others for prey and profit, being all hampered by their own fateful chains, until nature brought that race to destruction. 15 20 25

But Centaurs never existed, nor at any time can there be creatures of double nature and twofold body combined together of incompatible limbs, unless the power and force of the two halves are fairly balanced. Here is a proof that will convince the dullest wit. Firstly, the horse is at the best of his vigour about the age of three years fully past: not so the boy by any means, for even at this time he will often in sleep seek his mother's milky breast. Afterwards when the strong powers of the horse are failing in old age and his body faints as life recedes, then is the time that youth takes possession of that boy in the flower of his years, clothing his cheeks with soft down. I say this that you may not believe that Centaurs can exist or be, composed of man and the animal seed of the horse, or that a Scylla can exist with body half fish and a girdle of ravening dogs, and all other such monsters in which we see the members to be incompatible, which are not in their prime together, nor come to their bodily strength together, nor lose strength in old age, nor burn with passion alike, nor agree in habits, nor find the same things pleasant for their bodies. In fact you may see that bearded goats often grow fat on hemlock, which for man is rank poison. Again, seeing that fire is wont to scorch and to burn the tawny bodies of lions as much as every kind in the world that consists of flesh and blood, how could it be that a Chimaera, threefold body in 30 35 40 45

one, lion in front, serpent behind, goat in the middle, could breathe out fierce fire from its body? Wherefore he that supposes that such animals could have been born even when earth was young and heaven new, depending upon this one empty word newness, may with equal reason
5 babble on without end, saying that rivers of gold used commonly to flow over the earth, that trees would have jewels for flowers, that man was born with so great power of limb that he could set his stride across the deep sea and with his hands turn the whole sky about him. For if there were many seeds of things in the soil at the time when first the earth poured forth
10 the animals, that is nevertheless no proof that creatures of mixed growth could be made, and limbs of various creatures joined into one; because the various kinds of plants and the corn and the luxuriant trees which even now spring in abundance from the earth, nevertheless cannot be produced interwoven together, but each thing proceeds after its own
15 fashion and all by fixed law preserve the distinctions of nature.

But the race of men at that time was much hardier on the land, as was fitting inasmuch as the hard earth had made it; built up within it was with bones larger and more solid, fitted with strong sinews throughout the flesh, not such as easily to be mastered by heat or cold or
20 strange food or any ailment of the body. Through many lustres of the sun rolling through the sky they passed their lives after the wide-wandering fashion of wild beasts. No sturdy guider of the curved plough was there, none knew how to work the fields with iron, to dig new shoots into the ground, to prune off old branches from the tall trees
25 with a sickle. What sun and rain had given, what the earth had produced of her own accord, that was a gift enough to content their minds. Amidst the acorn-laden oaks they refreshed themselves for the most part; and the arbutue-berries which in winter time you now see ripen with crimson colour, then the earth bore in abundance and even larger than now. Many
30 another kind of food besides the flowering infancy of the world then produced, hard but amply sufficient for poor mortals. But to quench thirst, rivers and springs invited them, as now the rushing of water down from the great mountains calls loud and far to the thirsting hordes of beasts. Next as they roamed abroad they dwelt in familiar woodland
35 precincts of the Nymphs, whence they knew that some running rivulet issued rippling over the wet rocks, rippling over the rocks in abundant flow and dripping upon the green moss, with plenty left to splash and bubble over the level plain. Not yet did they know how to work things with fire, nor to use skins and to clothe themselves in the strippings of
40 beasts; but they dwelt in the woods and forests and mountain caves, and hid their rough bodies in the underwoods when they had to escape the beating of wind and rain. They could not look to the common good, they knew not how to govern their intercourse by custom and law. Whatever prize fortune gave to each, that he carried off, every man taught to live and
45 be strong for himself at his own will. And Venus joined the bodies of lovers in the woods; for either the woman was attracted by some mutual desire, or caught by the man's violent force and vehement lust, or by a bribe—acorns and arbutue-berries or choice pears. And by the aid of their

wonderful powers of hand and foot, they would hunt the woodland tribes of beasts with volleys of stones and ponderous clubs, overpowering many, shunning but a few in their lairs; and when night overtook them, like so many bristly hogs they just cast their savage bodies naked upon the ground, rolling themselves in leaves and boughs. Nor did they go seeking the day and the sun with great outcry over the countryside, wandering panic-stricken in the shadows of night, but waited quiet and buried in sleep until the sun with rosy torch spread his light over the heavens. For since they had been accustomed from childhood always to see darkness and light return in alternate sequence, it was impossible that they should ever feel wonder, or fear lest everlasting night should possess the world, the sun's light being withdrawn for ever. Rather what troubled them was that the hordes of beasts often made their rest dangerous to them: and driven from their shelter, they would flee to the rocks and caves when a foaming boar appeared or a mighty lion, and at dead of night in terror would yield their leaf-strewn beds to the savage guests.

Nor did mortal men much more then than now leave the sweet light of lapsing life. True, each one was then more like to be caught and devoured alive by wild beasts, torn by their teeth, and to fill woods and forests and mountains with groaning as he saw his own living flesh buried in a living tomb; while any that flight had saved with mangled body held thereafter their trembling hands over the hideous sores, calling on Orcus with horrible cries, until cruel torments put an end to their life, with none to help, all ignorant what a wound wanted. But one day did not then send to destruction many thousands of men in the battle-field, then ships and mariners were not dashed on the rocks by the turbulent billows of the sea. Then it was all in vain, all useless, all for nothing if the sea sometimes rose and stormed, or gently calmed his threats without meaning, nor could anyone be enticed to his ruin by the treacherous witchery of a quiet sea with laughing waves. The wicked art of navigation then lay hidden and obscure. In those days again, it was lack of food that drove fainting bodies to death; now contrariwise it is the abundance that overwhelms them. In those days men often unwittingly poured poison for themselves, now more skilfully taught they give poison to others.

Next, when they had got them huts and skins, and fire, and woman mated with man was appropriated to one, [and the laws of wedlock] became known, and they saw offspring born of them, then first the human race began to grow soft. For the fire saw to it that their shivering bodies were less able to endure cold under the canopy of heaven, and Venus sapped their strength, and children easily broke their parents' proud spirit by coaxings. Then also neighbours began eagerly to join friendship amongst themselves to do no hurt and suffer no violence, and asked protection for their children and womankind, signifying by voice and gesture with stammering tongue that it was right for all to pity the weak. Nevertheless concord could not altogether be produced, but a good part, nay the most kept the covenant unblemished, or else the race of mankind would have been even then wholly destroyed, nor would birth and begetting have been able to prolong their posterity.

But the various sounds of the tongue nature drove them to utter, and convenience pressed out of them names for things, not far otherwise than very speechlessness is seen to drive children to the use of gesture, when it makes them point with the finger at things that are before them. For
5 each feels to what purpose he is able to use his own powers. Before the budding horns stand out on the calf's forehead, these are what he uses in anger to butt with and pushes viciously. But panthers' kittens and lions' cubs already fight with claws and feet and bite, even when teeth and claws are as yet scarcely grown. Further, we see that all the winged tribes trust
10 to their wings and seek unsteady aid from their pinions. Therefore to suppose that someone then distributed names amongst things, and from him that men learnt their first words, is folly. For why should he have been able to mark all things with titles and to utter the various sounds of the tongue, and at the same time others not be thought able to have done
15 it? Besides, if others had not also used these terms in their intercourse, whence was that foreknowledge of usefulness implanted, and whence did he first gain such power, as to know what he wanted to do and to see it in his mind's eye? Compel them again he could not, one against many, nor could he master and conquer them, that they should wish to learn
20 the names of things; nor is it easy to teach in any way or to persuade what is necessary to be done, when men are deaf; for they would not have suffered nor endured in any way that he should go on dinning into their ears sounds of the voice which they had never heard, all to no purpose. Lastly, what is so very wonderful in this business, if the human race,
25 having active voices and tongues, could distinguish things by varying sounds to suit varying feelings? seeing that dumb animals, seeing that even wild beasts of all kinds are wont to utter sounds different and varying when they are in fear or pain, and when now joy begins to glow. Indeed you may learn this from plain facts. When Molossian hounds are
30 irritated, and their great flabby jaws first begin to growl, baring the hard teeth, they threaten with a far different sound, drawn back in rage, than when at last they bark out and fill the place with their bellings. And when they set about to lick their whelps affectionately with their tongue, or when they throw them about with their paws and snapping at them make
35 as though to swallow them gently with teeth ready to close, they mouth them with yelpings of quite another sort, than when they howl in some deserted house or when whimpering they cringe away from a blow. Again, is there not a difference in the neighing, when amidst the mares a young stallion in the flower of his age runs wild, struck with the spurs of winged
40 love, and when he snorts out from wide nostrils for the fight, and when on some other occasion he just neighs with shaking limbs? Lastly, the race of winged creatures and many-coloured birds, hawks and ospreys, and gulls, which seek life and living on the salt water amidst the waves of the sea, utter sounds which differ greatly at different times from those which
45 they utter when fighting for food and struggling against robbery. Some birds change their harsh-toned song with the weather, such as the generations of ancient ravens or flocks of rooks, when they are said to call for water and rain, or sometimes to cry for wind and breeze. Therefore if

different feelings compel animals, dumb though they are, to utter different sounds, how much more natural it is that mortal men should then have been able to mark different things with one sound or another!

That you may not perhaps be quietly asking yourself the question, it was lightning that first brought fire down to the earth for mortals, and from this all blazing flames have been spread abroad. For we can see many things catch fire touched by the flames from on high, when the stroke from heaven has given them its heat. And yet also when a branching tree struck by the winds, swaying and tossed about, leans on the branches of a tree, fire is pressed out by the great force of the friction, and at times the burning glare of flame flashes while branches and twigs are rubbed together. Either of these causes may have given fire to mankind. After that, the sun taught them to cook food and to soften it by the heat of flames, since they saw many things soften, vanquished by the blows of the heat of his rays amid the fields.

More and more daily they were shown how to change their former life and living for new ways, by those men of goodwill who were pre-eminent in genius and strong in mind. Kings began to found cities and to build a citadel for their own protection and refuge; and they divided cattle and lands, and gave them to each according to beauty and strength and genius: for beauty had great power, and strength had importance, in those days. Afterwards wealth was introduced and gold was discovered, which easily robbed both the strong and the handsome of their honour; for however strong and handsome in body, men for the most part follow the party of the richer. But if one should guide his life by true principles, man's greatest riches is to live on a little with contented mind; for a little is never lacking. Yet men desired to be famous and powerful, that their fortune might stand fast upon a firm foundation, and that being wealthy they might be able to pass a quiet life: all in vain, since in the struggle to climb to the summit of honour they made their path full of danger; and even down from the summit, nevertheless, envy strikes them oftentimes like a thunderbolt and casts them with scorn into loathly Tartarus; since envy, like the thunderbolt, usually scorches the summits and all those that are elevated above others; so that it is indeed much better to obey in peace, than to desire to hold the world in fee and to rule kingdoms. Leave them then to be weary for nought, and to sweat blood in struggling along the narrow path of ambition; since their wisdom comes from the lips of others, and they pursue things on hearsay rather than from their own feelings. And this was in the beginning, as much as it is now and shall be without end.

Kings therefore were slain; the ancient majesty of thrones and proud sceptres lay overthrown in the dust; the illustrious badge of the topmost head, bloodstained beneath the feet of the mob, bewailed its lost honour: for men are eager to tread underfoot what they have once too much feared. So things came to the uttermost dregs of confusion, when each man for himself sought dominion and exaltation. Then there were some who taught them to create magistrates, and established law, that they might be willing to obey statutes. For mankind, tired of living in violence,

was fainting from its feuds, and so they were readier of their own will to submit to statutes and strict rules of law. For because each man in his wrath would make ready to avenge himself more severely than is permitted now by just laws, for this reason men were utterly weary of living in
5 violence. Hence comes fear of punishment that taints the prizes of life; for violence and injury enclose in their net all that do such things, and generally return upon him who began, nor is it easy to pass a quiet and peaceful life for him whose deeds violate the bonds of the common peace. For even if he hide it from gods and men, he must yet be uncertain that
10 it will for ever remain hidden; seeing that often many men speaking in dreams or raving in delirium, are said to have discovered themselves, and to have shown abroad both hidden vices and hidden sins.

Next it is not very difficult to explain in words, what cause has spread the divinity of the gods over great nations and filled the cities with altars,
15 and has made customary rites to be undertaken, rites which now flourish in our magnificence and our great places, from which even now remains implanted in mortal men the awe that raises new shrines to the gods all over the world, and drives them to throng together on festal days. The truth is, that even in those days the generations of men used to see with
20 waking mind, and still more in sleep, gods conspicuous in beauty and of marvellous bodily stature. To these therefore they attributed sensation, because they appeared to move their limbs and to utter proud speech in keeping with their splendid beauty and vast strength. And they gave them everlasting life, because there was always a succession of visions
25 coming up in which the shape remained the same, and because they thought that certainly beings endowed with such strength could not in any case lightly be overcome by any force. Therefore they thought them to be pre-eminent in happiness, because the fear of death troubled none of them, and at the same time because in sleep they saw them perform
30 many marvellous feats and felt no distress therefrom. Besides they observed how the array of heaven and the various seasons of the year came round in due order, and could not discover by what causes all that came about. Therefore their refuge was to leave all in the hands of the gods, and to suppose that by their nod all things were done. And they
35 placed the gods' habitation and abode in the sky, because through the sky the night and the moon are seen to revolve, moon and day and night and the solemn stars of night, heaven's night-wandering torches, clouds and sun, rain and snow, winds, lightnings and hail, rapid roarings and threatening throes of thunder.

40 O unhappy race of mankind, to ascribe such doings to the gods and to add thereto bitter wrath! What groans did they then create for themselves, what wounds for us, what tears for generations to come! It is no piety to show oneself often with covered head, turning towards a stone and approaching every altar, none to fall prostrate upon the ground and
45 to spread open the palms before shrines of the gods, none to sprinkle altars with the blood of beasts in showers and to link vow to vow; but rather to be able to survey all things with mind at peace. For when we look upwards to the celestial regions of the great firmament, to the ether

studded with glittering stars, when we think of the ways of sun and moon, into our hearts already crushed with other woes a new anxious care awakening begins to lift up its head, whether by any chance we have to do with some immeasurable power of the gods, able to make the bright stars revolve with their different movements. For it shakes the mind with 5 doubt to find no answer to the question, whether the world had a birthday, and also whether a limit is set, whereunto the walls of the universe are able to endure the strain of this incessant motion; or whether by the gods' ordinance endowed with everlasting existence they are able to glide on for ever through the course of time, despising the strong power of 10 immeasurable time. Besides, whose mind does not shrink up with fear of the gods, whose limbs do not crawl with terror, when the scorched earth quakes with the shivering shock of a thunderbolt and rumblings run through the mighty sky? Do not nations and peoples tremblé, do not proud kings huddle up their limbs smitten with fear of the gods, lest for 15 some base deed or proud word the solemn time of punishment be now at hand? When also the supreme violence of a furious wind upon the sea sweeps over the waters the chief admiral of a fleet along with his mighty legions and elephants, does he not crave the gods' peace with vows, does he not in his panic seek with prayers the peace of the winds and favouring 20 breezes: all in vain, since none the less he is often caught up in the hurricane and driven upon the shoals of death! So true is it that some hidden power grinds down humanity, and seems to trample upon the noble rods and the cruel axes, and hold them in derision. Then when the whole earth trembles beneath our feet, when cities are shaken and fall or threaten 25 to fall, what wonder if the sons of men feel contempt for themselves, and acknowledge the great potency and wondrous might of gods in the world, to govern all things?

—W. H. D. ROUSE.



ON FRIENDSHIP¹

CICERO

Friendship is a constantly recurring motive of classical literature and a favorite theme for philosophical discussion. Compared with Aristotle's treatment of the subject, Cicero seems to be content with mere generalizations; yet he succeeds in presenting what was regarded as the fundamental question—whether friendship springs from utility or from service. (For Cicero, see above p. 109.)

LÆLIUS. Therefore, for a discussion of everything possible to be said on the subject of friendship, I advise you to apply to those who profess 30 that art; all that I can do is to urge you to put friendship before all things

¹ From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

human; for nothing is so conformable to nature and nothing so adaptable to our fortunes whether they be favourable or adverse.

This, however, I do feel first of all—that friendship cannot exist except among good men; nor do I go into that too deeply, as is done by those
5 who in discussing this point with more than usual accuracy, and it may be correctly, but with too little view to practical results, say that no one is good unless he is wise. We may grant that; but they understand wisdom to be a thing such as no mortal man has yet attained. I, however, am bound to look at things as they are in the experience of everyday life and
10 not as they are in fancy or in hope. Never could I say that Gaius Fabricius, Manius Curius, and Tiberius Coruncanius, whom our ancestors adjudged to be wise, were wise by such a standard as that. Therefore, let the Sophists keep their unpopular and unintelligible word to themselves, granting only that the men just named were good men. They will not do it though; they
15 will say that goodness can be predicated only of the “wise” man. Let us then proceed “with our own dull wits,” as the saying is. Those who so act and so live as to give proof of loyalty and uprightness, of fairness and generosity; who are free from all passion, caprice, and insolence, and have great strength of character—men like those just mentioned—such men
20 let us consider good, as they were accounted good in life, and also entitled to be called by that term because, in as far as that is possible for man, they follow Nature, who is the best guide to good living.

For it seems clear to me that we were so created that between us all there exists a certain tie which strengthens with our proximity to each
25 other. Therefore, fellow countrymen are preferred to foreigners and relatives to strangers, for with them Nature herself engenders friendship, but it is one that is lacking in constancy. For friendship excels relationship in this, that goodwill may be eliminated from relationship while from friendship it cannot; since, if you remove goodwill from friendship, the
30 very name of friendship is gone; if you remove it from relationship, the name relationship still remains. Moreover, how great the power of friendship is may most clearly be recognized from the fact that, in comparison with the infinite ties uniting the human race and fashioned by Nature herself, this thing called friendship has been narrowed that the
35 bonds of affection always unite two persons only, or, at most, a few.

For friendship is nothing else than an accord in all things, human and divine, conjoined with mutual goodwill and affection, and I am inclined to think that, with the exception of wisdom, no better thing has been given to man by the immortal gods. Some prefer riches, some good health,
40 some power, some public honours, and many prefer sensual pleasures. This last is the highest aim of brutes; the others are fleeting and unstable things and dependent less upon human foresight than upon the fickleness of fortune. Again, there are those who place the “chief good” in virtue and that is really a noble view; but this very virtue is the parent and
45 preserver of friendship and without virtue friendship cannot exist at all. To proceed then, let us interpret the word “virtue” by the familiar usage of our everyday life and speech, and not in pompous phrase apply to it the precise standards which certain philosophers use; and let us include

in the number of good men those who are so considered—men like Paulus, Cato, Gallus, Scipio, and Philus—who satisfy the ordinary standard of life; but let us pass by such men as are nowhere to be found at all.

Therefore, among men like those just mentioned, friendship offers advantages almost beyond my power to describe. In the first place, how can life be what Ennius calls “the life worth living,” if it does not repose on the mutual goodwill of a friend? What is sweeter than to have someone with whom you may dare discuss anything as if you were communing with yourself? How could your enjoyment in times of prosperity be so great if you did not have someone whose joy in them would be equal to your own? Adversity would indeed be hard to bear, without him to whom the burden would be heavier even than to yourself. In short, all other objects of desire are each, for the most part, adapted to a single end—riches, for spending; influence, for honour; public office, for reputation; pleasures, for sensual enjoyment; and health, for freedom from pain and full use of the bodily functions; but friendship embraces innumerable ends; turn where you will it is ever at your side; no barrier shuts it out; it is never untimely and never in the way. Therefore, we do not use the proverbial “fire and water” on more occasions than we use friendship. I am not now speaking of the ordinary and commonplace friendship—delightful and profitable as it is—but of that pure and faultless kind, such as was that of the few whose friendships are known to fame. For friendship adds a brighter radiance to prosperity and lessens the burden of adversity by dividing and sharing it.

Seeing that friendship includes very many and very great advantages, it undoubtedly excels all other things in this respect, that it projects the bright ray of hope into the future, and does not suffer the spirit to grow faint or to fall. Again, he who looks upon a true friend, looks, as it were, upon a sort of image of himself. Wherefore friends, though absent, are at hand; though in need, yet abound; though weak, are strong; and—harder saying still—though dead, are yet alive; so great is the esteem on the part of their friends, the tender recollection and the deep longing that still attends them. These things make the death of the departed seem fortunate and the life of the survivors worthy of praise. But if you should take the bond of goodwill out of the universe no house or city could stand, nor would even the tillage of the fields abide. If that statement is not clear, then you may understand how great is the power of friendship and of concord from a consideration of the results of enmity and disagreement. For what house is so strong, or what state so enduring that it cannot be utterly overthrown by animosities and division?

From this it may be judged how great good there is in friendship. It is said, at any rate, that a certain learned man of Agrigentum sang in inspired strain in Greek verse that in nature and the entire universe whatever things are at rest and whatever are in motion are united by friendship and scattered by discord. And indeed this is a statement which all men not only understand but also approve. Whenever, therefore, there comes to light some signal service in undergoing or sharing the dangers of

a friend, who does not proclaim it with the loudest praise? What shouts recently rang through the entire theatre during the performance of the new play, written by my guest and friend, Marcus Pacuvius, at the scene where, the king being ignorant which of the two was Orestes, Pylades, who wished to be put to death instead of his friend, declared, "I am Orestes," while Orestes continued steadfastly to assert, as was the fact, "I am Orestes!" The people in the audience rose to their feet and cheered this incident in fiction; what, think we, would they have done had it occurred in real life? In this case Nature easily asserted her own power, inasmuch as men approved in another as well done that which they could not do themselves . . .

The oftener, therefore, I reflect on friendship the more it seems to me that consideration should be given to the question, whether the longing for friendship is felt on account of weakness and want, so that by giving and receiving favours one may get from another and in turn repay what he is unable to procure of himself; or, although this mutual interchange is really inseparable from friendship, whether there is not another cause, older, more beautiful, and emanating more directly from Nature herself. For it is love (*amor*), from which the word "friendship" (*amicitia*) is derived, that leads to the establishing of goodwill. For while it is true that advantages are frequently obtained even from those who, under a pretence of friendship, are courted and honoured to suit the occasion; yet in friendship there is nothing false, nothing pretended; whatever there is is genuine and comes of its own accord. Wherefore it seems to me that friendship springs rather from nature than from need, and from an inclination of the soul joined with a feeling of love rather than from calculation of how much profit the friendship is likely to afford. What this feeling is may be perceived even in the case of certain animals, which, up to a certain time, so love their offspring and are so loved by them, that their impulses are easily seen. But this is much more evident in man; first, from the affection existing between children and parents, which cannot be destroyed except by some execrable crime, and again from that kindred impulse of love, which arises when once we have met someone whose habits and character are congenial with our own; because in him we seem to behold, as it were, a sort of lamp of uprightness and virtue. For there is nothing more lovable than virtue, nothing that more allures us to affection, since on account of their virtue and uprightness we feel a sort of affection even for those whom we have never seen. Is there anyone who does not dwell with some kindly affection on the memory of Gaius Fabricius and Manius Curius, though he never saw them? On the other hand, is there anyone who does not hate Tarquin the Proud, Spurius Cassius, or Spurius Mælius? Against two leaders we had bitter struggles for the empire of Italy—Pyrrhus and Hannibal; for the former, because of his uprightness, we have no great enmity; for the latter, because of his cruelty, this State will always entertain hatred. . . .

Then listen, most worthy gentlemen, to the points very frequently mentioned between Scipio and me in our discussions of friendship. Now he, indeed, used to say that nothing was harder than for a friendship to

continue to the very end of life; for it often happened either that the friendship ceased to be mutually advantageous, or the parties to it did not entertain the same political views; and that frequently, too, the dispositions of men were changed, sometimes by adversity and sometimes by the increasing burdens of age. And then he would draw an illustration 5 of this principle from the analogy of early life. "For," said he, "the most ardent attachments of boyhood are often laid aside with the boyish dress; and if continued to the time of manhood, they are broken off, sometimes by rivalry in courtship or sometimes by a contest for some advantage, in which both of the parties to the friendship cannot be successful at the 10 same time. But should the friendship continue for a longer time, yet it is often overthrown when a struggle for office happens to arise; for while, with the generality of men, the greatest bane of friendship is the lust for money, with the most worthy men it is the strife for preferment and glory, and from this source frequently have sprung the deadliest enmities between 15 the dearest friends."

"Then, too, disagreements of a very serious nature, and usual justifiable, arise from a demand upon friends to do something that is wrong, as, for example, to become agents of vice or abettors in violence, and when the demand is refused, however honourable the refusal, it is 20 nevertheless charged by those to whom the compliance was denied that the laws of friendship have been disregarded; besides, those who dare demand anything and everything of a friend, by that very demand profess a willingness to do anything whatever for the sake of a friend. By their ceaseless recriminations not only are social intimacies usually destroyed, 25 but also everlasting enmities are produced. So many dangers of this kind," he would say, "hover like evil fates over friendships, that it seems to me to require both wisdom and good luck to escape them all."

Wherefore, let us first consider, if you please, how far love ought to go in friendship. Supposing Coriolanus to have had friends, were those 30 friends in duty bound to bear arms with him against their country? Or ought the friends of Vecellinus, or of Mælius, to have supported them in their attempts to gain regal power? As to Tiberius Gracchus, when he began to stir up revolution against the Republic, we saw him utterly deserted by Quintus Tubero and by the friends of his own age. And yet 35 Gaius Blossius of Cumæ, a protégé of your family, Scævola, came to me to plead for leniency, because I was present as adviser to the consuls, Lænas and Rupilius, and offered, as a reason for my pardoning him, the fact that his esteem for Tiberius Gracchus was so great he thought it was his duty to do anything that Tiberius requested him to do. Thereupon I 40 inquired, "Even if he requested you to set fire to the Capitol?" "He never would have requested me to do that, of course," said he, "but if he had I should have obeyed." You see what an impious remark that was! And, by heavens! he did all that he said he would do, or rather even more; for he did not follow, but he directed, the infatuation of Tiberius 45 Gracchus, and he did not offer himself as the comrade in the latter's fury, but as the leader. And so, as a result of his madness, being in fear of the special court of inquiry, he fled into Asia, joined our enemies,

and paid a heavy and righteous penalty for his crimes against the Republic.

Therefore it is no justification whatever of your sin to have sinned in behalf of a friend; for, since his belief in your virtue induced the friendship, it is hard for that friendship to remain if you have forsaken virtue. But if you should resolve that it is right, either to grant our friends whatever they wish, or get from them whatever we wish, then, assuming that we were endowed with truly faultless wisdom, no harm would result. . . .

Therefore let this be ordained as the first law of friendship: Ask of friends only what is honourable; do for friends only what is honourable and without even waiting to be asked; let zeal be ever present, but hesitation absent; dare to give true advice with all frankness; in friendship let the influence of friends who are wise counsellors be paramount, and let that influence be employed in advising, not only with frankness, but, if the occasion demands, even with sternness, and let the advice be followed when given. I say this because certain men who, I am informed, are considered sages in Greece, have approved certain views, which, in my opinion, are astonishing (but there is nothing that those men will not pursue with their subtleties). Some of these men teach that too much intimacy in friendships should be avoided, lest it be necessary for one man to be full of anxiety for many; that each one of us has business of his own, enough and to spare; that it is annoying to be too much involved in the affairs of other people; but it is best to hold the reins of friendship as loosely as possible, so that we may either draw them up or slacken them at will; for, they say, an essential of a happy life is freedom from care, and this the soul cannot enjoy if one man is, as it were, in travail for many.

Again, there are others, I am told, who, with even less of human feeling, maintain (and I briefly touched on this point just now) that friendships must be sought for the sake of the defence and aid they give and not out of goodwill and affection; therefore, that those least endowed with firmness of character and strength of body have the greatest longing for friendship; and consequently, that helpless women, more than men, seek its shelter, the poor more than the rich, and the unfortunate more than those who are accounted fortunate. O noble philosophy! Why, they seem to take the sun out of the universe when they deprive life of friendship, than which we have from the immortal gods no better, no more delightful boon. For of what value is their vaunted "freedom from care"? In appearance it is indeed an alluring thing, but in reality often to be shunned. For it is inconsistent not to undertake any honourable business or course of conduct, or to lay it aside when undertaken, in order to avoid anxiety. Nay, if we continually flee from trouble, we must also flee from Virtue, who necessarily meets with some trouble in rejecting and loathing things contrary to herself, as when kindness rejects ill-will, temperance lust, and bravery cowardice. And so you may see that it is the just who are most pained at injustice, the brave at cowardice, the self-restrained at profligacy. It is, therefore, characteristic of the well-ordered mind both to rejoice at good deeds and to be pained at the reverse.

Wherefore, if distress of mind befalls a wise man (as it certainly does unless we assume that human sympathy has been rooted out of his heart), why should we remove friendship entirely from our lives in order that we may suffer no worries on its account? For when the soul is deprived of emotion, what difference is there—I do not say between man and the beasts of the field, but between man and a stock or a stone, or any such thing? Nor are we to listen to those men who maintain that virtue is hard and unyielding and is, as it were, something made of iron; whereas, in many relations of life, and especially in friendship, it is so pliable and elastic that it expands, so to speak, with a friend's prosperity and contracts with his adversity. Wherefore, that mental anguish of which I spoke and which often must be felt on a friend's account, has no more power to banish friendship from life than it has to cause us to reject virtue because virtue entails certain cares and annoyances.

But, since, as I said before, virtue knits friendship together, if there should be some exhibition of shining virtue to which a kindred spirit may attach and adjust itself, then, when that happens, love must needs spring forth. For is there anything so absurd as to delight in many inanimate things, like public office, fame, and stately buildings, or dress and personal adornment, and to take little or no delight in a sentient being endowed with virtue and capable of loving, and—if I may so term it—of loving back? For nothing gives more pleasure than the return of goodwill and the interchange of zealous service. And what if I also add, as I may fairly do, that nothing so allures and attracts anything to itself as likeness does to friendship? Then it surely will be granted as a fact that good men love and join to themselves other good men, in a union which is almost that of relationship and Nature. For there is nothing more eager or more greedy than Nature for what is like itself. Wherefore, because of this very fact, I think it should be evident, Fannius and Scævola, that the good have for the good, as if from necessity, a kindly feeling which Nature has made the fountain of friendship. But this same goodness belongs also to the generality of men. For virtue is not unfeeling, unwilling to serve, or proudly exclusive, but it is her wont to protect even whole nations and to plan the best measures for their welfare, which she certainly would not do if she disdained the affection of the common mass.

And again, it seems to me at any rate, that those who falsely assume expediency to be the basis of friendship, take from friendship's chain its loveliest link. For it is not so much the material gain procured through a friend as it is his love, and his love alone, that gives us delight; and that advantage which we derive from him becomes a pleasure only when his service is inspired by an ardent zeal. And it is far from being true that friendship is cultivated because of need; rather, is it cultivated by those who are most abundantly blessed with wealth and power and especially with virtue which is man's best defence; by those least in need of another's help; and by those most generous and most given to acts of kindness. Indeed, I should be inclined to think that it is not well for friends never to need anything at all. Wherein, for example, would my zeal have

displayed itself if Scipio had never been in need of my advice or assistance either at home or abroad? It is not the case, therefore, that friendship attends upon advantage, but, on the contrary, that advantage attends upon friendship. . . .

- 5 We now have to determine in our discussion of friendship what are the limits and, so to speak, the boundary lines of affection. On this point I observe that three views are usually advanced, none of which I approve: first, "That we should have the same feeling for our friends that we have for ourselves"; second, "That our goodwill towards our friends should
10 correspond in all respects to their goodwill towards us," and third, "That whatever value a man places upon himself, the same value should be placed upon him by his friends." I do not agree at all with any of these views. Certainly the first one is not true which holds that "as a man feels
15 towards himself, so should he feel towards his friend." For how many things we do for our friends that we never would do for ourselves! At one time we beg and entreat an unworthy man, and again we assail another too sharply or too loudly rail upon him—things not quite creditable in our own affairs, but exceedingly so in behalf of our friends; and there are numerous occasions when good men forgo, or permit themselves to
20 be deprived of, many conveniences in order that their friends rather than themselves may enjoy them.

- The second view limits friendship to an equal interchange of services and feelings. It surely is calling friendship to a very close and petty accounting to require it to keep an exact balance of credits and debits.
25 I think true friendship is richer and more abundant than that and does not narrowly scan the reckoning lest it pay out more than it has received; and there need be no fear that some bit of kindness will be lost, that it will overflow the measure and spill upon the ground, or that more than is due will be poured into friendship's bin.

- 30 But worst of all is the third limitation, which is that "whatever value a man places upon himself, the same value should be placed upon him by his friends." For often in some men either the spirit is too dejected, or the hope of bettering their fortune is too faint. Therefore, it is not the province of a friend, in such a case, to have the same estimate of another
35 that the other has of himself, but rather it is his duty to strive with all his might to arouse his friend's prostrate soul and lead it to a livelier hope and into a better train of thought. Hence some other limitation of true friendship must be fixed, after I have first stated a view which Scipio used to condemn in the strongest terms. He often said that no utterance
40 could be found more at war with friendship than that of the man who had made this remark: "We should love as if at some time we were going to hate." And Scipio really could not, he said, be induced to adopt the commonly accepted belief that this expression was made by Bias, who was counted one of the Seven Sages; but he thought that it was the speech
45 of some abandoned wretch, or scheming politician, or of someone who regarded everything as an instrument to serve his own selfish ends. For how will it be possible for anyone to be a friend to a man who, he believes, may be his foe? Nay, in such a case it will be necessary also for him to

desire and pray that his friend may sin as often as possible and thereby give him, as it were, the more handles to lay hold of; and, again, he will be bound to feel grief, pain and envy at the good deeds and good fortune of his friends. Wherefore this maxim, whoever its author, really has the effect of destroying friendship: rather ought we to have been enjoined to exercise such care in forming friendships that we should never begin to love anyone whom we might sometime hate. Indeed, Scipio thought that, even if we had been unfortunate in our choice, we should endure it rather than plan an opportunity for a breach.

Therefore, these are the limits which I think ought to be observed, namely: when the characters of friends are blameless, then there should be between them complete harmony of opinions and inclinations in everything without any exception; and, even if by some chance the wishes of a friend are not altogether honourable and require to be forwarded in matters which involve his life or reputation, we should turn aside from the straight path, provided, however, utter disgrace does not follow; for there are limits to the indulgence which can be allowed to friendship. Nor indeed ought a man either to disregard his reputation, or to consider the goodwill of his countryman a poor weapon in the battle of life, though to hunt after it with fawning and flattery is disgraceful; as to virtue we must by no means abjure it, for it is attended by regard.

But Scipio—and I often recur to him, my sole authority for a discourse on friendship—Scipio used to complain that men were more painstaking in all other things than in friendship; that everybody could tell how many goats and sheep he had, but was unable to tell the number of his friends; and that men took pains in getting the former, but were careless in choosing the latter, and had no certain signs, or marks, so to speak, by which to determine their fitness for friendship. We ought, therefore, to choose men who are firm, steadfast and constant, a class of which there is a great dearth; and at the same time it is very hard to come to a decision without a trial, while such trial can only be made in actual friendship: thus friendship outruns the judgement and takes away the opportunity of a trial. Hence it is the part of wisdom to check the headlong rush of goodwill as we would that of a chariot, and thereby so manage friendship that we may in some degree put the dispositions of friends, as we do those of horses, to a preliminary test. Some men often give proof in a petty money transaction how unstable they are; while others, who could not have been influenced by a trivial sum, are discovered in one that is large. But if any shall be found who think it base to prefer money to friendship, where shall we find those who do not put office, civil and military rank, high place and power, above friendship, so that when the former advantages are placed before them on one side and the latter on the other they will not much prefer the former? For feeble is the struggle of human nature against power, and when men have attained it even by the disregard of friendship they imagine the sin will be forgotten because friendship was not disregarded without a weighty cause. Therefore, true friendships are very hard to find among those whose time is spent in office or in business of a public kind. For where can you find a man so high-minded as to

prefer his friend's advancement to his own? And, passing by material considerations, pray consider this: how grievous and how hard to most persons does association in another's misfortunes appear! Nor is it easy to find men who will go down to calamity's depths for a friend. Ennius, however, is right when he says:

"When Fortune's fickle the faithful friend is found";

yet it is on these two charges that most men are convicted of fickleness: they either hold a friend of little value when their own affairs are prosperous, or they abandon him when his are adverse. Whoever, therefore, in either of these contingencies, has shown himself staunch, immovable, and firm in friendship ought to be considered to belong to that class of men which is exceedingly rare—aye, almost divine.

Now the support and stay of that unswerving constancy, which we look for in friendship, is loyalty; for nothing is constant that is disloyal. Moreover, the right course is to choose for a friend one who is frank, sociable, and sympathetic—that is, one who is likely to be influenced by the same motives as yourself—since all these qualities conduce to loyalty, for it is impossible for a man to be loyal whose nature is full of twists and twinings; and, indeed, one who is untouched by the same influences as yourself and is naturally unsympathetic cannot be either loyal or steadfast. To this observation should be added a requirement tending to produce that steadfastness, which I have been discussing for some time: a friend must neither take pleasure in bringing charges against you nor believe them when made by others. And so, the truth of what I said in the beginning is established: "Friendship cannot exist except among good men."

For it is characteristic of the good man, whom I may also call the wise man, to maintain these two rules in friendship: first, let there be no feigning or hypocrisy; for it is more befitting a candid man to hate openly than to mask his real thoughts with a lying face; secondly, let him not only reject charges preferred by another, but also let him avoid even being suspicious and ever believing that his friend has done something wrong. To this should be added a certain affability of speech and manner, which gives no mean flavour to friendship. While unvarying seriousness and gravity are indeed impressive, yet friendship ought to be more unrestrained, genial, and agreeable, and more inclined to be wholly courteous and urbane.

But at this point there arises a certain question of some little difficulty: Are new friends who are worthy of friendship, at any time to be preferred to old friends, as we are wont to prefer young horses to old ones? The doubt is unworthy of a human being, for there should be no surfeit of friendships as there is of other things; and, as in the case of wines that improve with age, the oldest friendships ought to be the most delightful; moreover, the well-known adage is true: "Men must eat many a peck of salt together before the claims of friendship are fulfilled." But new friendships are not to be scorned if they offer hope of bearing fruit like green shoots of corn that do not disappoint us at harvest-time; yet the old

friendships must preserve their own place, for the force of age and habit is very great. Nay, even in the case of the horse just now referred to everybody, nothing preventing, would rather use one to which he has grown accustomed than one that is untrained and new. And habit is strong in the case not only of animate, but also of inanimate things, since we delight even in places, though rugged and wild, in which we have lived for a fairly long time.

But it is of the utmost importance in friendship that superior and inferior should stand on an equality. . . . And this course every man should adopt and imitate, so that if he is endowed with any superiority in virtue, intellect, or fortune he may impart it to his relatives and share it with his next of kin; or if, for example, his parents are of a lowly station and his relatives are less favoured in mind or estate than himself, he may increase the means of the one and be the source of honour and influence to the other; as in legends, men who have for a long time lived the life of menials, because their lineage and family were unknown, although discovered and found to be the sons of gods or of kings, nevertheless retain affection for the shepherds whom for many years they regarded as their parents. And surely such a feeling ought to be much stronger in the case of real and undoubted parents. For the fruit of genius, of virtue, and, indeed, of every excellence, imparts its sweetest flavour when bestowed on those who are nearest and dearest to us.

As, therefore, in the intimacy existing between friends and relatives the superior should put himself on a level with his inferior, so the latter ought not to grieve that he is surpassed by the former in intellect, fortune, or position. But many of the latter kind are continually uttering some complaints or reproaches even, especially if they think that they have done anything which they can speak of as an act of duty and of friendship, involving a certain amount of toil. A very disagreeable class of people, certainly, are those who are ever obtruding their own services, which ought to be kept in mind by him for whom they were performed and should not be mentioned by him who performed them. As, therefore, in friendship, those who are superior should lower themselves, so, in a measure, should they lift up their inferiors. For there are certain men who render friendships disagreeable by thinking themselves slighted—a thing which rarely happens, except in the case of persons who think that they really deserve to be slighted; but they ought to be relieved of such an opinion not by words only but by action. Now, in the first place, you must render to each friend as much aid as you can, and, in the second place, as much as he whom you love and assist has the capacity to bear. For however eminent you may be, you cannot lead all your friends through the various grades to the highest official rank, as Scipio was able to do when he made Publius Rutilius consul, though he could not accomplish this result in the case of his brother, Lucius Rutilius. But even if you could bestow upon another any honour you chose, yet you must consider what he is able to bear.

As a rule decisions about friendships should be formed after strength and stability have been reached in mind and age; nor should men who in

boyhood were devoted to hunting and games of ball, keep as their intimates those whom they loved at that period simply because they were fond of the same pursuits. For on that principle nurses and the slaves who attended us to and from school, will, by right of priority of acquaintance, 5 claim the largest share of our goodwill. I admit that they are not to be neglected, but they are to be regarded in an entirely different way; under no other conditions can friendship remain secure. For difference of character is attended by difference of taste and it is this diversity of taste that severs friendships; nor is there any other cause why good men cannot 10 be friends to wicked men, or wicked men to good men, except that there is the greatest possible distance between them in character and in taste.

This rule also may properly be prescribed in friendship: Let not a sort of ungoverned goodwill (as very frequently happens) hinder your friends' advantage in important matters. For indeed, if I may go back to legends, 15 Neoptolemus could not have taken Troy if he had been willing to listen to Lycomedes, by whom he had been reared and who endeavoured with many tears to hinder him from setting out. Often, too, important duties arise which require the temporary separation of friends; and he who would hinder the discharge of those duties because he cannot easily bear 20 his grief at the absence of his friends, is not only weak and effeminate, but, on that very account, is far from reasonable in his friendship. In brief, it is your duty on every occasion to consider carefully both what you will demand from a friend and what you will permit him to obtain when he makes a demand on you.

Furthermore, there is a sort of disaster in connexion with breaking off 25 friendships—for now our discussion descends from the intimacies of the wise to friendships of the ordinary kind—which is sometimes unavoidable. There are often in friends outbursts of vice which affect sometimes their actual friends, sometimes strangers, yet, so that the infamy of the evil 30 flows over on to the friends. Therefore the ties of such friendships should be sundered by a gradual relaxation of intimacy, and, as I have heard that Cato used to say, "They should be unravelled rather than rent apart," unless there has been some outbreak of utterly unbearable wrongdoing, so that the only course consistent with rectitude and honour, and indeed 35 the only one possible, is to effect an immediate withdrawal of affection and association.

But if, on the other hand, as usually happens, a mere change of disposition and of tastes should occur, or if a difference in political views should arise (for I am talking now, as I said a moment ago, not of friendships 40 existing between wise men, but of those of the ordinary kind), care must be taken lest it appear, not only that friendship has been put aside, but that open hostility has been aroused. For nothing is more discreditable than to be at war with one with whom you have lived on intimate terms. . . .

In short: there is but one security and one provision against these evils 45 and annoyances, and that is, neither to enlist your love too quickly nor to fix it on unworthy men. Now they are worthy of friendship who have within their own souls the reason for their being loved. A rare class indeed! And really everything splendid is rare, and nothing is harder to

find than something which in all respects is a perfect specimen of its kind. But the majority of men recognize nothing whatever in human experience as good unless it brings some profit and they regard their friends as they do their cattle, valuing most highly those which give hope of the largest gain. Thus do they fail to attain that loveliest, most spontaneous friendship, which is desirable in and for itself; and they do not learn from their own experience what the power of such friendship is and are ignorant of its nature and extent. For everyone loves himself, not with a view of acquiring some profit for himself from his self-love, but because he is dear to himself on his own account; and unless this same feeling were transferred to friendship, the real friend would never be found; for he is, as it were, another self.

Now if it is evident in animals, whether of the air, water, or the land, and whether tame or wild, first, that they love themselves—for this feeling is born alike in every living creature—and, secondly, that they require and eagerly search for other animals of their own kind to which they may attach themselves—and this they do with a longing in some degree resembling human love—then how much more, by the law of his nature, is this the case with man who both loves himself and uses his reason to seek out another whose soul he may so mingle with his own as almost to make one out of two! . . .

Friendship was given to us by Nature as the handmaid of virtue, not as a comrade of vice; because virtue cannot attain her highest aims unattended, but only in union and fellowship with another. Such a partnership as this, whether it is, or was, or is yet to be, should be considered the best and happiest comradeship along the road to Nature's highest good. In such a partnership, I say, abide all things that men deem worthy of pursuit—honour and fame and delightful tranquillity of mind; so that when these blessings are at hand life is happy, and without them, it cannot be happy.

Since happiness is our best and highest aim, we must, if we would attain it, give our attention to virtue, without which we can obtain neither friendship nor any other desirable thing; on the other hand, those who slight virtue and yet think that they have friends, perceive their mistake at last when some grievous misfortune forces them to put their friends to the test. Therefore, I repeat the injunction, for it should be said again and again: you should love your friend after you have appraised him; you should not appraise him after you have begun to love him. But we are punished for our negligence in many things, and especially are we most grievously punished for our carelessness in the choice and treatment of our friends; for we deliberate after the event, and we do what the ancient proverb forbids—we argue the case after the verdict is found. Accordingly, after we have become involved with others in a mutual affection, either by long association or by interchange of favours, some cause of offence arises and we suddenly break the bonds of friendship asunder when it has run but half its course.

Therefore carelessness so great in regard to a relation absolutely indispensable deserves the more to be censured. For the one thing in

human experience about whose advantage all men with one voice agree, is friendship; even virtue itself is regarded with contempt by many and is said to be mere pretence and display; many disdain riches, because they are content with little and take delight in meagre fare and plain
 5 dress; political honours, too, for which some have a burning desire—how many so despise them that they believe nothing more empty and nothing more inane! Likewise other things, which seem to some to be worthy of admiration, are by many thought to be of no value at all. But concerning
 10 friendship, all, to a man, think the same thing: those who have devoted themselves to public life; those who find their joy in science and philosophy; those who manage their own business free from public cares; and, finally, those who are wholly given up to sensual pleasures— all believe that without friendship life is no life at all, or at least they so believe if they have any desire whatever to live the life of free men. For it creeps im-
 15 perceptibly, I know not how, into every life, and suffers no mode of existence to be devoid of its presence.

Nay, even if anyone were of a nature so savage and fierce as to shun and loathe the society of men—such, for example, as tradition tells us a certain Timon of Athens once was—yet even such a man could not
 20 refrain from seeking some person before whom he might pour out the venom of his embittered soul. Moreover, the view just expressed might best be appraised if such a thing as this could happen: suppose that a god should remove us from these haunts of men and put us in some solitary place, and, while providing us there in plenteous abundance with all
 25 material things for which our nature yearns, should take from us altogether the power to gaze upon our fellow men—who would be such a man of iron as to be able to endure that sort of a life? And who is there from whom solitude would not snatch the enjoyment of every pleasure? True, therefore, is that celebrated saying of Archytas of Tarentum, I
 30 think it was—a saying which I have heard repeated by our old men who in their turn heard it from their elders. It is to this effect: “If a man should ascend alone into heaven and behold clearly the structure of the universe and the beauty of the stars, there would be no pleasure for him in the awe-inspiring sight, which would have filled him with delight if he had
 35 had someone to whom he could describe what he had seen.” Thus Nature, loving nothing solitary, always strives for some sort of support, and man’s best support is a very dear friend.

But though this same Nature declares by so many utterances what she wishes, what she seeks, and what she ardently longs for, yet we somehow
 40 grow deaf and do not hearken to her voice. For varied and complex are the experiences of friendship, and they afford many causes for suspicion and offence, which it is wise sometimes to ignore, sometimes to make light of, and sometimes to endure. But there is one cause of offence which must be encountered in order that both the usefulness and loyalty of
 45 friendship may be preserved; for friends frequently must be not only advised, but also rebuked, and both advice and rebuke should be kindly received when given in a spirit of goodwill. But somehow it is true, as put by my intimate friend in his *Andria*:

"Complaisance gets us friends, plain speaking, hate."

A troublesome thing is truth, if it is indeed the source of hate, which poisons friendship; but much more troublesome is complaisance, which, by showing indulgence to the sins of a friend, allows him to be carried headlong away; but the greatest fault is in him who both scornfully rejects truth and is driven by complaisance to ruin.

Therefore, in this entire matter reason and care must be used, first, that advice be free from harshness, and second, that reproof be free from insult. But in showing complaisance—I am glad to adopt Terence's word, obsequium—let courtesy be at hand, and let flattery, the handmaid of vice, be far removed, as it is unworthy not only of a friend but even of a free man; for we live in one way with a tyrant and in another with a friend. Now we must despair of the safety of the man whose ears are so closed to truth that he cannot hear what is true from a friend. For there is shrewdness in that well-known saying of Cato, as there was in much that he said: "Some men are better served by their bitter-tongued enemies than by their sweet-smiling friends; because the former often tell the truth, the latter, never." And furthermore, it is absurd that men who are admonished do not feel vexation at what ought to vex them, but do feel it at what ought not; for they are annoyed, not at the sin, but at the reproof; whereas, on the contrary, they ought to grieve for the offence and rejoice at its correction.

As, therefore, it is characteristic of true friendship both to give and to receive advice and, on the one hand, to give it with all freedom of speech, but without harshness, and on the other hand, to receive it patiently, but without resentment, so nothing is to be considered a greater bane of friendship than fawning, cajolery, or flattery; for give it as many names as you choose, it deserves to be branded as a vice peculiar to fickle and falsehearted men who say everything with a view to pleasure and nothing with a view to truth. Moreover, hypocrisy is not only wicked under all circumstances, because it pollutes truth and takes away the power to discern it, but it is also especially inimical to friendship, since it utterly destroys sincerity, without which the word friendship can have no meaning. And since the effect of friendship is to make, as it were, one soul out of many, how will that be possible if not even in one man taken by himself shall there be a soul always one and the same, but fickle, changeable, and manifold? For what can be as pliant and erratic as the soul of the man who changes not only to suit another's humour and desire, but even his expression and his nod?

"He says 'nay,' and 'nay' say I; he says 'yea,' and 'yea' say I; in fine, I bade myself agree with him in everything."

This was said by Terence whom I quoted before, but he says it in the character of Gnatho; and to have such a man for a friend on any terms is a mark of inconstancy. However, there are many like Gnatho, though his superiors in birth, fortune, and reputation, who become dangerous flatterers when their insincerity is supported by their position. But by the

exercise of care a fawning friend may be separated and distinguished from a true friend, just as everything pretended and false may be distinguished from what is genuine and true. A public assembly, though composed of very ignorant men, can, nevertheless, usually see the difference between
 5 a demagogue—that is, a smooth-tongued, shallow citizen—and one who has stability, sincerity and weight. . . .

Now, if on the stage, I mean on the platform, where there is the greatest opportunity for deception and disguise, truth yet prevails, provided it is made plain and brought into the light of day, what ought to be the case
 10 with friendship which is wholly weighed in the scales of truth? For in friendship, unless, as the saying is, you behold and show an open heart, you can have no loyalty or certainty and not even the satisfaction of loving and of being loved, since you do not know what true love is. And yet this flattery of which I spoke, however deadly it may be, can harm no one
 15 except him who receives and delights in it. It follows that the man who lends the readiest ear to flatterers is the one who is most given to self-flattery and is most satisfied with himself.

I grant that Virtue loves herself; for she best knows herself and realizes how lovable she is; but it is not virtue I am talking about but a reputation
 20 for virtue. For many wish not so much to be, as to seem to be, endowed with real virtue. Such men delight in flattery, and when a complimentary speech is fashioned to suit their fancy they think the empty phrase is proof of their own merits. There is nothing, therefore, in a friendship in which one of the parties to it does not wish to hear the truth and the other is
 25 ready to lie. Nor should we see any humour in the fawning parasites in comedies if there were no braggart soldiers.

“In truth did Thais send me many thanks?”

It would have been enough to answer, “Many.” “Millions of them,” said the parasite. The flatterer always magnifies that which the one for whose gratification he speaks wishes to be large. Wherefore, although that
 30 sort of hollow flattery influences those who court and make a bid for it, yet even stronger and steadier men should be warned to be on their guard lest they be taken in by flattery of the crafty kind.

No one, to be sure, unless he is an utter fool, fails to detect the open flatterer, but we must exercise a watchful care against the deep and crafty
 35 one lest he steal upon us unawares. For he is very hard to recognize, since he often fawns even by opposing, and flatters and cajoles by pretending to quarrel, until at last he gives in, allowing himself to be overcome so that his dupe may appear to have seen further into the matter than himself. And yet, is there anything more discreditable than
 40 to be made a dupe? If not, then we should be all the more on our guard that it does not happen to us to have to confess:

“To-day, of all old fools that play the comic parts,
 You’ve wheedled me the most and made your greatest dupe.”

For even on the stage the silliest characters take the parts of old men lacking in foresight and easily deceived.

But in some unaccountable way I have drifted away from the friendship of faultless men—that is, men of wisdom, such wisdom I mean as is observed to fall to the lot of man—and I have rambled on to a discussion of friendships of the frivolous kind. Wherefore, let me return to the topic with which I began and finally put an end even to that.

Virtue, my dear Gaius Fannius, and you, my dear Quintus Mucius, Virtue, I say, both creates the bond of friendship and preserves it. For in Virtue is complete harmony, in her is permanence, in her is fidelity; and when she has raised her head and shown her own light and has seen and recognized the same light in another, she moves towards it and in turn receives its beams; as a result love or friendship leaps into flame; for both words are derived from a word meaning “to love.” But love is nothing other than the great esteem and affection felt for him who inspires that sentiment, and it is not sought because of material need or for the sake of material gain. Nevertheless even this blossoms forth from friendship, although you did not make it your aim. . . .

For me, indeed, though he was suddenly snatched away, Scipio still lives and will always live; for it was his virtue that caused my love and that is not dead. Nor is it only in my sight and for me, who had it constantly within my reach, that his virtue lives; it will even shed its light and splendour on men unborn. No one will ever undertake with courage and hope the larger tasks of life without thinking that he must continually keep before him the memory and example of that illustrious man.

For my part, of all the blessings that fortune or Nature has bestowed on me, there is none which I can compare with Scipio’s friendship. In it I found agreement on public questions; in it, counsel in private business, and in it, too, a leisure of unalloyed delight. And, so far as I was aware, I never offended him in even the most trivial point; nor did I ever hear a word from him that I could wish unsaid; there was one home for us both; we had the same fare and shared it in common, and we were together not only in our military campaigns, but also in our foreign tours and on our vacations in the country. Why need I speak of our constant devotion to investigation and to learning in which, remote from the gaze of men, we spent all our leisure time? If my recollection and memory of these things had died with him, I could not now by any means endure the loss of a man so very near and dear to me. But those experiences with him are not dead; rather they are nourished and made more vivid by my reflection and memory; and even if I were utterly deprived of the power to recall them, yet my age would of itself afford me great relief; for I cannot have much longer time to bear this bereavement; besides, every trial, which is of brief duration, ought to be endurable, even if it be severe.

This is all that I had to say about friendship; but I exhort you both so to esteem virtue (without which friendship cannot exist), that, excepting virtue, you will think nothing more excellent than friendship.

—W. A. FALCONER.



QUALIFICATIONS OF THE ORATOR

CICERO

[From *On the Orator*, Book I]

The conditions of public life in the closing days of the Republic demanded of the orator special qualifications of a very high order. Cato the Censor was credited with having defined the orator as a good man skilled in speech; to these two requisites of character and skill Cicero adds as a third a wide familiarity with the arts and sciences.

It does not escape your observation that what the Greeks call Philosophy, is esteemed by the most learned men, the originator, as it were, and parent of all the arts which merit praise; philosophy, I say, in which it is difficult to enumerate how many distinguished men there have been, and of how
 5 great knowledge, variety, and comprehensiveness in their studies, men who have not confined their labours to one province separately, but have embraced whatever they could master either by scientific investigations, or by processes of reasoning. Who is ignorant in how great obscurity of matter, in how abstruse, manifold, and subtle an art they who are called
 10 mathematicians are engaged? Yet in that pursuit so many men have arrived at excellence, that not one seems to have applied himself to the science in earnest without attaining in it whatever he desired. Who has ever devoted himself wholly to music; who has ever given himself up to the learning which they profess who are called grammarians, without
 15 compassing, in knowledge and understanding, the whole substance and matter of those sciences, though almost boundless? Of all those who have engaged in the most liberal pursuits and departments of such sciences, I think I may truly say that a smaller number of eminent poets have arisen than of men distinguished in any other branch of literature; and in
 20 the whole multitude of the learned, among whom there rarely appears one of the highest excellence, there will be found, if you will but make a careful review of our own list and that of the Greeks, far fewer good orators than good poets. This ought to seem the more wonderful, as attainments in other sciences are drawn from recluse and hidden springs;
 25 but the whole art of speaking lies before us, and is concerned with common usage and the custom and language of all men; so that while in other things that is most excellent which is most remote from the knowledge and understanding of the illiterate, it is in speaking even the greatest of faults to vary from the ordinary kind of language, and the practice
 30 sanctioned by universal reason.

Yet it cannot be said with truth, either that more are devoted to the other arts, or that they are excited by greater pleasure, more abundant hope, or more ample rewards; for to say nothing of Greece, which was always desirous to hold the first place in eloquence, and Athens, that
 35 inventress of all literature, in which the utmost power of oratory was both discovered and brought to perfection, in this very city of ours, assuredly, no studies were ever pursued with more earnestness than those

tending to the acquisition of eloquence. For when our empire over all nations was established, and after a period of peace had secured tranquillity, there was scarcely a youth ambitious of praise who did not think that he must strive, with all his endeavours, to attain the art of speaking. For a time, indeed, as being ignorant of all method, and as thinking there was 5 no course of exercise for them, or any precepts of art, they attained what they could by the single force of genius and thought. But afterward, having heard the Greek orators, and gained an acquaintance with Greek literature, and procured instructors, our countrymen were inflamed with an incredible passion for eloquence. The magnitude, the variety, the 10 multitude of all kinds of causes, excited them to such a degree, that to that learning which each had acquired by his individual study, frequent practice, which was superior to the precepts of all masters, was at once added. There were then, as there are also now, the highest inducements offered for the cultivation of this study, in regard to public favor, wealth, 15 and dignity. The abilities of our countrymen (as we may judge from many particulars) far excelled those of the men of every other nation. For which reason, who would not justly wonder that in the records of all ages, times, and states, so small a number of orators should be found?

But the art of eloquence is something greater, and collected from more 20 sciences and studies than people imagine. For who can suppose that, amid the greatest multitude of students, the utmost abundance of masters, the most eminent geniuses among men, the infinite variety of causes, the most ample rewards offered to eloquence, there is any other reason to be found for the small number of orators than the incredible magnitude 25 and difficulty of the art? A knowledge of a vast number of things is necessary, without which volubility of words is empty and ridiculous; speech itself is to be formed, not merely by choice, but by careful construction of words; and all the emotions of the mind, which Nature has given to man, must be intimately known; for all the force and art of speaking 30 must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of those who listen. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, learning worthy of a well-bred man, and quickness and brevity in replying as well as attacking, accompanied with a refined decorum and urbanity. Besides, the whole of antiquity and a multitude of examples is to be kept in the 35 memory; nor is the knowledge of laws in general, or of the civil law in particular, to be neglected. And why need I add any remarks on delivery itself, which is to be ordered by action of body, by gesture, by look, and by modulation and variation of the voice, the great power of which, alone and in itself, the comparatively trivial art of actors and the stage 40 proves, on which though all bestow their utmost labor to form their look, voice, and gesture, who knows not how few there are, and have ever been, to whom we can attend with patience? What can I say of that repository for all things, the memory, which, unless it be made the keeper of the 45 matter and words that are the fruits of thought and invention, all the talents of the orator, we see, though they be of the highest degree of excellence, will be of no avail? Let us, then, cease to wonder what is the cause of the scarcity of good speakers, since eloquence results from all

those qualifications, in each of which singly it is a great merit to labor successfully; and let us rather exhort our children, and others whose glory and honor is dear to us, to contemplate in their minds the full magnitude of the object, and not to trust that they can reach the height at which
 5 they aim, by the aid of the precepts, masters, and exercises, that they are all now following, but to understand that they must adopt others of a different character.

In my opinion, indeed, no man can be an orator possessed of every praiseworthy accomplishment, unless he has attained the knowledge of
 10 everything important, and of all liberal arts, for his language must be ornate and copious from knowledge, since, unless there be beneath the surface matter understood and felt by the speaker, oratory becomes an empty and puerile flow of words.

—J. S. WATSON.



POEMS OF CATULLUS¹

Gaius Valerius Catullus (c.87-c.54 B.C.) was born in northern Italy, in Verona, but came to Rome as a young man, and spent most of his life there. He became a brilliant member of the younger social and literary set in the city. The main incidents in his life were his love affair with the fascinating and brilliant lady of the nobility, Clodia, whom he calls Lesbia, and his journey to Bithynia to visit the grave of his brother, whom he dearly loved. In his short but intense life Catullus wrote only 116 poems, most of which are intensely personal, in a variety of meters. He is the only Roman writer to have the passionate heart of the genuine lyric poet.

1

15 Who shall receive my new-born book,
 my poems, elegant and shy,
 neatly dressed and polished?

You, Cornelius,
 shall be my single patron,
 for, long ago, you praised
 20 my slender lines and stanzas;

You, the only man in Italy
 whose genius had the vigour
 to write the history of the world
 in three sturdy volumes;

¹ All these poems are from *The Poems of Catullus* by Horace Gregory, copyright, 1931, Covici Friede, used by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.

These were books, by Jupiter,
that showed a learned mind and
the strength for heavy labour.

Then, take this little book
for what it is, my friend.

Patroness and Muse,
keep these poems green for
a day or so beyond a hundred years,

O Virgin!

II

Sparrow, O, sweet sparrow,	10
love of my lady love,	
she who's always nursing	
you between her breasts and	
feeding you her finger-tips;	
she, that radiant lady,	15
delicious in her play with you,	
for a while forgetting	
all the deeper wounds of love . . .	
I envy her. This pastime	
would raise my heart from darkness.	20

II (a)

Here is my relief at last,
not unlike the pleasure that came to the swift-footed
girl they call Atalanta, seizing the golden apple
that released her tiresome girdle.

III

Dress now in sorrow, O all	25
you shades of Venus,	
and your little cupids weep.	

My girl has lost her darling sparrow;	
he is dead, her precious toy	
that she loved more than her two eyes,	30
O, honeyed sparrow following her	
as a girl follows her mother,	
never to leave her breast, but tripping	
now here, now there, and always singing	
his sweet falsetto	35
song to her alone.	

Now he is gone; poor creature,
lost in darkness,
to a sad place
from which no one returns.

5 O ravenous hell!
My evil hatred rises against your power,
you that devour
all things beautiful;
and now this pitiful, broken sparrow,
10 who is the cause of my girl's grief,
making her eyes weary and red with sorrow.

V

Come, Lesbia, let us live and love,
nor give a damn what sour old men say.
The sun that sets may rise again
15 but when our light has sunk into the earth,
it is gone forever.

Give me a thousand kisses,
then a hundred, another thousand,
another hundred
20 and in one breath
still kiss another thousand,
another hundred.

O then with lips and bodies joined
many deep thousands;
25 confuse
their number,
so that poor fools and cuckolds (envious
even now) shall never
learn our wealth and curse us
30 with their
evil eyes.

VII

Do you know, my Lesbia, how many of your kisses
would satisfy my hunger? Count the sands of Africa
from Cyrene, famous for its spices,
35 from the place where Battus lies,
sepulchred and holy,
to the distant shrine where Jove's eloquence still smoulders:
count the constellations of the stars that rising through the silence
of night look down upon trembling furtive lovers:
40 then you will know how many times and more
your mad Catullus

could kiss you, kisses ripening beyond the calculation
of the curious eye, nor could a rapid envious tongue
gain speed to count their number.

VIII

Poor damned Catullus, here's no time for nonsense,
open your eyes, O idiot, innocent boy, look at what has
happened: 5
once there were sunlit days when you followed after
where ever a girl would go, she loved with greater
love than any woman knew.
Then you took your pleasure
and the girl was not unwilling. Those were the bright days, 10
gone;
now she's no longer yielding; you must be, poor idiot,
more like a man! not running after
her your mind all tears; stand firm, insensitive.
say with a smile, voice steady, "Good-bye, my girl,"
Catullus
strong and manly no longer follows you, nor comes when 15
you are calling
him at night and you shall need him.
You whore! Where's your man to cling to, who will praise
your beauty,
where's the man that you love and who will call you his,
and when you fall to kissing, whose lips will you devour?
But always, your Catullus will be as firm as rock is. 20

X

While I was wandering, foot-loose, in the Forum,
Varus captured me and took me to his lady,
pretty little piece; at first sight, not bad looking,
nor did she lack refinement.
And there we talked a few words 25
of this and that. We spoke of
Bithynia, how that province looked and whether
my visit there had paid me.
I said (and this was truth) that neither governors nor
their retinues rolled in fat, nor richly fed, nor perfumed, 30
particularly since the chief, a filthy pervert,
refused to give a damn for those who served and helped him.
"Well anyhow" they said, "you must have had a servant
or two hoisting your litter, creatures like that are
bred in Bithynia." I answered: "I was better off than most 35
in that barren province with eight strapping fellows,
who carried me about."

But I, of course, had no one,
not even a crippled slave to lift a broken bed on his shoulders.

- Then she, O shamelessly,
the barefaced little whore said: "My dear Catullus, please
5 let me have your men to take me to the temple of
Sarapis the Egyptian." I cried out, "Stop, you go too
fast. Here's a mistake. These slaves are
not mine to offer ladies.
They happen to belong, in fact, to Gaius Cinna,
10 best friend I own; you see there is no difference
if slaves are his or mine. I use them on occasion,
but you, you little fool, eternal bore and nuisance,
will not allow a man a graceful turn of speech in
casual, delightful, and careless conversation."

XXXI

- 15 O my little almost island, little island Sirmio,
this brave eye, this green-bright jewel set in Neptune's fair estate
of lucid waters and broad seas.
And it's good to look upon you; even now I can't believe
that the plains lie far behind me, weary Thrace and Bithynia.
20 You are still secure my own.
After many months of travel, nothing's better than to rest
relaxed and careless; sleep is heaven in our own beloved bed.
Here's enough reward for exile, and long roads through foreign lands;
now, my Sirmio, greet your master, make these waves bring laughter up
25 till the Lydian lakes re-echo all the laughter in my home.

XXXVIII

- My friend Cornificus, your friend Catullus
is a sick man indeed, growing worse every day, every hour.
What have you done for him—said a word to cure his illness?
and a word costs nothing!
30 Send me a line; say something, something that will ease me now,
or send me a tear, sad as the sorrow of that tender fellow
poet, Simonides.

XLV

- Septimius with his arms entwined round his Acme
says: my dear, if I do not love to destruction
35 down the long road to hell and love but you forever,
may I wander lonely through India, Africa,
and be discovered, naked, by a green-eyed, ravenous lion.

As he spoke, Love sneezed, an omen of good fortune.

Then Acme, head thrown back, her eyes, her fluid body
 drunken with love, her rose-red lips to his replying:
 here's my life, Septimius. I swear to serve my lord till
 flames of love consume me, now flowing through my veins and
 melting me. The core of my being turns to fire.

5

Love sneezed again and they received his own, his sacred blessing.
 Under his wings, they marched forth, love for love, united,
 blood fused in a rich liquid.

Septimius, a poor young man, finds more wealth in his Acme
 than all the gold of Britain and the mines of Syria.

10

He is her life. His arms alone hold pleasure for sweet Acme.
 Is there good fortune on this earth equal to his treasure;
 who shall see again and know greater love than theirs is?

XLIX

Of all the sons of Romulus who walk the earth,
 giants of the past or those who follow us,
 your eloquence, Citizen Marcus Tullius,
 rises above all others. Here, Catullus
 offers you his deepest gratitude,
 and he is by far the humblest poet of his kind,
 as you are great, O Cicero!
 in your exalted honourable profession.

15

20

LI

He is changed to a god he who looks on her, — *Lesbia*
 godlike he shines when he's seated beside her,
 immortal joy to gaze and hear the fall of
 her sweet laughter.

All of my senses are lost and confounded;
 Lesbia rises before me and trembling
 I sink into earth and swift dissolution
 seizes my body.

25

Limbs are pierced with fire and the heavy tongue fails,
 ears resound with noise of distant storms shaking
 this earth, eyes gaze on stars that fall forever
 into deep midnight.

30

This languid madness destroys you, Catullus,
 long day and night shall be desolate, broken,
 as long ago ancient kings and rich cities
 fell into ruin.

*suggests that
 idleness will be
 his downfall unless
 he gets busy &
 attracts the lady's
 attention.*

LVIII

Cælius, my Lesbia, that one, that only Lesbia,
 Lesbia whom Catullus loved more than himself and all things
 he ever owned or treasured.
 Now her body's given up in alley-ways,
 5 on highroads to these fine Roman gentlemen,
 fathered centuries ago by the noble Remus.

LXX

My woman says that she would rather wear the wedding-veil for me
 than anyone: even if Jupiter himself came storming after her;
 that's what she says, but when a woman talks to a hungry,
 10 ravenous lover, her words should be written upon the wind
 and engraved in rapid waters.

LXXII

There was a time, O Lesbia, when you said Catullus was
 the only man on earth who could understand you,
 who could twine his arms round you, even Jove himself less
 welcome.
 And when I thought of you, my dear, you were not the mere
 flesh and
 15 the means by which a lover finds momentary rapture.
 My love was half paternal, as a father greets his son or
 smiles at his daughter's husband.

Although I know you well (too well), my love now turns
 to fire
 and you are small and shallow.
 20 Is this a miracle? Your wounds in love's own battle
 have made me your companion, perhaps, a greater lover,
 but O, my dear, I'll never be
 the modest boy who saw you as a lady, delicate and sweet,
 a paragon of virtue.

LXXV

25 You are the cause of this destruction, Lesbia,
 that has fallen upon my mind;
 this mind that has ruined itself
 by fatal constancy.
 And now it cannot rise from its own misery
 30 to wish that you become
 best of women, nor can it fail
 to love you even though all is lost and you destroy
 all hope.

LXXXVI

If man can find rich consolation, remembering his good deeds
 and all he has done,
 if he remembers his loyalty to others, nor abuses his religion
 by heartless betrayal
 of friends to the anger of powerful gods,
 then, my Catullus, the long years before you shall not sink
 in darkness with all hope gone,
 wandering, dismayed, through the ruins of love. 5
 All the devotion that man gives to man, you have given,
 Catullus,
 your heart and your brain flowed into a love that was deso-
 late, wasted, nor can it return.
 But why, why do you crucify love and yourself through the
 years?
 Take what the gods have to offer and standing serene, rise
 forth as a rock against darkening skies;
 and yet you do nothing but grieve, sunken deep in your 10
 sorrow, Catullus,
 for it is hard, hard to throw aside years lived in poisonous
 love that has tainted your brain
 and must end.
 If this seems impossible now, you must rise
 to salvation. O gods of pity and mercy, descend and witness
 my sorrow, if ever
 you have looked upon man in his hour of death, see me now 15
 in despair.
 Tear this loathsome disease from my brain. Look, a subtle
 corruption has entered my bones,
 no longer shall happiness flow through my veins like a river.
 No longer I pray
 that she love me again, that her body be chaste, mine forever.
 Cleanse my soul of this sickness of love, give me power to
 rise, resurrected, to thrust love aside,
 I have given my heart to the gods, O hear me, omnipotent 20
 heaven,
 and ease me of love and its pain.

LXXXV

I hate and love.
 And if you ask me why,
 I have no answer, but I discern,
 can feel, my senses rooted in eternal torture.

LXXXVI

There are many who think of Quintia in terms of beauty, 25
 but to me she is merely tall and golden white, erect,

and I admit each of these separate distinctions in her favour,
yet I object, deny,
that the word "beauty" describes her person;
for she has no charm, not even a grain of salt in her whole body
5 to give you appetite—
now Lesbia has beauty, she is everything
that's handsome, glorious,
and she has captured all that Venus has to offer
in ways of love.

CI

10 Dear brother, I have come these many miles, through
strange lands to this Eastern Continent
to see your grave, a poor sad monument of what you were, O
brother.
And I have come too late; you cannot hear me; alone now I
must speak
to these few ashes that were once your body and expect no
answer.
I shall perform an ancient ritual over your remains, weeping,
15 (this plate of lentils for dead men to feast upon, wet with
my tears)
O brother, here's my greeting: here's my hand forever wel-
coming you
and I forever saying: good-bye, good-bye.

—HORACE GREGORY.

The Peace of Augustus

END OF FIRST CENTURY B.C. AND BEGINNING OF FIRST CENTURY A.D.



In contrast with the conspiracies, civil wars, and proscriptions of the Ciceronian period, the outstanding political characteristic of the succeeding decades was the restoration of peace by Augustus. The Republic had finally worn itself out, and in its place was established monarchy. Republican forms were retained, republican formulas continued to be used, but the old freedom and the widespread participation in public affairs had gone forever. The state was now controlled by an emperor and his armies.

In such circumstances men's thoughts and pursuits of necessity were directed into new channels. Politics, with its accompaniments of controversy and oratory, was no longer attractive or profitable as a subject for writing; even history was not altogether safe, since it opened up old sores that should be allowed to heal. Practical affairs were in the hands of the ruler, and, so long as he proved wise and capable, were best left there. Men turned more and more to the world of the imagination and to their private lives for the material of their literary expression. The time of Cicero had been an era of prose, that of Augustus was an era of poetry.

The wise Augustus set about many reforms in his efforts to revive the state from its exhaustion. Whether directly under his influence or indirectly through his example and through his advisers, or whether because of their own convictions, the men of letters attached themselves to the emperor's program and accomplished more than any other agency in bringing about general acceptance of the new regime. They busied themselves with turning their eyes upon the past to discover the qualities of character that had made Rome so great; they sang the glories of peace and the praises of the ruling house; they inculcated lessons in the appreciation of the beautiful and inspired men to the rebuilding of what had been destroyed; they encouraged the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and pictured the glories of Italian landscape; they promoted the revival of old customs; they realized fully for the first time the meaning of Rome as a great nation instead of as a city-state; and with their interpretation of Rome's mission in society they set aflame the pride of the people in their splendid enterprise. It was the great outpouring of the Roman genius.

On the formal side there was much variety. Epic, satire, lyric, and elegy reached their supremacy. Some success seems to have been achieved also in dramatic poetry, but no representative play has come down to us by which we may judge. There are no finer examples of the pastoral and the didactic than the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* of Virgil. The sole important piece of prose was Livy's history, and this takes rank with the best in Roman literature.

It was an age that fostered in every way possible the production of poetry. Patrons like Mæcenas and Pollio not only encouraged poets by suggestions and helpful criticism, but made it possible for them to devote themselves to writing by providing them with the means of livelihood. The new public library put at the disposal of writers the literature of the past, and public recitations, instituted now for the first time, provided them with a public. The profession of writing, especially of writing poetry, received full recognition, and a poet became now an artist rather than an artisan.

I. ESTABLISHMENT OF EMPIRE

The death of Julius Cæsar speedily plunged the empire into anarchy and civil war once more. At first Octavius, heir and adopted son of Cæsar, supported Cicero and the consuls in an attempt to save the state from the domination of Antony. This situation soon ended when Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus formed the combination known as the second triumvirate which signalized its assumption of power by the murder of Cicero in 43 B.C. The next year the triumvirate defeated the last forces of the Republic under Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. Thereupon Antony and Octavius, with Lepidus a negligible third, divided the empire between them. Antony took the East, Octavius took the West, including Italy. This settlement could not be permanent; but for some ten years, during which each leader had wars to wage in his part of the empire, peace was maintained between them. Finally, civil war broke out once more, and at Actium in 31 B.C. Octavius won a victory which soon gave him undisputed control of the Roman world.

Rome was exhausted by the series of civil wars which had extended over a period of twenty years. Peace was longed for by all citizens, and by the leadership of Octavius they believed it could be secured. Without opposition he was then enabled to reform the constitution. Using the old form of government as a basis both because of its worth and to satisfy the conservative feelings of the Romans, Octavius essentially changed the Republic to a constitutional monarchy. In theory he was himself an official of the state, his military powers being an expansion of the powers granted Pompey in the East a generation before, and his executive authority being centered largely in the tribunician power, an expansion of the age-old position of tribune. Augustus, as he was now called, in fact publicly declared that he had restored the Republic. However, with the army entirely at his disposal, there was never any doubt where power actually lay. In Tacitus' phrase, there were still the same names of offices. But consul, prætor, senate still had a very real part to play, though subordinate to the ruler. Emperor he really was; but the term he preferred was *princeps*, chief citizen of the state. From that term the government is known as the principate. Augustus had done wisely in not openly establishing monarchy. Time justified him, for the structure whose foundations he laid withstood the shocks and storms of many centuries.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE FIRST EMPEROR¹

AUGUSTUS

Gaius Julius Cæsar Octavianus Augustus was born in 63 B.C. and died in 14 A.D. When not yet twenty years of age, at the death of Julius Cæsar, whose adopted son and heir he was, he made himself a leader in the state by the support of many of the dictator's veterans. On the conclusion of the civil wars he reformed the constitution and by general consent was made

¹ From *Augustus*, by E. S. Shuckburgh. Copyright by T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Reprinted by permission.

head of the state. During his long rule the empire enjoyed peace and economic prosperity, and literature and the arts flourished.

Augustus was himself a serious and appreciative patron of letters and an author of no little distinction. But with the exception of a few quotations from his letters preserved in later authors, only one of his writings is extant, the *Res Gestæ divi Augusti*. A plain, unadorned account of the achievements of his career, a kind of official autobiography, it is of historical significance not only for the information it gives, but also because it comes from the pen of the first emperor and gives his interpretations of events as he would have Rome understand them. He represents the victory over Brutus and Cassius as the avenging of his father's murder, and he considers his reform of the constitution as a restoring of the Republic. This document Augustus caused to be inscribed on bronze tablets which were placed beside the door of his tomb. The original has not survived; but a copy in the Greek and Latin languages cut on the walls of the temple of Rome and Augustus at Ancyra, Asia Minor, has preserved it to modern times.

When I was nineteen I collected an army on my own account and at my own expense, by the help of which I restored the republic to liberty, which had been enslaved by the tyranny of a faction; for which services the Senate, in complimentary decrees, added my name to the roll of their
 5 House in the consulship of Gaius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, giving me at the same time consular precedence in voting; and gave me the imperium. It ordered me as pro-prætor "to see along with the consuls that the republic suffered no damage." Moreover, in the same year, both consuls having fallen, the people elected me consul and a triumvir for revising the
 10 constitution.

Those who killed my father I drove into exile, after a legal trial, in punishment of their crime, and afterwards when these same men rose in arms against the republic I conquered them twice in a pitched battle.

I had to undertake wars by land and sea, civil and foreign, all over the
 15 world, and when victorious I spared surviving citizens. Those foreign nations, who could safely be pardoned, I preferred to preserve rather than exterminate. About 500,000 Roman citizens took the military oath to me. Of these I settled out in colonies or sent back to their own towns, after their terms of service were over, considerably more than 300,000; and to
 20 them all I assigned lands purchased by myself or money in lieu of lands. I captured 600 ships, not counting those below the rank of triremes.

I twice celebrated an ovation, three times curule triumphs, and was twenty-one times greeted as Imperator. Though the Senate afterwards voted me several triumphs I declined them. I frequently also deposited
 25 laurels in the Capitol after performing the vows which I had taken in each war. For successful operations performed by myself or by my legates under my auspices by land and sea, the Senate fifty-three times decreed a supplication to the immortal gods. The number of days during which, in accordance with a decree of the Senate, supplication was offered amounted
 30 to 890. In my triumphs there were led before my chariot nine kings or sons of kings. I had been consul thirteen times at the writing of this, and am in the course of the thirty-seventh year of my tribunician power.

The Dictatorship offered me in my presence and absence by the Senate

and people in the consulship of Marcus Marcellus and Lucius Arruntius I declined to accept. I did not refuse at a time of very great scarcity of corn the commissionership of corn supply, which I administered in such a way that within a few days I freed the whole people from fear and danger. The consulship—either yearly or for life—then offered to me I declined to accept.

In the consulship of M. Vinicius and Q. Lucretius, and P. and Cn. Lentulus, and of Paulus Fabius Maximus and Q. Tubero, when the Senate and the people of Rome unanimously agreed that I should be elected overseer of the laws and morals, with unlimited powers and without a colleague, I refused every office offered me which was contrary to the customs of our ancestors. But what the Senate at that time wished me to manage, I carried out in virtue of my tribunician power, and in this office I five times received at my own request a colleague from the Senate.

I was one of the triumvirate for the re-establishment of the constitution for ten consecutive years. I have been *princeps senatus* up to the day on which I write this for forty years. I am Pontifex Maximus, Augur, one of the fifteen commissioners for religion, one of the seven for sacred feasts, an Arval Brother, a *sodalis Titius*, a fetial.

In my fifth consulship I increased the number of the patricians by order of people and Senate. I three times made up the roll of the Senate, and in my sixth consulship I took a census of the people with M. Agrippa as my colleague. I performed the *lustrum* after an interval of forty-one years; in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the census roll was 4,063,000. A second time with consular imperium I took the census by myself in the consulship of Gaius Censorinus and Gaius Asinius, in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the roll was 4,223,000. I took a third census with consular imperium, my son Tiberius Cæsar acting as my colleague, in the consulship of Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Appuleius, in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the census roll was 4,937,000. By new laws passed I recalled numerous customs of our ancestors that were falling into desuetude in our time, and myself set precedents in many particulars for the imitation of posterity.

The Senate decreed that vows should be offered for my health by consuls and priests every fifth year. In fulfilment of these vows the four chief colleges of priests or the consuls often gave games in my lifetime. Also individually and by townships the people at large always offered sacrifices at all the temples for my health.

By a decree of the Senate my name was included in the ritual of the Salii; and it was ordained by a law that my person should be sacred and that I should have the tribunician power for the term of my natural life. I refused to become Pontifex Maximus in succession to my colleague during his life, though the people offered me that sacred office formerly held by my father. Some years later I accepted that sacred office on the death of the man who had availed himself of the civil disturbance to secure it; such a multitude flocking to my election from all parts of Italy as is never recorded to have come to Rome before, in the consulship of P. Sulpicius and C. Valgius.

The Senate consecrated an altar to Fortuna Redux, near the temple of Honour and Virtue, by the Porta Capena, for my return, on which it ordered the Vestal Virgins to offer a yearly sacrifice on the day on which in the consulship of Q. Lucretius and M. Vinucius I returned to the city from Syria, and gave that day the name *Augustalia* from my cognomen. By a decree of the Senate at the same time part of the prætors and tribunes of the plebs, along with the consul Q. Lucretius and leading nobles, were despatched into Campania to meet me—an honour that up to this time has been decreed to no one else. When I returned to Rome from Spain and Gaul after successful operations in those provinces, in the consulship of Tiberius Nero and Publius Quintilius, the Senate voted that an altar to Pax Augusta should be consecrated for my return on the Campus Martius, upon which it ordered the magistrates and priests and Vestal Virgins to offer an annual sacrifice.

Whereas the Ianus Quirinus, which our ancestors ordered to be closed when peace throughout the whole dominions of the Roman people by land and sea had been obtained by victories, is recorded to have been only twice shut before my birth since the foundation of the city, the Senate three times voted its closure during my principate.

My sons Gaius and Lucius Cæsar, whom fortune snatched from me in their early manhood, in compliment to me, the Senate and Roman people designated consuls in their fifteenth year with a proviso that they should enter on that office after an interval of five years. From the day of their assuming the *toga virilis* the Senate decreed that they should take part in public business. Moreover, the Roman equites in a body gave each of them the title of *Princeps Iuventutis*, and presented them with silver shields and spears.

To the Roman plebs I paid 300 sesterces per head in virtue of my father's will; and in my own name I gave 400 apiece in my fifth consulship from the sales of spoils of war; and a second time in my tenth consulship out of my own private property I paid a bounty of 400 sesterces per man, and in my eleventh consulship I measured out twelve distributions of corn, having purchased the grain from my own resources. In the twelfth year of my tribunician power, for a third time I gave a bounty of 400 sesterces a head. These largesses of mine affected never less than 250,000 persons. In the eighteenth year of my tribunician power and my twelfth consulship I gave 320,000 of the urban plebs sixty denarii a head. In the colonies of my soldiers, in my fifth consulship I gave from the sale of spoils of war 1000 sesterces a head; and among such settlers the number who received that triumphal largess amounted to about 120,000 men. In my thirteenth consulship I gave 60 denarii apiece to the plebeians then in receipt of public corn; they amounted to somewhat more than 200,000 persons.

The money for the lands, which in my fourth consulship, and afterwards in the consulship of M. Crassus and Cn. Lentulus the augur, I assigned to the soldiers, I paid to the municipal towns. The amount was about 600,000,000 sesterces, which I paid for lands in Italy, and about 260,000,000 which I disbursed for lands in the provinces.

I was the first and only one within the memory of my own generation to do this of all who settled colonies in Italy and the provinces. And afterwards in the consulship of Tib. Nero and Cn. Piso, and again in the consulship of C. Antistius and D. Lælius, and of C. Calvisius and L. Pasiemus, and of L. Lentulus and M. Messalla, and of L. Caninius and Q. Fabricius, to the soldiers, whom after their terms of service I sent back to their own towns, I paid good service allowances in ready money; on which I expended 400,000,000 sesterces as an act of grace.

I four times subsidised the *ærarium* from my own money, the sums which I thus paid over to the commissioners of the treasury amounting to 150,000,000 sesterces. And in the consulship of M. Lepidus and L. Arruntius, to the military treasury, which was established on my initiative for the payment of their good service allowance, to the soldiers who had served twenty years or more, I contributed from my own patrimony 170,000,000 sesterces.

From and after the year of the consulship of Gnæus and Publius Lentulus, whenever the payments of the revenues were in arrears, I paid into the treasury from my own patrimony the taxes, whether due in corn or money, sometimes of 100,000 persons, sometimes of more.

I built the curia and the chalcidicum adjoining it, and the temple of Apollo on the Palatine with its colonnades, the temple of the divine Julius, the Lupercal, the colonnade at the Flaminian circus, which I allowed to be called Octavia, from the name of the builder of the earlier one on the same site, the state box at the Circus Maximus, the temples of Jupiter Feretrius and of Jupiter Tonans on the Capitol, the temple of Quirinus, the temples of Minerva and of Juno the Queen, and of Jupiter Liberalis on the Aventine, the temple of the Lares at the head of the *Via Sacra*, the temple of the divine Penates in the Velia, the temple of Youth, the temple of the Magna Mater on the Palatine.

The Capitolium and the Pompeian theatre—both very costly works—I restored without any inscription of my own name. Water-conduits in many places that were decaying from age I repaired; and I doubled the aqueduct called the Aqua Marcia, by turning a new spring into its channel.

The Forum Iulium and the basilica, which was between the temple of Castor and the temple of Saturn, works begun and far advanced by my father, I completed; and when the same basilica was destroyed by fire, I began its reconstruction on an extended plan, to be inscribed with the names of my sons, and in case I do not live to complete it I have ordered it to be completed by my heirs.

In my sixth consulship, I repaired eighty-two temples of the gods in the city in accordance with a decree of the Senate, none being omitted which at that time stood in need of repair. In my seventh consulship I constructed the Flaminian road from the city to Ariminum, and all the bridges except the Mulvian and Minucian.

On ground belonging to myself I built a temple to Mars Ultor and the Forum Augustum, with money arising from sale of spoils of war. I built a theatre adjoining the temple of Apollo, on ground for the most part purchased from private owners, to be under the name of my son-in-law

Marcus Marcellus. Offerings from money raised by sale of war-spoil I consecrated in the temple of Apollo, and in the temple of Vesta, and in the temple of Mars Ultor, which cost me about 100,000,000 sesterces. Thirty-five thousand pounds of gold, crown money contributed by the
 5 municipia and colonies of Italy for my triumphs, I refunded in my fifth consulship, and subsequently, as often as I was greeted Imperator, I refused to receive crown money, though the municipia and colonies had decreed it with as much warmth as before.

I three times gave a show of gladiators in my own name, and five times
 10 in the name of my sons and grandsons; in which shows about 10,000 men contended. I twice gave the people a show of athletes collected from all parts of the world in my own name, and a third time in the name of my grandson. I gave games in my own name four times, as representing other magistrates twenty-three times. In behalf of the quindecimviri, and as
 15 master of the college, with M. Agrippa as colleague, I gave the Secular games in the consulship of C. Furnius and C. Silanus. In my thirteenth consulship, I gave for the first time games of Mars which, since that time, the consuls have given in successive years. I gave the people wild-beast hunts, of African animals, in my own name and that of my sons and
 20 grandsons, in the circus and forum, and the amphitheatres twenty-six times, in which about 3,500 animals were killed.

I gave the people the spectacle of a naval battle on the other side of the Tiber, in the spot where now is the grove of the Cæsars, the ground having been hollowed out to a length of 1,800 feet, and a breadth of 1,200 feet,
 25 in which thirty beaked ships, triremes or biremes, and a still larger number of smaller vessels contended. In these fleets, besides the rowers, there fought about three thousand men.

In the temples of all the states of the province of Asia, I replaced the ornaments after my victory, which he with whom I had fought had taken
 30 into his private possession from the spoliation of the temples. There were about eighty silver statues of me, some on foot, some equestrian, some in chariots, in various parts of the city. These I removed, and from the money thus obtained I placed golden offerings in the temple of Apollo in my own name and in the name of those who had honoured me by the statues.

I cleared the sea of pirates. In that war I captured about 30,000 slaves,
 35 who had run away from their masters, and had borne arms against the republic, and handed them back to their owners to be punished. The whole of Italy took the oath to me spontaneously, and demanded that I should be the leader in the war in which I won the victory off Actium.
 40 The provinces of the Gauls, the Spains, Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, took the same oath. Among those who fought under my standards were more than seven hundred Senators, eighty-three of whom had been, or have been since, consuls up to the time of my writing this, 170 members of the sacred colleges.

I extended the frontiers of all the provinces of the Roman people, which were bordered by tribes that had not submitted to our Empire. The provinces of the Gauls, and Spains and Germany, bounded by the Ocean from Gades to the mouth of the river Elbe, I reduced to a peaceful state.

The Alps, from the district near the Adriatic to the Tuscan sea, I forced to remain peaceful without waging unprovoked war with any tribe. My fleet sailed through the Ocean from the mouth of the Rhine towards the rising sun, up to the territories of the Cimbri, to which point no Roman had penetrated, up to that time, either by land or sea. The Cimbri, and 5 Charydes, and Semnones and other peoples of the Germans, belonging to the same tract of country, sent ambassadors to ask for the friendship of myself and the Roman people. By my command and under my auspices, two armies were marched into Æthiopia and Arabia, called Felix, nearly simultaneously, and large hostile forces of both these nations were cut to 10 pieces in battle, and a large number of towns were captured. Æthiopia was penetrated as far as the town Nabata, next to Meroe. Into Arabia the army advanced into the territories of the Sabæi as far as the town of Mariba.

I added Egypt to the Empire of the Roman people. When I might have 15 made the greater Armenia a province after the assassination of its king Artaxes, I preferred, on the precedent of our ancestors, to hand over the kingdom to Tigranes, son of King Artavasdes, grandson of King Tigranes, by the hands of Tiberius Nero, who was then my stepson. The same nation being afterwards in a state of revolt and rebellion, I handed over 20 to the government of King Ariobarzanes, son of Artabazus, king of the Medes, after it had been reduced by my son Gaius; and after his death to his son Artavasdes, upon whose assassination I sent Tigranes, a member of the royal family of the Armenians, into that kingdom. I recovered all the provinces on the other side of the Adriatic towards the East and 25 Cyrenæ, which were by this time for the most part held by various kings, and before them Sicily and Sardinia which had been overrun by an army of slaves.

I settled colonies of soldiers in Africa, Sicily, Macedonia, both the Spains, Achaia, Asia, Syria, Gallia Narbonensis, Pisidia. Italy has twenty- 30 eight colonies established under my auspices, which have in my lifetime become very densely inhabited and places of great resort.

A large number of military standards, which had been lost under other commanders, I recovered, after defeating the enemy, from Spain and Gaul and the Dalmatians. I compelled the Parthians to restore the spoils and 35 standards of three Roman armies, and to seek as suppliants the friendship of the Roman people. These standards I laid up in the inner shrine belonging to the temple of Mars Ultor.

The tribes of the Pannonii, which before I was *princeps* an army of the Roman people never reached, having been subdued by Tiberius Nero, 40 who was then my stepson and legate, I added to the Empire of the Roman people, and I extended the frontier of Illyricum to the bank of the river Danube. And when an army of the Daci crossed to the south of that river it was conquered and put to flight under my auspices; and subsequently my army being led across the Danube, forced the tribes of the Daci to 45 submit to the orders of the Roman people.

To me there were often sent embassies of kings from India who had never been seen in the camp of any Roman general. By ambassadors the

Bastarnæ and the Scythians and the kings of the Sarmatians, who live on both sides of the river Don, and the king of the Albani and of the Hiberi and of the Medes, sought our friendship.

Kings of the Parthians—Tiridates, and afterwards Phrates, son of
 5 King Phrates—fled to me for refuge; of the Medes Artavasdes; of the
 Adiabeni Artaxares; of the Britons Dumnobellaunus and Tim . . .; of the
 Marcomanni and Suebi . . . Phrates, king of the Parthians, son of Orodes,
 sent all his sons and grandsons to me in Italy, not because he had been
 overcome in war, but seeking our friendship by means of his own sons as
 10 pledges. And a very large number of other nations experienced the good
 faith of the Roman people while I was *princeps*, with whom before that
 time there had been no diplomatic or friendly intercourse.

The nations of the Parthians and the chief men of the Medes by means
 of embassies sought and accepted from me kings of those peoples—the
 15 Parthians Vonones, son of King Phrates, grandson of King Orodes; the
 Medes Ariobarzanes, son of King Artavasdes, grandson of King
 Ariobarzanes.

In my sixth and seventh consulships, when I had extinguished the flames
 of civil war, having by universal consent become possessed of the sole
 20 direction of affairs, I transferred the republic from my power to the will
 of the Senate and people of Rome. For which good service on my part I
 was by decree of the Senate called by the name of Augustus, and the
 door-posts of my house were covered with laurels in the name of the state,
 and a civic crown was fixed up over my door, and a golden shield was
 25 placed in the Curia Iulia, which it was declared by its inscription the Senate
 and people of Rome gave me in recognition of valour, clemency, justice,
 piety. After that time I took precedence of all in rank, but of power I had
 nothing more than those who were my colleagues in the several magistra-
 cies.

While I was administering my thirteenth consulship, the Senate and
 30 equestrian order and the Roman people with one consent greeted me as
 FATHER OF MY COUNTRY, and decreed that it should be inscribed
 in the vestibule of my house, and in the Senate house, and in the Forum
 Augustum, and under the chariot which was there placed in my honour in
 35 accordance with a senatorial decree.

When I wrote this I was in my seventy-sixth year.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.



II. THE EPIC OF ROME'S DESTINY: VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

Publius Vergilius Maro was born of peasant stock in the village of Andes near Mantua in 70 B.C. In his boyhood he gained at first hand an experience of farm life and a knowledge of nature which proved of inestimable value to him in his later career. His training was received at the schools of neighboring towns, then in Rome, and later under the Epicurean philosopher Siro near Naples. His life was the quiet life of the student and man of letters, spent partly in Rome but mainly in the neighborhood of Naples. He died in 19 B.C. at Brundisium.

Virgil was the finest product of the system of patronage which flourished in the time of Augustus. His early activity as a poet fell under the influence of Pollio and Mæcenas, and was devoted to themes that sprang directly from the farm life of his youth—pastoral poems known as the *Eclogues* or *Bucolics*, and the didactic poem called the *Georgics*. The *Æneid*, the product of his maturer years, is said to have been written at the request of Augustus, who encouraged poetry not only for its own sake, but also as a means of moral, religious, and political reform. There are extant also a number of other poems whose genuineness has long been the subject of controversy.

The view of epic as history, exemplified by Ennius in his *Annals* and again by Nævius in his *Punic War*, was still looked upon as the proper view even in the Augustan Age. Epic, like most other forms of literature, was a servant of the state, and could best perform this function by reciting the achievements of the past and glorifying the heroes of Rome. It was also an appropriate vehicle for celebrating the deeds of contemporary leaders, for making secure their place in song and story, and for bolstering up their following and their policies. There can be little doubt that the pressure of such ideas was brought to bear upon Virgil when he undertook his great task.

But Virgil skillfully found a means of satisfying these demands without at the same time suffering his work to be made subject to the limitations which history imposes upon the imagination and the defects which inevitably result from the lack of a unified theme. He chose the mythological type of subject, the story of a legendary hero. But by assigning to that hero the definite mission of founding Rome, by interpreting the meaning and consequences of the hero's deeds, by portraying his character as the embodiment of Roman ideals, and by actually weaving into the narrative through devices of prophecy and the like many of the great events and personages of Roman history, he gave the poem as a whole a vivid coloring of the historical and the patriotic. By choosing as his hero a mythical ancestor of the Cæsars he was able also to sing the praises of the emperor.

As Æneas had a mission among men, so Rome had a mission among peoples. It was Rome's task to bring order out of confusion, to unify the conflicting elements of the Mediterranean civilization, to establish peace, and to secure the supremacy of law. She was to rule the world through law. This is still our general understanding of the part Rome played in the progress of civilization, and it is in the *Æneid* that we find its clearest presentation.

The story of the poem is briefly as follows. Æneas, an exile from Troy at the time of its destruction by the Greeks, flees under guidance of the gods with his son and father and a small company of refugees. Gradually the divine plan of the founding of a new empire in Italy is unfolded to him, and he journeys on from place to place seeking his destined goal. After many adventures on land and sea,

at the court of Dido the Carthaginian queen, and in Sicily, he comes to Italy. Before entering upon the second phase of his great task, he visits Hades to consult his father, who had died on the journey, in order to obtain guidance for his future career. Returning to the upper world, he first makes peaceable overtures to the native king Latinus and is cordially received. But a local prince, Turnus, seeing in Æneas a rival for the hand of the king's daughter, betrothed to himself, and a foreign invader of his country, stirs up war against him. Epic battles follow, the tide of fortune shifting now this way, now that. The fighting finally resolves itself into a duel between the two leaders, and with the slaying of Turnus by Æneas the story ends.

SHIPWRECK OF THE TROJANS; LANDING AT CARTHAGE

[Book I]

Arms and the man I sing, who first made way,
Predestined exile, from the Trojan shore
To Italy, the blest Lavinian strand.

Smitten of storms he was on land and sea
5 By violence of Heaven, to satisfy
Stern Juno's sleepless wrath; and much in war
He suffered, seeking at the last to found
The city and bring o'er his fathers' gods
To safe abode in Latium; whence arose
10 The Latin race, old Alba's reverend lords,
And from her hills wide-walled, imperial Rome.

O Muse, the causes tell! What sacrilege,
Or vengeful sorrow, moved the heavenly Queen
To thrust on dangers dark and endless toil
15 A man whose largest honor in men's eyes
Was serving Heaven? Can gods such anger feel!

In ages gone an ancient city stood—
Carthage, a Tyrian seat, which from afar
Made front on Italy and on the mouths
20 Of Tiber's stream; its wealth and revenues
Were vast, and ruthless was its quest of war.
'T is said that Juno, of all lands she loved,
Most cherished this,—not Samos' self so dear.
Here were her arms, her chariot; even then
25 A throne of power o'er nations near and far,
If Fate opposed not, 't was her darling hope
To 'stablish here; but anxiously she heard
That of the Trojan blood there was a breed

¹ Books I, II, IV from *The Æneid of Virgil*, translated by Theodore C. Williams, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Then rising, which upon the destined day
Should utterly o'erwhelm her Tyrian towers;
A people of wide sway and conquest proud
Should compass Libya's doom;—such was the web
The Fatal Sisters spun.

5

Such was the fear
Of Saturn's daughter, who remembered well
What long and unavailing strife she waged
For her loved Greeks at Troy. Nor did she fail
To meditate th' occasions of her rage,
And cherish deep within her bosom proud
Its griefs and wrongs: the choice by Paris made;
Her scorned and slighted beauty; a whole race
Rebellious to her godhead; and Jove's smile
That beamed on eagle-ravished Ganymede.
With all these thoughts infuriate, her power
Pursued with tempests o'er the boundless main
The Trojans, though by Grecian victor spared
And fierce Achilles; so she thrust them far
From Latium; and they drifted. Heaven-impelled,
Year after year, o'er many an unknown sea—
O labor vast, to found the Roman line!

10

15

20

Below th' horizon the Sicilian isle
Just sank from view, as for the open sea
With heart of hope they sailed, and every ship
Clove with its brazen beak the salt, white waves.
But Juno of her everlasting wound
Knew no surcease, but from her heart of pain
Thus darkly mused: "Must I, defeated, fail
Of what I will, nor turn the Teucrian King
From Italy away? Can Fate oppose?
Had Pallas power to lay waste in flame
The Argive fleet and sink its mariners,
Revenging but the sacrilege obscene
By Ajax wrought, Oileus' desperate son?
She, from the clouds, herself Jove's lightning threw,
Scattered the ships, and ploughed the sea with storms.
Her foe, from his pierced breast out-breathing fire,
In whirlwind on a deadly rock she flung.
But I, who move among the gods a queen,
Jove's sister and his spouse, with one weak tribe
Make war so long! Who now on Juno calls?
What suppliant gifts henceforth her altars crown?"

25

30

35

40

So, in her fevered heart complaining still,
Unto the storm-cloud land the goddess came,
A region with wild whirlwinds in its womb,

45

Æolia named, where royal Æolus
 In a high-vaulted cavern keeps control
 O'er warring winds and loud concourse of storms.
 There closely pent in chains and bastions strong,
 5 They, scornful, make the vacant mountain roar,
 Chafing against their bonds. But from a throne
 Of lofty crag, their king with sceptred hand
 Allays their fury and their rage confines.
 Did he not so, our ocean, earth, and sky
 10 Were whirled before them through the vast inane.
 But over-ruling Jove, of this in fear,
 Hid them in dungeon dark: then o'er them piled
 Huge mountains, and ordained a lawful king
 To hold them in firm sway, or know what time,
 15 With Jove's consent, to loose them o'er the world.

To him proud Juno thus made lowly plea:
 "Thou in whose hands the Father of all gods
 And Sovereign of mankind confides the power
 To calm the waters or with winds upturn,
 20 Great Æolus! a race with me at war
 Now sails the Tuscan main towards Italy,
 Bringing their Ilium and its vanquished powers.
 Uprouse thy gales! Strike that proud navy down!
 Hurl far and wide, and strew the waves with dead!
 25 Twice seven nymphs are mine, of rarest mould,
 Of whom Deïopea, the most fair,
 I give thee in true wedlock for thine own,
 To mate thy noble worth; she at thy side
 Shall pass long, happy years, and fruitful bring
 30 Her beauteous offspring unto thee their sire."
 Then Æolus: "'T is thy sole task, O Queen,
 To weigh thy wish and will. My fealty
 Thy high behest obeys. This humble throne
 Is of thy gift. Thy smiles for me obtain
 35 Authority from Jove. Thy grace concedes
 My station at your bright Olympian board,
 And gives me lordship of the darkening storm."
 Replying thus, he smote with spear reversed
 The hollow mountain's wall; then rush the winds
 40 Through that wide breach in long, embattled line,
 And sweep tumultuous from land to land:
 With brooding pinions o'er the waters spread,
 East wind and south, and boisterous Afric gale
 Upturn the sea: vast billows shoreward roll;
 45 The shout of mariners, the creak of cordage,
 Follow the shock; low-hanging clouds conceal
 From Trojan eyes all sight of heaven and day;

Night o'er the ocean broods; from sky to sky
The thunders roll, the ceaseless lightnings glare;
And all things mean swift death for mortal man.

Straightway Æneas, shuddering with amaze,
Groaned loud, upraised both holy hands to Heaven, 5
And thus did plead: "O thrice and four times blest,
Ye whom your sires and whom the walls of Troy
Looked on in your last hour! O bravest son
Greece ever bore, Tydides! O that I
Had fallen on Ilian fields, and given this life 10
Struck down by thy strong hand! where by the spear
Of great Achilles, fiery Hector fell,
And huge Sarpedon; where the Simois
In furious flood engulfed and whirled away
So many helms and shields and heroes slain!" 15
While thus he cried to Heaven, a shrieking blast
Smote full upon the sail. Up surged the waves
To strike the very stars; in fragments flew
The shattered oars; the helpless vessel veered
And gave her broadside to the roaring flood, 20
Where watery mountains rose and burst and fell.
Now high in air she hangs, then yawning gulfs
Lay bare the shoals and sands o'er which she drives.
Three ships a whirling south wind snatched and flung
On hidden rocks,—altars of sacrifice 25
Italians call them, which lie far from shore
A vast ridge in the sea; three ships beside
An east wind, blowing landward from the deep,
Drove on the shallows,—pitiable sight,—
And girdled them in walls of drifting sand. 30
That ship, which, with his friend Orontes, bore
The Lycian mariners, a great, plunging wave
Struck straight astern, before Æneas' eyes.
Forward the steersman rolled and o'er the side
Fell headlong, while three times the circling flood 35
Spun the light bark through swift engulfing seas.
Look, how the lonely swimmers breast the wave!
And on the waste of waters wide are seen
Weapons of war, spars, planks, and treasures rare,
Once Ilium's boast, all mingled with the storm. 40
Now o'er Achates and Ilioneus,
Now o'er the ship of Abas or Aletes,
Bursts the tempestuous shock; their loosened seams
Yawn wide and yield the angry wave its will.

Meanwhile, how all his smitten ocean moaned, 45
And how the tempest's turbulent assault

Had vexed the stillness of his deepest cave,
Great Neptune knew; and with indignant mien
Uplifted o'er the sea his sovereign brow.
He saw the Teucrian navy scattered far
5 Along the waters; and Æneas' men
O'erwhelmed in mingling shock of wave and sky.
Saturnian Juno's vengeful stratagem
Her brother's royal glance failed not to see;
And loud to eastward and to westward calling,
10 He voiced this word: "What pride of birth or power
Is yours, ye winds, that, reckless of my will,
Audacious thus, ye ride through earth and heaven,
And stir these mountain waves? Such rebels I—
Nay, first I calm this tumult! But yourselves
15 By heavier chastisement shall expiate
Hereafter your bold trespass. Haste away
And bear your king this word! Not unto him
Dominion o'er the seas and trident dread,
But unto me, Fate gives, Let him possess
20 Wild mountain crags, the favored haunt and home,
O Eurus! In his barbarous mansion there,
Let Æolus look proud, and play the king
In yon close-bounded prison-house of storms!"

He spoke, and swiftlier than his word subdued
25 The swelling of the floods; dispersed afar
Th' assembled clouds, and brought back light to heaven.
Cymothoë then and Triton, with huge toil,
Thrust down the vessels from the sharp-edged reef,
While, with the trident, the great god's own hand
30 Assists the task; then, from the sand-strewn shore
Out-ebbing far, he calms the whole wide sea,
And glides light-wheeled along the crested foam.
As when, with not unwonted tumult, roars
In some vast city a rebellious mob,
35 And base-born passions in its bosom burn,
Till rocks and blazing torches fill the air
(Rage never lacks for arms)—if haply then
Some wise man comes, whose reverend looks attest
A life to duty given, swift silence falls;
40 All ears are turned attentive; and he sways
With clear and soothing speech the people's will.
So ceased the sea's uproar, when its grave Sire
Looked o'er th' expanse, and, riding on in light,
Flung free rein to his winged obedient car.

45 Æneas' wave-worn crew now landward made,
And took the nearest passage, whither lay

The coast of Libya. A haven there
 Walled in by bold sides of a rocky isle,
 Offers a spacious and secure retreat,
 Where every billow from the distant main
 Breaks, and in many a rippling curve retires. 5
 Huge crags and two confronted promontories
 Frown heaven-high, beneath whose brows outspread
 The silent, sheltered waters; on the heights
 The bright and glimmering foliage seems to show
 A woodland amphitheatre; and yet higher 10
 Rises a straight-stemmed grove of dense, dark shade.
 Fronting on these a grotto may be seen.
 O'erhung by steep cliffs; from its inmost wall
 Clear springs gush out; and shelving seats it has
 Of unhewn stone, a place the wood-nymphs love. 15
 In such a port, a weary ship rides free
 of weight of firm-fluked anchor or strong chain.
 Hither Æneas, of his scattered fleet
 Saving but seven, into harbor sailed;
 With passionate longing for the touch of land, 20
 Forth leap the Trojans to the welcome shore,
 And fling their dripping limbs along the ground.
 Then good Achates smote a flinty stone,
 Secured a flashing spark, heaped on light leaves,
 And with dry branches nursed the mounting flame 25
 Then Ceres' gift from the corrupting sea
 They bring away; and wearied utterly
 Ply Ceres' cunning on the rescued corn,
 And parch in flames, and mill 'twixt two smooth stones.

Æneas meanwhile climbed the cliffs, and searched 30
 The wide sea-prospect; haply Antheus there,
 Storm-buffeted, might sail within his ken,
 With biremes, and his Phrygian mariners,
 Or Capys or Caïcus armor-clad,
 Upon a towering deck. No ship is seen; 35
 But while he looks, three stags along the shore
 Come straying by, and close behind them comes
 The whole herd, browsing through the lowland vale
 In one long line. Æneas stopped and seized
 His bow and swift-winged arrows, which his friends, 40
 Trusty Achates, close beside him bore.
 His first shafts brought to earth the lordly heads
 Of the high-antlered chiefs; his next assailed
 The general herd, and drove them one and all
 In panic through the leafy wood, nor ceased 45
 The victory of his bow, till on the ground
 Lay seven huge forms, one gift for every ship.

Then back to shore he sped, and to his friends
Distributed the spoil, with that rare wine
Which good Acestes erst in Sicily
Had stored in jars, and prince-like sent away
5 With his loved guest;—this too Æneas gave;
And with these words their mournful mood consoled.

Companions mine, we have not failed to feel
Calamity till now. O, ye have borne
Far heavier sorrow: Jove will make an end
10 Also of this. Ye sailed a course hard by
Infuriate Scylla's howling cliffs and caves.
Ye knew the Cyclops' crags. Lift up your hearts!
No more complaint and fear! It well may be
Some happier hour will find this memory fair.
15 Through chance and change and hazard without end,
Our goal is Latium; where our destinies
Beckon to blest abodes, and have ordained
That Troy shall rise new-born! Have patience all!
And bide expectantly that golden day."
20 Such was his word, but vexed with grief and care,
Feigned hopes upon his forehead firm he wore,
And locked within his heart a hero's pain.

Now round the welcome trophies of his chase
They gather for a feast. Some flay the ribs
25 And bare the flesh below; some slice with knives,
And on keen prongs the quivering strips impale,
Place cauldrons on the shore, and fan the fires.
Then, stretched at ease on couch of simple green,
They rally their lost powers, and feast them well
30 On seasoned wine and succulent haunch of game.

But hunger banished and the banquet done,
In long discourse of their lost mates they tell,
'Twixt hopes and fears divided; for who knows
Whether the lost one live, or strive with death,
35 Or heed no more whatever voice may call?
Chiefly Æneas now bewails his friends,
Orontes brave and fallen Amycus,
Or mourns with grief untold the untimely doom
Of bold young Gyas and Cloanthus bold.

40 After these things were past, exalted Jove,
From his ethereal sky surveying clear
The seas all winged with sails, lands widely spread
And nations populous from shore to shore,
Paused on the peak of heaven, and fixed his gaze

On Libya. But while he anxious mused,
Near him, her radiant eyes all dim with tears,
Nor smiling any more, Venus approached,
And thus complained: "O thou who dost control
Things human and divine by changeless laws, 5
Enthroned in awful thunder! What huge wrong
Could my Æneas and his Trojans few
Achieve against thy power? For they have borne
Unnumbered deaths, and, failing Italy,
The gates of all the world against them close. 10
Hast thou not given us thy covenant
That hence the Romans when the rolling years
Have come full cycle, shall arise to power
From Troy's regenerate seed, and rule supreme
The unresisted lords of land and sea? 15
O Sire, what swerves thy will? How oft have I
In Troy's most lamentable wreck and woe
Consoled my heart with this, and balanced oft
Our destined good against our destined ill!
But the same stormful fortune still pursues 20
My band of heroes on their perilous way.
When shall these labors cease, O glorious King?
Antenor, though th' Achæans pressed him sore,
Found his way forth, and entered unassailed
Illyria's haven, and the guarded land 25
Of the Liburni. Straight up stream he sailed
Where like a swollen sea Timavus pours
A nine-fold flood from roaring mountain gorge,
And whelms with voiceful wave the fields below.
He built Patavium there, and fixed abodes 30
For Troy's far-exiled sons; he gave a name
To a new land and race; the Trojan arms
Were hung on temple walls; and, to this day,
Lying in perfect peace, the hero sleeps.
But we of thine own seed, to whom thou dost 35
A station in the arch of heaven assign,
Behold our navy vilely wrecked, because
A single god is angry; we endure
This treachery and violence, whereby
Wide seas divide us from th' Hesperian shore. 40
Is this what piety receives? Or thus
Doth Heaven's decree restore our fallen thrones?"
Smiling reply, the Sire of gods and men,
With such a look as clears the skies of storm,
Chastely his daughter kissed, and thus spake on. 45
"Let Cytherea cast her fears away!
Irrevocably blest the fortunes be
Of thee and thine. Nor shalt thou fail to see

That City, and the proud predestined wall
 Encompassing Lavinium. Thyself
 Shall starward to the heights of heaven bear
 Æneas the great-hearted. Nothing swerves
 5 My will once uttered. Since such carking cares
 Consume thee, I this hour speak freely forth,
 And leaf by leaf the book of fate unfold.
 Thy son in Italy shall wage vast war
 And quell its nations wild; his city-wall
 10 And sacred laws shall be a mighty bond
 About his gathered people. Summers three
 Shall Latium call him king; and three times pass
 The winter o'er Rutulia's vanquished hills.
 His heir, Ascanius, now Iulus called
 15 (Ilus it was while Ilium's kingdom stood),
 Full thirty months shall reign, then move the throne
 From the Lavinian citadel, and build
 For Alba Longa its well-bastioned wall.
 Here three full centuries shall Hector's race
 20 Have kingly power; till a priestess queen,
 By Mars conceiving, her twin offspring bear;
 Then Romulus, wolf-nursed and proudly clad
 In tawny wolf-skin mantle, shall receive
 The sceptre of his race. He shall uprear
 25 The war-god's citadel and lofty wall,
 And on his Romans his own name bestow.
 To these I give no bounded times or power,
 But empire without end. Yea, even my Queen,
Juno, who now chastiseth land and sea
 30 { With her dread frown, will find a wiser way,
 And at my sovereign side protect and bless
 The Romans, masters of the whole round world,
 Who, clad in peaceful toga, judge mankind.
 Such my decree! In lapse of seasons due,
 35 The heirs of Ilium's kings shall bind in chains
 Mycenæ's glory and Achilles' towers,
 And over prostrate Argos sit supreme.
 Of Trojan stock illustriously sprung,
 Lo, Cæsar comes! whose power the ocean bounds,
 40 Whose fame, the skies. He shall receive the name
 Iulus nobly bore, great Julius, he.
 Him to the skies, in Orient trophies dight,
 Thou shalt with smiles receive; and he, like us,
 Shall hear at his own shrines the suppliant vow.
 45 Then will the world grow mild; the battle-sound
 Will be forgot; for olden Honor then,
 With spotless Vesta, and the brothers twain,
 Remus and Romulus, at strife no more,

*destiny of
Rome*

Will publish sacred laws. The dreadful gates
Whence issueth war, shall with close-jointed steel
Be barred impregnably; and prisoned there
The heaven-offending Fury, throned on swords,
And fettered by a hundred brazen chains, 5
Shall belch vain curses from his lips of gore.”
These words he gave, and summoned Maia’s son,
The herald Mercury, who earthward flying,
Should bid the Tyrian realms and new-built towers
Welcome the Trojan waifs; lest Dido, blind 10
To Fate’s decree, should thrust them from the land.
He takes his flight, with rhythmic stroke of wing,
Across th’ abyss of air, and soon draws near
Unto the Libyan mainland. He fulfils
His heavenly task; the Punic hearts of stone 15
Grow soft beneath the effluence divine;
And, most of all, the Queen, with heart at ease,
Awaits benignantly her guests from Troy.

But good Æneas, pondering all night long
His many cares, when first the cheerful dawn 20
Upon him broke, resolved to take survey
Of this strange country whither wind and wave
Had driven him,—for desert land it seemed,—
To learn what tribes of man or beast possess
A place so wild, and careful tidings bring 25
Back to his friends. His fleet of ships the while,
Where dense, dark groves o’er-arch a hollowed crag,
He left encircled in far-branching shade.
Then with no followers save his trusty friend
Achates, he went forth upon his way, 30
Two broad-tipped javelins poising in his hand.
Deep to the midmost wood he went, and there
His Mother in his path uprose; she seemed
In garb and countenance a maid, and bore,
Like Spartan maids, a weapon; in such guise 35
Harpalyce the Thracian urges on
Her panting coursers and in wild career
Outstrips impetuous Hebrus as it flows.
Over her lovely shoulders was a bow,
Slender and light, as fits a huntress fair; 40
Her golden tresses without wimple moved
In every wind, and girded in a knot
Her undulant vesture bared her marble knees.
She hailed them thus: “Ho, sirs, I pray you tell
If haply ye have noted, as ye came, 45
One of my sisters in this wood astray?
She bore a quiver, and a lynx’s hide

Her spotted mantle was; perchance she roused
Some foaming boar, and chased with loud halloo."

So Venus spoke, and Venus' son replied:
No voice or vision of thy sister fair
5 Has crossed my path, thou maid without a name!
Thy beauty seems not of terrestrial mould,
Nor is thy music mortal! Tell me, goddess,
Art thou bright Phæbus' sister? Or some nymph,
The daughter of a god? Whate'er thou art,
10 Thy favor we implore, and potent aid
In our vast toil. Instruct us of what skies,
Or what world's end, our storm-swept lives have found.
Strange are these lands and people where we rove,
Compelled by wind and wave. Lo, this right hand
15 Shall many a victim on thine altar slay!"

Then Venus: "Nay, I boast not to receive
Honors divine. We Tyrian virgins oft
Bear bow and quiver, and our ankles white
Lace up in purple buskin. Yonder lies
20 The Punic power, where Tyrian masters hold
Agenor's town; but on its borders dwell
The Libyans, by battles unsubdued.
Upon the throne is Dido, exiled there
From Tyre, to flee th' unnatural enmity
25 Of her own brother. 'T was an ancient wrong;
Too long the dark and tangled tale would be;
I trace the larger outline of her story:
Sichæus was her spouse, whose acres broad
No Tyrian lord could match, and he was blessed
30 By his ill-fated lady's fondest love,
Whose father gave him her first virgin bloom
In youthful marriage. But the kingly power
Among the Tyrians to her brother came,
Pygmalion, none deeper dyed in crime
35 In all that land. Betwixt these twain there rose
A deadly hatred, and the impious wretch,
Blinded by greed, and reckless utterly
Of his fond sister's joy, did murder foul
Upon defenceless and unarmed Sichæus,
40 And at the very altar hewed him down.
Long did he hide the deed, and guilefully
Deceived with false hopes and fair glozing words,
Her grief and stricken love. But as she slept,
Her husband's tombless ghost before her came,
45 With face all wondrous pale, and he laid bare
His heart with dagger pierced, disclosing so

The blood-stained altar and the infamy
That darkened now their house. His counsel was
To fly, self-banished, from her ruined land.

And for her journey's aid, he whispered where
His buried treasure lay, a weight unknown 5
Of silver and of gold. Thus onward urged,
Dido, assembling her few trusted friends,
Prepared her flight. There rallied to her cause
All who did hate and scorn the tyrant king,
Or feared his cruelty. They seized his ships, 10
Which haply rode at anchor in the bay,
And loaded them with gold; the hoarded wealth
Of vile and covetous Pygmalion
They took to sea. A woman wrought this deed.
Then came they to these lands where now thine eyes 15
Behold yon walls and yonder citadel
Of newly rising Carthage. For a price
They measured round so much of Afric soil
As one bull's hide encircles, and the spot
Received its name, the Byrsa. But, I pray, 20
What men are ye? from what far land arrived,
And whither going?"

When she questioned thus,
Her son, with sighs that rose from his heart's depths,
This answer gave: "Divine one, if I tell 25
My woes and burdens all, and thou could'st pause
To heed the tale, first would the vesper star
Th' Olympian portals close, and bid the day
In slumber lie. Of ancient Troy are we—
If aught of Troy thou knowest! As we roved 30
From sea to sea, the hazard of the storm
Cast us up hither on this Libyan coast.
I am Æneas, faithful evermore
To Heaven's command; and in my ships I bear
My gods ancestral, which I snatched away 35
From peril of the foe. My fame is known
Above the stars. I travel on in quest
Of Italy, my true home-land, and I
From Jove himself may trace my birth divine.
With twice ten ships upon the Phrygian main 40
I launched away. My mother from the skies
Gave guidance, and I wrought what Fate ordained.
Yet now scarce seven shattered ships survive
The shock of wind and wave; and I myself 45
Friendless, bereft, am wandering up and down
This Libyan wilderness! Behold me here,
From Europe and from Asia exiled still!"

But Venus could not let him longer plain,
And stopped his grief midway:

“Whoe’er thou art,

I deem that not unblest of heavenly powers,
With vital breath still thine, thou comest hither
Unto our Tyrian town. Go steadfast on,
And to the royal threshold make thy way!

I bring thee tidings that thy comrades all
Are safe at land; and all thy ships, conveyed

By favoring breezes, safe at anchor lie;
Or else in vain my parents gave me skill
To read the skies. Look up at yonder swans!
A flock of twelve, whose gayly fluttering file,
Erst scattered by Jove’s eagle swooping down
From his ethereal haunt, now form anew
Their long-drawn line, and make a landing-place,
Or, hovering over, scan some chosen ground,
Or soaring high, with whirl of happy wings,
Re-circle heaven in triumphant song:

Likewise, I tell thee, thy lost mariners
Are landed, or fly landward at full sail.

Up, then! let yon plain path thy guidance be.”

She ceased and turned away. A roseate beam
From her bright shoulder glowed; th’ ambrosial hair
Breathed more than mortal sweetness, while her robes
Fell rippling to her feet. Each step revealed
The veritable goddess. Now he knew
That vision was his mother, and his words
Pursued the fading phantom as it fled:
Why is thy son deluded o’er and o’er
With mocking dreams,—another cruel god?
Hast thou no hand-clasp true, nor interchange
Of words unfeigned betwixt this heart and thine?”
Such word of blame he spoke, and took his way
Toward the city’s rampart.

Venus then

O’erveiled them as they moved in darkened air,—
A liquid mantle of thick cloud divine,—
That viewless they might pass, nor any wight
Obstruct, delay, or question why they came.
To Paphos then she soared, her loved abode,
Where stands her temple, at whose hundred shrines
Garlands of myrtle and fresh roses breathe,
And clouds of orient sweetness waft away.

Meanwhile the wanderers swiftly journey on
Along the clear-marked road, and soon they climb

The brow of a high hill, which close in view
 O'er-towers the city's crown. The vast exploit,
 Where lately rose but Afric cabins rude,
 Æneas wondered at: the smooth, wide ways;
 The bastioned gates; the uproar of the throng. 5
 The Tyrians toil unwearied; some up-raise
 A wall or citadel, from far below
 Lifting the ponderous stone; or with due care
 Choose where to build, and close the space around
 With sacred furrow; in their gathering-place 10
 The people for just governors, just laws,
 And for their reverend senate shout acclaim.
 Some clear the harbor mouth; some deeply lay
 The base of a great theatre, and carve out
 Proud columns from the mountain, to adorn 15
 Their rising stage with lofty ornament.

So busy bees above a field of flowers
 In early summer amid sunbeams toil,
 Leading abroad their nations's youthful brood;
 Or with the flowing honey storing close 20
 The pliant cells, until they quite run o'er
 With nectared sweet; while from the entering swarm
 They take their little loads; or lined for war,
 Rout the dull drones, and chase them from the hive;
 Brisk is the task, and all the honeyed air 25
 Breathes odors of wild thyme.

“How blest of Heaven,
 These men that see their promised ramparts rise!”
 Æneas sighed; and swift his glances moved
 From tower to tower; then on his way he fared, 30
 Veiled in the wonder-cloud, whence all unseen
 Of human eyes,—O strange the tale and true!—
 He threaded the thronged streets, unmarked, unknown.

Deep in the city's heart there was a grove
 Of beauteous shade, where once the Tyrians, 35
 Cast here by stormful waves, delved out of earth
 That portent which Queen Juno bade them find,—
 The head of a proud horse,—that ages long
 Their boast might be wealth, luxury and war.
 Upon this spot Sidonian Dido raised 40
 A spacious fane to Juno, which became
 Splendid with gifts, and hallowed far and wide
 For potency divine. Its beams were bronze,
 And on loud hinges swung the brazen doors.
 A rare, new sight this sacred grove did show, 45
 Which calmed Æneas' fears, and made him bold

- To hope for safety, and with lifted heart
From his low-fallen fortunes re-aspire.
For while he waits the advent of the Queen,
He scans the mighty temple, and admires
5 The city's opulent pride, and all the skill
Its rival craftsmen in their work approve.
Behold! he sees old Ilium's well-fought fields
In sequent picture, and those famous wars
Now told upon men's lips the whole world round.
10 There Atreus' sons, there kingly Priam moved,
And fierce Pelides pitiless to both.
Æneas paused, and, weeping, thus began:
"Alas, Achates, what far region now,
What land in all the world knows not our pain?
15 See, it is Priam! Virtue's wage is given—
O even here! Here also there be tears
For what men bear, and mortal creatures feel
Each other's sorrow. Therefore, have no fear!
This story of our loss forbodes us well."
- 20 So saying, he received into his heart
That visionary scene, profoundly sighed,
And let his plenteous tears unheeded flow.
There he beheld the citadel of Troy
Girt with embattled foes; here, Greeks in flight
25 Some Trojan onset 'scaped; there, Phrygian bands
Before tall-plumed Achilles' chariot sped.
The snowy tents of Rhesus spread hard by
(He sees them through his tears), where Diomed
In night's first watch burst o'er them unawares
30 With bloody havoc and a host of deaths;
Then drove his fiery coursers o'er the plain
Before their thirst or hunger could be stayed
On Trojan corn or Xanthus' cooling stream.
Here too was princely Troilus, despoiled,
35 Routed and weaponless, O wretched boy!
Ill-matched against Achilles! His wild steeds
Bear him along, as from his chariot's rear
He falls far back, but clutches still the rein;
His hair and shoulders on the ground go trailing,
40 And his down-pointing spear-head scrawls the dust
Elsewhere, to Pallas' ever-hostile shrine,
Daughters of Ilium, with unsnooded hair,
And lifting all in vain her hallowed pall,
Walked suppliant and sad, beating their breasts,
45 With outspread palms. But her unswerving eyes
The goddess fixed on earth, and would not see.
Achilles round the Trojan rampart thrice

Had dragged the fallen Hector, and for gold
 Was making traffic of the lifeless clay.
 Æneas groaned aloud, with bursting heart,
 To see the spoils, the car, the very corpse
 Of his lost friend,—while Priam for the dead 5
 Stretched forth in piteous prayer his helpless hands.
 There too his own presentment he could see
 Surrounded by Greek kings; and there were shown
 Hordes from the East, and black-browed Memnon's arms;
 Her band of Amazons, with moon-shaped shields, 10
 Penthesilea led; her martial eye
 Flamed on from troop to troop; a belt of gold
 Beneath one bare, protruded breast she bound—
 A warrior-virgin braving mail-clad men.

While on such spectacle Æneas' eyes 15
 Looked wondering, while mute and motionless
 He stood at gaze, Queen Dido to the shrine
 In lovely majesty drew near; a throng
 Of youthful followers pressed round her way.
 So by the margin of Eurotas wide 20
 Or o'er the Cynthian steep, Diana leads
 Her bright processional; hither and yon
 Are visionary legions numberless
 Of Oreads; the regnant goddess bears
 A quiver on her shoulders, and is seen 25
 Emerging tallest of her beauteous train;
 While joy unutterable thrills the breast
 Of fond Latona: Dido not less fair
 Amid her subjects passed, and not less bright
 Her glow of gracious joy, while she approved 30
 Her future kingdom's pomp and vast emprise.
 Then at the sacred portal and beneath
 The temple's vaulted dome she took her place,
 Encompassed by armed men, and lifted high
 Upon a throne; her statutes and decrees 35
 The people heard, and took what lot or toil
 Her sentence, or impartial urn, assigned.
 But, lo! Æneas sees among the throng
 Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus bold,
 With other Teucrians, whom the black storm flung 40
 Far o'er the deep and drove on alien shores.
 Struck dumb was he, and good Achates too,
 Half gladness and half fear. Fain would they fly
 To friendship's fond embrace; but knowing not
 What might befall, their hearts felt doubt and care. 45
 Therefore they kept the secret, and remained
 Forth-peering from the hollow veil of cloud,

Haply to learn what their friends' fate might be,
Or where the fleet was landed, or what aim
Had brought them hither; for a chosen few
From every ship had come to sue for grace,
5 And all the temple with their voices rang.
The doors swung wide; and after access given
And leave to speak, revered Ilioneus
With soul serene these lowly words essayed:
"O Queen, who hast authority of Jove
10 To found this rising city, and subdue
With righteous governance its people proud,
We wretched Trojans, blown from sea to sea,
Beseech the mercy; keep the curse of fire
From our poor ships! We pray thee, do no wrong
15 Unto a guiltless race. But heed our plea!
No Libyan hearth shall suffer by our sword,
Nor spoil and plunder to our ships be borne;
Such haughty violence fits not the souls
Of vanquished men. We journey to a land
20 Named, in Greek syllables, Hesperia:
A storied realm, made mighty by great wars
And wealth of fruitful glebe; in former days
Cœnotrians had it, and their sons, 't is said,
Have called it Italy, a chieftain's name
25 To a whole region given. Thitherward
Our ships did fare; but with swift-rising flood
The stormful season of Orion's star
Drove us on viewless shoals; and angry gales
Dispersed us, smitten by the tumbling surge,
30 Among innavigable rocks, Behold,
We few swam hither, waifs upon your shore!
What race of mortals this? What barbarous land,
That with inhospitable laws ye thrust
A stranger from your coasts, and fly to arms,
35 Nor grant mere foothold on your kingdom's bound?
If man thou scornest and all mortal power,
Forget not that the gods watch good and ill!
A king we had, Æneas,—never man
In all the world more loyal, just and true,
40 Nor mightier in arms! If Heaven decree
His present safety, if he now do breathe
The air of earth and is not burried low
Among the dreadful shades, then fear not thou!
For thou wilt never rue that thou wert prompt
45 To do us the first kindness. O'er the sea
In the Sicilian land, are cities proud,
With martial power, and great Acestes there
Is of our Trojan kin. So grant us here

To beach our shattered ships along thy shore,
 And from thy forest bring us beam and spar
 To mend our broken oars. Then, if perchance
 We find once more our comrades and our king,
 And forth to Italy once more set sail, 5
 To Italy, our Latin hearth and home.
 We will rejoicing go. But if our weal
 Is clean gone by, and thee, blest chief and sire,
 These Libyan waters keep, and if no more
 Iulus bids us hope,—then, at the least, 10
 To yon Sicilian seas, to friendly lands
 Whence hither drifting with the winds we came,
 Let us retrace the journey and rejoin
 Good King Acestes.”

So Ilioneus 15

Ended his pleading; the Dardanidæ
 Murmured assent.
 Then Dido, briefly and with downcast eyes,
 Her answer made: “O Teucrians, have no fear!
 Bid care begone! It was necessity, 20
 And my young kingdom’s weakness, which compelled
 The policy of force, and made me keep
 Such vigilant sentry my wide coast along.
 Æneas and his people, that fair town
 Of Troy—who knows them not? The whole world knows 25
 Those valorous chiefs and huge, far-flaming wars.
 Our Punic hearts are not of substance all
 Insensible and dull: the god of day
 Drives not his fire-breathing steeds so far
 From this our Tyrian town. If ye would go 30
 To great Hesperia, where Saturn reigned,
 Or if voluptuous Eryx and the throne
 Of good Acestes be your journey’s end,
 I send you safe; I speed you on your way.
 But if in these my realms ye will abide, 35
 Associates of my power, behold, I build
 This city for your own! Choose haven here
 For your good ships. Beneath my royal sway
 Trojan and Tyrian equal grace will find.
 But O, that this same storm had brought your King, 40
 Æneas, hither! I will bid explore
 Our Libya’s utmost bound, where haply he
 In wilderness or hamlet wanders lost.”

By these fair words to joy profoundly stirred,
 Father Æneas and Achates brave 45
 To cast aside the cloud that wrapped them round
 Yearned greatly; and Achates to his King

Spoke thus: "O goddess-born, in thy wise heart
 What purpose rises now? Lo! All is well!
 Thy fleet and followers are safe at land.
 One only comes, not who before our eyes
 5 Sank in the soundless sea. All else fulfils
 Thy mother's prophecy."

Scarce had he spoke

When suddenly that overmantling cloud
 Was cloven, and dissolved in lucent air;
 10 Forth stood Æneas. A clear sunbeam smote
 His god-like head and shoulders. Venus' son
 Of his own heavenly mother now received
 Youth's glowing rose, an eye of joyful fire,
 And tresses clustering fair. 'T is even so
 15 The cunning craftsman unto ivory gives
 New beauty, or with circlet of bright gold
 Encloses silver or the Parian stone.

Thus of the Queen he sued, while wonderment
 Fell on all hearts. "Behold the man ye seek,
 20 For I am here! Æneas, Trojan-born,
 Brought safely hither from yon Libyan seas!
 O thou who first hast looked with pitying eye
 On Troy's unutterable grief, who even to us
 (Escaped our Grecian victor, and outworn
 25 By all the perils land and ocean know),
 To us, bereft and ruined, dost extend
 Such welcome to thy kingdom and thy home!
 I have no power, Dido, to give thanks
 To match thine ample grace; nor is there power
 30 In any remnant of our Dardan blood,
 Now fled in exile o'er the whole wide world.
 May gods on high (if influence divine
 Bless faithful lives, or recompense be found
 In justice and thy self-approving mind)
 35 Give thee thy guerdon due. What age was blest
 By such a birth as thine? What parents proud
 Such offspring bore? O, while the rivers run
 To mingle with the sea, while shadows pass
 Along yon rounded hills from vale to vale,
 40 And while from heaven's unextinguished fire
 The stars be fed—so long thy glorious name,
 Thy place illustrious and thy virtue's praise,
 Abide undimmed.—Yet I myself must go
 To lands I know not where."

45 After this word
 His right hand clasped his loved Ilioneus,
 His left Serestus; then the comrades all,

Brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, and their peers.
Sidonian Dido felt her heart stand still
When first she looked on him; and thrilled again
To hear what vast adventure had befallen
So great a hero. Thus she welcomed him: 5
“What chance, O goddess-born, o’er danger’s path
Impels? What power to this wild coast has borne?
Art thou Æneas, great Anchises’ son,
Whom lovely Venus by the Phrygian stream
Of Simois brought forth unto the day? 10
Now I bethink me of when Teucer came
To Sidon, exiled, and of Belus’ power
Desired a second throne. For Belus then,
Our worshipped sire, despoiled the teeming land
Of Cyprus, as its conqueror and king. 15
And since that hour I oft have heard the tale
Of fallen Troy, of thine own noble name,
And of Achæan kings. Teucer was wont,
Although their foe, to praise the Teucrian race,
And boasted him of that proud lineage sprung. 20
Therefore, behold, our portals are swung wide
For all your company. I also bore
Hard fate like thine. I too was driven of storms
And after long toil was allowed at last
To call this land my home. O, I am wise 25
In sorrow, and I help all suffering souls!”

So saying, she bade Æneas welcome take
Beneath her royal roof, and to the gods
Made sacrifice in temples, while she sent
Unto the thankful Trojans on the shore 30
A score of bulls, and of huge, bristling swine,
A herd of a whole hundred, and a flock
Of goodly lambs, a hundred, who ran close
Beside the mother-ewes: and all were given
In joyful feast to please the Heavenly Powers. 35

Her palace showed a monarch’s fair array
All glittering and proud, and feasts were spread
Within the ample court. Rich broideries
Hung deep incarnadined with Tyrian skill;
The board had massy silver, gold-embossed, 40
Where gleamed the mighty deed of all her sires,
A graven chronicle of peace and war
Prolonged, since first her ancient line began,
From royal sire to son.

Æneas now 45
(For love in his paternal heart spoke loud

And gave no rest) bade swift Achates run
 To tell Ascanius all, and from the ship
 To guide him upward to the town,—for now
 The father's whole heart for Ascanius yearned.
 5 And gifts he bade them bring, which had been saved
 In Ilium's fall: a richly brodered cloak
 Heavy with golden emblems; and a veil
 By leaves of saffron lilies bordered round,
 Which Argive Helen o'er her beauty threw,
 10 Her mother Leda's gift most wonderful,
 And which to Troy she bore, when flying far
 In lawless wedlock from Mycenæ's towers;
 A sceptre, too, once fair Ilione's,
 Eldest of Priam's daughters; and round pearls
 15 Strung in a necklace, and a double crown
 Of jewels set in gold. These gifts to find,
 Achates to the tall ships sped away.

But Cytherea in her heart revolved
 New wiles, new schemes: how Cupid should transform
 20 His countenance, and, coming in the guise
 Of sweet Ascanius, still more inflame
 The amorous Queen with gifts, and deeply fuse
 Through all her yielding frame his fatal fire.
 Sooth, Venus feared the many-languaged guile
 25 Which Tyrians use; fierce Juno's hate she feared,
 And falling night renewed her sleepless care.
 Therefore to Love, the light-winged god, she said:
 "Sweet son, of whom my sovereignty and power
 Alone are given! O son, whose smile may scorn
 30 The shafts of Jove, whereby the Titans fell,
 To thee I fly, and humbly here implore
 Thy help divine. Behold, from land to land
 Æneas, thine own brother, voyages on
 Storm-driven, by Juno's causeless enmity.
 35 Thou knowest it well, and oft hast sighed to see
 My sighs and tears. Dido the Tyrian now
 Detains him with soft speeches; and I fear
 Such courtesy from Juno means us ill;
 She is not one who, when the hour is ripe,
 40 Bids action pause. I therefore now intend
 The Tyrian Queen to snare, and siege her breast
 With our invading fire, before some god
 Shall change her mood. But let her bosom burn
 With love of my Æneas not less than mine.
 45 This thou canst bring to pass. I pray thee hear
 The plan I counsel. At his father's call
 Ascanius, heir of kings, makes haste to climb

To yon Sidonian citadel; my grace
 Protects him, and he bears gifts which were saved
 From hazard of the sea and burning Troy.
 Him lapped in slumber on Cythera's hill,
 Or in Idalia's deep and hallowing shade, 5
 Myself will hide, lest haply he should learn
 Our stratagem, and burst in, foiling all.
 Wear thou his shape for one brief night thyself,
 And let thy boyhood feign another boy's
 Familiar countenance; when Dido there, 10
 Beside the royal feast and flowing wine,
 All smiles and joy, shall clasp thee to her breast
 While she caresses thee, and her sweet lips
 Touch close with thine, then let thy secret fire
 Breathe o'er her heart, to poison and betray." 15
 The love-god to his mother's dear behest
 Gave prompt assent. He put his pinions by
 And tripped it like Iulus, light of heart.
 But Venus o'er Ascanius' body poured
 A perfect sleep, and, to her heavenly breast 20
 Enfolding him, far, far away upbore
 To fair Idalia's grove, where fragrant buds
 Of softly-petalled marjoram embower
 In pleasurable shade. Cupid straightway
 Obeyed his mother's word and bore the gifts, 25
 Each worthy of a king, as offerings
 To greet the Tyrian throne; and as he went
 He clasped Achates' friendly hand, and smiled.

Father Æneas now, and all his band
 Of Trojan chivalry, at social feast, 30
 On lofty purple-pillowed couches lie;
 Deft slaves fresh water on their fingers pour,
 And from reed-woven basketry renew
 The plenteous bread, or bring smooth napery
 Of softest weave; fifty handmaidens serve, 35
 Whose task it is to range in order fair
 The varied banquet, or at altars bright
 Throw balm and incense on the sacred fires.
 A hundred more serve with an equal band
 Of beauteous pages, whose obedient skill 40
 Piles high the generous board and fills the bowl.
 The Tyrians also to the festal hall
 Come thronging, and receive their honor due,
 Each on his painted couch; with wondering eyes
 Æneas' gifts they view, and wondering more, 45
 Mark young Iulus' radiant brows divine,
 His guileful words, the golden pall he bears,

And broidered veil with saffron lilies bound.
The Tyrian Queen ill-starred, already doomed
To her approaching woe, scanned ardently,
With kindling cheek and never-sated eyes,
5 The precious gifts and wonder-gifted boy.

He round Æneas' neck his arms entwined,
Fed the deep yearning of his seeming sire,
Then sought the Queen's embrace; her eyes, her soul
Clave to him as she strained him to her breast.
10 For Dido knew not in that fateful hour
How great a god betrayed her. He began,
Remembering his mother (she who bore
The lovely Acidalian Graces three),
To make the dear name of Sichæus fade,
15 And with new life, new love, to re-possess
Her long-since slumbering bosom's lost desire.

When the main feast is over, they replace
The banquet with huge bowls, and crown the wine
With ivy-leaf and rose. Loud rings the roof
20 With echoing voices; from the gilded vault
Far-blazing cressets swing, or torches bright
Drive the dark night away. The Queen herself
Called for her golden chalice studded round
With jewels, and o'er-brimming it with wine
25 As Belus and his proud successors use,
Commanded silence, and this utterance made:
"Great Jove, of whom are hospitable laws
For stranger-guest, may this auspicious day
Bless both our Tyrians and the wanderers
30 From Trojan shore. May our posterity
Keep this remembrance! Let kind Juno smile,
And Bacchus, lord of mirth, attend us here!
And, O ye Tyrians, come one and all,
And with well-omened words our welcome share!"
35 So saying, she outpoured the sacred drop
Due to the gods, and lightly from the rim
Sipped the first taste, then unto Bitias gave
With urgent cheer; he seized it, nothing loth,
Quaffed deep and long the foaming, golden bowl,
40 Then passed to others.

On a gilded lyre
The flowing-haired Iopas woke a song
Taught him by famous Atlas: of the moon
He sang, the wanderer, and what the sun's
45 Vast labors be; then would his music tell
Whence man and beast were born, and whence were bred

Clouds, lightnings, and Arcturus' stormful sign,
The Hyades, rain-stars, and nigh the Pole
The great and lesser Wain; for well he knew
Why colder suns make haste to quench their orb
In ocean-stream, and wintry nights be slow.
Loudly the Tyrians their minstrel praised,
And Troy gave prompt applause.

5

Dido the while
With varying talk prolonged the fateful night,
And drank both long and deep of love and wine.
Now many a tale of Priam would she crave,
Of Hector many; or what radiant arms
Aurora's son did wear; what were those steeds
Of Diomed, or what the stature seemed
Of great Achilles. "Come, illustrious guest,
Begin the tale," she said, "begin and tell
The perfidy of Greece, thy people's fall,
And all thy wanderings. For now,—Ah, me!
Seven times the summer's burning stars have seen
The wandering far o'er alien lands and seas."

10

15

20

—T. C. WILLIAMS.



THE FALL OF TROY

[Book II]

A general silence fell; and all gave ear,
While, from his lofty station at the feast,
Father Æneas with these words began:—

A grief unspeakable thy gracious word,
O sovereign lady, bids my heart live o'er:
How Asia's glory and afflicted throne
The Greek flung down; which woeful scene I saw,
And bore great part in each event I tell.
But O! in telling, what Dolopian churl,
Or Myrmidon, or gory follower
Of grim Ulysses could the tears restrain?
'T is evening; lo! the dews of night begin
To fall from heaven, and yonder sinking stars
Invite to slumber. But if thy heart yearn
To hear in brief of all our evil days
And Troy's last throes, although the memory

25

30

35

Makes my soul shudder and recoil in pain,
I will essay it.

Wearied of the war,
And by ill-fortune crushed, year after year,
5 The kings of Greece, by Pallas' skill divine,
Build a huge horse, a thing of mountain size,
With timbered ribs of fir. They falsely say
It has been vowed to Heaven for safe return,
And spread this lie abroad. Then they conceal
10 Choice bands of warriors in the deep, dark side,
And fill the caverns of that monstrous womb
With arms and soldiery. In sight of Troy
Lies Tenedos, an island widely famed
And opulent, ere Priam's kingdom fell,
15 But a poor haven now, with anchorage
Not half secure; 't was thitherward they sailed,
And lurked unseen by that abandoned shore.
We deemed them launched away and sailing far,
Bound homeward for Mycenæ. Teucria then
20 Threw off her grief inveterate; all her gates
Swung wide; exultant went we forth, and saw
The Dorian camp untenanted, the siege
Abandoned, and the shore without a keel.
"Here!" cried we, "the Dolopian pitched; the host
25 Of fierce Achilles here; here lay the fleet;
And here the battling lines to conflict ran."
Others, all wonder, scan the gift of doom
By virgin Pallas given, and view with awe
That horse which loomed so large. Thymætēs then
30 Bade lead it through the gates, and set on high
Within our citadel,—or traitor he,
Or tool of fate in Troy's predestined fall.
But Capys, as did all of wiser heart,
Bade hurl into the sea false Greek gift,
35 Or underneath it thrust a kindling flame,
Or pierce the hollow ambush of its womb
With probing spear. Yet did the multitude
Veer round from voice to voice and doubt of all.
Then from the citadel, conspicuous,
40 Laocoön, with all his following choir,
Hurried indignant down; and from afar
Thus hailed the people: "O unhappy men!
What madness this? Who deems our foemen fled?
Think ye the gifts of Greece can lack for guile?
45 Have ye not known Ulysses? The Achæan
Hides, caged in yonder beams; or this is reared
For engin'ry on our proud battlements,
To spy upon our roof-tops, or descend

In ruin on the city. 'T is a snare.
Trust not this horse, O Troy, whate'er it bode!
I fear the Greeks, though gift on gift they bear."

So saying, he whirled with ponderous javelin
A sturdy stroke straight at the rounded side 5
Of the great, jointed beast. A tremor struck
Its towering form, and through the cavernous womb
Rolled loud, reverberate rumbling, deep and long.
If heaven's decree, if our own wills, that hour,
Had not been fixed on woe, his spear had brought 10
A bloody slaughter on our ambushed foe,
And Troy were standing on the earth this day!
O Priam's towers, ye were unfallen still!

But, lo! with hands fast bound behind, a youth
By clamorous Dardan shepherds haled along, 15
Was brought before our King,—to this sole end
A self-surrendered captive, that he might,
Although a nameless stranger, cunningly
Deliver to the Greek the gates of Troy.
His firm-set mind flinched not from either goal,— 20
Success in crime, or on swift death to fall.
The thronging Trojan youth made haste his way
From every side, all eager to see close
Their captive's face, and flout with emulous scorn.
Hear now what Greek deception is, and learn 25
From one dark wickedness the whole. For he,
A mark for every eye, defenceless, dazed,
Stood staring at our Phrygian hosts, and cried:
"Woe worth the day! What ocean or what shore
Will have me now? What desperate path remains 30
For miserable me? Now have I lost
All foothold with the Greeks, and o'er my head
Troy's furious sons call bloody vengeance down."
Such groans and anguish turned all rage away
And stayed our lifted hands. We bade him tell 35
His birth, his errand, and from whence might be
Such hope of mercy for a foe in chains.
Then fearing us no more, this speech he dared:
"O King! I will confess, whate'er befall,
The whole unvarnished truth. I will not hide 40
My Grecian birth. Yea, thus will I begin.
For Fortune has brought wretched Sinon low;
But never shall her cruelty impair
His honor and his truth. Perchance the name
Of Palamedes, Belus' glorious son, 45
Has come by rumor to your listening ears;

- Whom by false witness and conspiracy,
Because his counsel was not for this war,
The Greeks condemned, though guiltless, to his death
And now make much lament for him they slew.
- 5 I, his companion, of his kith and kin,
Sent hither by my humble sire's command,
Followed his arms and fortunes from my youth.
Long as his throne endured, and while he throve
In conclave with his kingly peers, we twain
- 10 Some name and lustre bore; but afterward,
Because that cheat Ulysses envied him
(Ye know the deed), he from this world withdrew,
And I in gloom and tribulation sore
Lived miserably on, lamenting loud
- 15 My lost friend's blameless fall. A fool was I
That kept not these lips closed; but I had vowed
That if a conqueror home to Greece I came,
I would avenge. Such words moved wrath, and were
The first shock of my ruin; from that hour,
- 20 Ulysses whispered slander and alarm;
Breathed doubt and malice into all men's ears,
And darkly plotted how to strike his blow.
Nor rest had he, till Calchas, as his tool,—
But why unfold this useless, cruel story?
- 25 Why make delay? Ye count all sons of Greece
Arrayed as one; and to have heard thus far
Suffices you. Take now your ripe revenge!
Ulysses smiles and Atreus' royal sons
With liberal price your deed of blood repay."
- 30 We ply him then with passionate appeal
And question all his cause: of guilt so dire
Or such Greek guile we harbored not the thought.
So on he prates, with well-feigned grief and fear,
And from his lying heart thus told his tale:
- 35 "Full oft the Greeks had fain achieved their flight,
And raised the Trojan siege, and sailed away
War-wearied quite. O, would it had been so!
Full oft the wintry tumult of the seas
Did wall them round, and many a swollen storm
- 40 Their embarkation stayed. But chiefly when,
All fitly built of beams of maple fair,
This horse stood forth,—what thunders filled the skies!
With anxious fears we sent Eurypylus
To ask Apollo's word; and from the shrine
- 45 He brings the sorrowful commandment home:
By flowing blood and by a virgin slain
The wild winds were appeased, when first ye came,

Ye sons of Greece, to Ilium's distant shore.
Through blood ye must return. Let some Greek life
Your expiation be.'

The popular ear

The saying caught, all spirits were dimmed o'er;
Cold doubt and horror through each bosom ran,
Asking what fate would do, and on what wretch
Apollo's choice would fall. Ulysses, then,
Amid the people's tumult and acclaim,
Thrust Calchas forth, some prophecy to tell
To all the throng: he asked him o'er and o'er
What Heaven desired. Already not a few
Foretold the murderous plot, and silently
Watched the dark doom upon my life impend.
Twice five long days the seer his lips did seal,
And hid himself, refusing to bring forth
His word of guile, and name what wretch should die.
At last, reluctant, and all loudly urged
By false Ulysses, he fulfils their plot,
And, lifting up his voice oracular,
Points out myself the victim to be slain.
Nor did one voice oppose. The mortal stroke
Horribly hanging o'er each coward head
Was changed to one man's ruin, and their hearts
Endured it well. Soon rose th' accursed morn;
The bloody ritual was ready; salt
Was sprinkled on the sacred loaf; my brows
Were bound with fillets for the offering.
But I escaped that death—yes! I deny not!
I cast my fetters, off, and darkling lay
Concealed all night in lake-side sedge and mire,
Awaiting their departure, if perchance
They should in truth set sail. But nevermore
Shall my dear, native country greet these eyes.
No more my father or my tender babes
Shall I behold. Nay, haply their own lives
Are forfeit, when my foemen take revenge
For my escape, and slay those helpless ones,
In expiation of my guilty deed.
O, by yon powers in heaven which witness truth,
By aught in this dark world remaining now
Of spotless human faith and innocence,
I do implore thee look with pitying eye
On these long sufferings my heart hath borne.
O, pity! I deserve not what I bear."

Pity and pardon to his tears we gave,
And spared his life. King Priam bade unbind

The fettered hands and loose those heavy chains
That pressed him sore; then with benignant mien
Addressed him thus: "Whate'er thy place or name,
Forget the people thou hast lost, and be
5 Henceforth our countryman. But tell me true!
What means the monstrous fabric of this horse?
Who made it? Why? What offering to Heaven,
Or engin'ry of conquest may it be?"
He spake; and in reply, with skilful guile,
10 Greek that he was! the other lifted up
His hands, now freed and chainless, to the skies:
"O ever-burning and inviolate fires,
Witness my word! O altars and sharp steel,
Whose curse I fled, O fillets of the gods,
15 Which bound a victim's helpless forehead, hear!
'T is lawful now to break the oath that gave
My troth to Greece. To execrate her kings
Is now my solemn duty. Their whole plot
I publish to the world. No fatherland
20 And no allegiance binds me any more.
O Troy, whom I have saved, I bid thee keep
The pledge of safety by good Priam given,
For my true tale shall my rich ransom be.

"The Greeks' one hope, since first they opened war
25 Was Pallas' grace and power. But from the day
When Diomed, bold scorner of the gods,
And false Ulysses, author of all guile,
Rose up and violently bore away
Palladium, her holy shrine, hewed down
30 The sentinels of her acropolis,
And with polluted, gory hands dared touch
The goddess' virgin fillets, white and pure,—
Thenceforth, I say, the courage of the Greeks
Ebb'd utterly away; their strength was lost,
35 And favoring Pallas all her grace withdrew.
No dubious sign she gave. Scarce had they set
Her statue in our camp, when glittering flame
Flashed from the staring eyes; from all its limbs
Salt sweat ran forth; three times (O wondrous tale!)
40 It gave a sudden skyward leap, and made
Prodigious trembling of her lance and shield.
The prophet Calchas bade us straightway take
Swift flight across the sea; for fate had willed
The Trojan citadel should never fall
45 By Grecian arm, till once more they obtain
New oracles at Argos, and restore
That god the round ships hurried o'er the sea.

Now in Mycenæ, whither they are fled,
New help of heaven they find, and forge anew
The means of war. Back hither o'er the waves
They suddenly will come. So Calchas gave
The meaning of the god. Warned thus, they reared 5
In place of Pallas' desecrated shrine
Yon image of the horse, to expiate
The woeful sacrilege. Calchas ordained
That they should build a thing of monstrous size
Of jointed beams, and rear it heavenward, 10
So might it never pass your gates, nor come
Inside your walls, nor anywise restore
Unto the Trojans their lost help divine.
For had your hands Minerva's gift profaned,
A ruin horrible—O, may the gods 15
Bring it on Calchas rather!—would have come
On Priam's throne and all the Phrygian power
But if your hands should lift the holy thing
To your own citadel, then Asia's host
Would hurl aggression upon Pelops' land, 20
And all that curse on our own nation fall."

Thus Sinon's guile and practised perjury
Our doubt dispelled. His stratagems and tears
Wrought victory where neither Tydeus' son,
Nor mountain-bred Achilles could prevail, 25
Nor ten years' war, fleets a thousand strong.
But now a vaster spectacle of fear
Burst over us, to vex our startled souls.
Laocoön, that day by cast of lot
Priest unto Neptune, was in act to slay 30
A huge bull at the god's appointed fane.
Lo! o'er the tranquil deep from Tenedos
Appeared a pair (I shudder as I tell)
Of vastly coiling serpents, side by side,
Stretching along the waves, and to the shore 35
Taking swift course; their necks were lifted high,
Their gory dragon-crests o'ertopped the waves;
All else, half seen, trailed low along the sea;
While with loud cleavage of the foaming brine
Their monstrous backs wound forward fold on fold. 40
Soon they made land; the furious bright eyes
Glowed with ensanguined fire; their quivering tongues
Lapped hungrily the hissing, gruesome jaws.
All terror-pale we fled. Unswerving then
The monsters to Laocoön made way. 45
First round the tender limbs of his two sons
Each dragon coiled, and on the shrinking flesh

Fixed fast and fed. Then seized they on the sire,
Who flew to aid, a javelin in his hand,
Embracing close in bondage serpentine
Twice round the waist; and twice in scaly grasp
5 Around his neck, and o'er him grimly peered
With lifted head and crest; he, all the while,
His holy fillet fouled with venomous blood,
Tore at his fetters with a desperate hand,
And lifted up such agonizing voice,
10 As when a bull, death-wounded, seeks to flee
The sacrificial altar, and thrusts back
From his doomed head the ill-aimed, glancing blade.
Then swiftly writhed the dragon-pair away
Unto the templed height, and in the shrine
15 Of cruel Pallas sure asylum found
Beneath the goddess' feet and orbèd shield.

Such trembling horror as we ne'er had known
Seized now on every heart. "Of his vast guilt
Laocoön," they say, "receives reward;
20 For he with most abominable spear
Did strike and violate that blessed wood.
Yon statue to the temple! Ask the grace
Of glorious Pallas!" So the people cried
In general acclaim. Ourselves did make
25 A breach within our walls and opened wide
The ramparts of our city. One and all
Were girded for the task. Smooth-gliding wheels
Were 'neath its feet; great ropes stretched round its neck,
Till o'er our walls the fatal engine climbed,
30 Pregnant with men-at-arms. On every side
Fair youths and maidens made a festal song,
And hauled the ropes with merry heart and gay.
So on and up it rolled, a tower of doom,
And in proud menace through our Forum moved.
35 O Ilium, my country, where abode
The gods of all my sires! O glorious walls
Of Dardan's sons! before your gates it passed,
Four times it stopped and dreadful clash of arms
Four times from its vast concave loudly rang.
40 Yet frantic pressed we on, our hearts all blind,
And in the consecrated citadel
Set up the hateful thing. Cassandra then
From heaven-instructed heart our doom foretold;
But doomed to unbelief were Ilium's sons.
45 Our hapless nation on its dying day
Flung free o'er streets and shrines the votive flowers.

The skies rolled on; and o'er the ocean fell
The veil of night, till utmost earth and heaven
And all their Myrmidonian stratagems
Were mantled darkly o'er. In silent sleep
The Trojan city lay; dull slumber chained 5
Its weary life. But now the Greek array
Of ordered ships moved on from Tenedos,
Their only light the silent, favoring moon,
On to the well-known strand. The King displayed
A torch from his own ship, and Sinon then, 10
Whom wrathful Heaven defended in that hour,
Let the imprisoned band of Greeks go free
From that huge womb of wood; the open horse
Restored them to the light; and joyfully
Emerging from the darkness, one by one, 15
Princely Thessander, Sthenelus, and dire
Ulysses glided down the swinging cord.
Closely upon them Neoptolemus,
The son of Peleus, came, and Acamas,
King Menelaus, Thoas and Machaon, 20
And last, Epeüs, who the fabric wrought.
Upon the town they fell, for deep in sleep
And drowsed with wine it lay; the sentinels
They slaughtered, and through gates now opened wide
Let in their fellows, and arrayed for war 25
Th' auxiliar legions of the dark design.

That hour it was when heaven's first gift of sleep
On weary hearts of men most sweetly steals.
O, then my slumbering senses seemed to see
Hector, with woeful face and streaming eyes; 30
I seemed to see him from the chariot trailing,
Foul with dark dust and gore, his swollen feet
Pierced with a cruel thong. Ah me! what change
From glorious Hector when he homeward bore
The spoils of fierce Achilles; or hurled far 35
That shower of torches on the ships of Greece!
Unkempt his beard, his tresses thick with blood,
And all those wounds in sight which he did take
Defending Troy. Then, weeping as I spoke,
I seemed on that heroic shape to call 40
With mournful utterance: "O star of Troy!
O surest hope and stay of all her sons!
Why tarriest thou so long? What region sends
The long-expected Hector home once more?
These weary eyes that look on thee have seen 45
Hosts of thy kindred die, and fateful change
Upon thy people and thy city fall.

O, say what dire occasion has defiled
Thy tranquil brows? What mean those bleeding wounds?"

Silent he stood, nor anywise would stay
My vain lament; but groaned, and answered thus:
5 "Haste, goddess-born, and out of yonder flames
Achieve thy flight. Our foes have scaled the wall;
Exalted Troy is falling. Fatherland
And Priam ask no more. If human arm
Could profit Troy, my own had kept her free.
10 Her Lares and her people to thy hands
Troy here commends. Companions let them be
Of all thy fortunes. Let them share thy quest
Of that wide realm, which, after wandering far,
Thou shalt achieve, at last, beyond the sea."
15 He spoke: and from our holy hearth brought forth
The solemn fillet, the ancestral shrines,
And Vesta's ever-bright, inviolate fire.

Now shrieks and loud confusion swept the town;
And though my father's dwelling stood apart
20 Embowered deep in trees, th' increasing din
Drew nearer, and the battle-thunder swelled.
I woke on sudden, and up-starting scaled
The roof, the tower, then stood with listening ear:
'T was like an harvest burning, when wild winds
25 Uprouse the flames; 't was like a mountain stream
That bursts in flood and ruinously whelms
Sweet fields and farms and all the ploughman's toil,
Whirling whole groves along; while, dumb with fear,
From some far cliff the shepherd hears the sound.
30 Now their Greek plot was plain, the stratagem
At last laid bare. Deiphobus' great house
Sank vanquished in the fire. Ucalegon's
Hard by was blazing, while the waters wide
Around Sigeum gave an answering glow.
35 Shrill trumpets rang; loud shouting voices roared;
Wildly I armed me (when the battle calls,
How dimly reason shines!); I burned to join
The rally of my peers, and to the heights
Defensive gather. Frenzy and vast rage
40 Seized on my soul. I only sought what way
With sword in hand some noble death to die.

When Panthus met me, who had scarce escaped
The Grecian spears,—Panthus of Othrys' line,
Apollo's priest within our citadel;
45 His holy emblems, his defeated gods,

And his small grandson in his arms he bore,
While toward the gates with wild, swift steps he flew.
How fares the kingdom, Panthus? What strong place
Is still our own?" But scarcely could I ask
When thus, with many a groan, he made reply:— 5
Dardania's death and doom are come to-day,
Implacable. There is no Ilium now;
Our Trojan name is gone, the Teucrian throne
Quite fallen. For the wrathful power of Jove
Has given to Argos all our boast and pride. 10
The Greek is lord of all yon blazing towers.
Yon horse uplifted on our city's heart
Disgorges men-at-arms. False Sinon now,
With scorn exultant, heaps up flame on flame.
Others throw wide the gates. The whole vast horde 15
That out of proud Mycenæ hither sailed
Is at us. With confronting spears they throng
Each narrow passage. Every steel-bright blade
Is flashing naked, making haste for blood.
Our sentries helpless meet the invading shock 20
And give back blind and unavailing war."

By Panthus' word and by some god impelled,
I flew to battle, where the flames leaped high,
Where grim Bellona called, and all the air
Resounded high as heaven with shouts of war. 25
Rhipeus and Epytus of doughty arm
Were at my side, Dymas and Hypanis,
Seen by a pale moon, join our little band;
And young Coræbus, Mygdon's princely son,
Who was in Troy that hour because he loved 30
Cassandra madly, and had made a league
As Priam's kinsman with our Phrygian arms:
Ill-starred, to heed not what the virgin raved!
When these I saw close-gathered for the fight,
I thus addressed them: "Warriors, vainly brave, 35
If ye indeed desire to follow one
Who dares the uttermost brave men may do,
Our evil plight ye see: the gods are fled
From every altar and protecting fire,
Which were the kingdom's stay. Ye offer aid 40
Unto your country's ashes. Let us fight
Unto the death! To arms, my men, to arms!
The single hope and stay of desperate men
Is their despair." Thus did I rouse their souls.
Then like the ravening wolves, some night of cloud, 45
When cruel hunger in an empty maw
Drives them forth furious, and their whelps behind

Wait famine-throated; so through foemen's steel
We flew to surest death, and kept our ways
Straight through the midmost town. The wings of night
Brooded above us in vast vault of shade.

5 But who the bloodshed of that night can tell?
What tongue its deaths shall number, or what eyes
Find meed of tears to equal all its woe?

The ancient City fell, whose throne had stood
Age after age. Along her streets were strewn
10 The unresisting dead; at household shrines
And by the temples of the gods they lay.
Yet not alone was Teucrian blood required:
Oft out of vanquished hearts fresh valor flamed,
And the Greek victor fell. Anguish and woe
15 Were everywhere; pale terrors ranged abroad,
And multitudinous death met every eye.

Androgeos, followed by a thronging band
Of Greeks, first met us on our desperate way;
But heedless, and confounding friend with foe,
20 Thus, all unchallenged, hailed us as his own:
"Haste, heroes! Are ye laggards at this hour?
Others bear off the captives and the spoil
Of burning Troy. Just from the galleys ye?"

He spoke; but straightway, when no safe reply
25 Returned, he knew himself entrapped, and fallen
Into a foeman's snare; struck dumb was he
And stopped both word and motion; as one steps,
When blindly treading a thick path of thorns,
Upon a snake, and sick with fear would flee
30 That lifted wrath and swollen gorge of green:
So trembling did Androgeos backward fall.
At them we flew and closed them round with war;
And since they could not know the ground, and fear
Had whelmed them quite, we swiftly laid them low.

35 Thus Fortune on our first achievement smiled;
And, flushed with victory, Coræbus cried:
"Come, friends, and follow Fortune's finger, where
She beckons us what path deliverance lies.
Change we our shields, and these Greek emblems wear.

40 "Twixt guile and valor who will nicely weigh
When foes are met? These dead shall find us arms."
With this, he dons Androgeos' crested helm
And beauteous, blazoned shield; and to his side
Girds on a Grecian blade. Young Rhipheus next,
45 With Dymas and the other soldiery,
Repeat the deed, exulting, and array
Their valor in fresh trophies from the slain.

Now intermingled with our foes we moved,
 And alien emblems wore; the long, black night
 Brought many a grapple, and a host of Greeks
 Down to the dark we hurled. Some fled away,
 Seeking their safe ships and the friendly shore. 5
 Some cowards foul went clambering back again
 To that vast horse and hid them in its maw.
 But woe is me! If gods their help withhold,
 'T is impious to be brave. That very hour
 The fair Cassandra passed us, bound in chains, 10
 King Priam's virgin daughter, from the shrine
 And altars of Minerva; her loose hair
 Had lost its fillet; her impassioned eyes
 Were lifted in vain prayer,—her eyes alone!
 For chains of steel her frail, soft hands confined. 15
 Coræbus' eyes this horror not endured,
 And, sorrow-crazed, he plunged him headlong in
 The midmost fray, self-offered to be slain,
 While in close mass our troop behind him poured.
 But, at this point, the overwhelming spears 20
 Of our own kinsmen rained resistless down
 From a high temple-tower; and carnage wild
 Ensued, because of the Greek arms we bore
 And our false crests. The howling Grecian band,
 Crazed by Cassandra's rescue, charged at us 25
 From every side; Ajax of savage soul,
 The sons of Atreus, and that whole wild horde
 Achilles from Dolopian deserts drew.
 'T was like the bursting storm, when gales contend
 West wind and South, and jocund wind of morn 30
 Upon his orient steeds—while forests roar,
 And foam-flecked Nereus with fierce trident stirs
 The dark deep of the sea.

All who did hide

In shadows of the night, by our assault 35
 Surprised, and driven in tumultuous flight,
 Now start to view. Full well they now can see
 Our shields and borrowed arms, and clearly note
 Our speech of alien sound; their multitude
 O'erwhelms us utterly. Coræbus first 40
 At mailed Minerva's altar prostrate lay,
 Pierced by Peneleus' blade; then Rhipeus fell;
 We deemed him of all Trojans the most just,
 Most scrupulously righteous; but the gods
 Gave judgment otherwise. There Dymas died, 45
 And Hypanis, by their compatriots slain;
 Nor thee, O Panthus, in that mortal hour,
 Could thy clean hands or Phæbus' priesthood save.

O ashes of my country! funeral pyre
Of all my kin! bear witness that my breast
Shrank not from any sword the Grecian drew,
And that my deeds the night my country died
Deserved a warrior's death, had Fate ordained.

But soon our ranks were broken; at my side
Stayed Iphitus and Pelias; one with age
Was long since wearied, and the other bore
The burden of Ulysses' crippling wound.

Straightway the roar and tumult summoned us
To Priam's palace, where a battle raged
As if save this no conflict else were known,
And all Troy's dying brave were mustered there.

There we beheld the war-god unconfined;
The Greek besiegers to the roof-tops fled;
Or, with shields tortoise-back, the gates assailed.

Ladders were on the walls; and round by round,
Up the huge bulwark as they fight their way,
The shielded left-hand thwarts the falling spears,
The right to every vantage closely clings.

The Trojans hurl whole towers and roof-tops down
Upon the mounting foe; for well they see
That the last hour is come, and with what arms
The dying must resist. Rich gilded beams,

With many a beauteous blazon of old time,
Go crashing down. Men armed with naked swords
Defend the inner doors in close array.

Thus were our hearts inflamed to stand and strike
For the king's house, and to his body-guard

Bring succor, and renew their vanquished powers.
A certain gate I knew, a secret way,

Which gave free passage between Priam's halls,
And exit rearward; hither, in the days
Before our fall, the lone Andromache

Was wont with young Astyanax to pass
In quest of Priam and her husband's kin.

This way to climb the palace roof I flew,
Where, desperate, the Trojans with vain skill
Hurled forth repellent arms. A tower was there,

Reared skyward from the roof-top, giving view
Of Troy's wide walls and full reconnaissance
Of all Achæa's fleets and tented field;

This, with strong steel, our gathered strength assailed,
And as the loosened courses offered us

Great threatening fissures, we uprooted it
From its aerial throne and thrust it down:
It fell with instantaneous crash of thunder

Along the Danaan host in ruin wide.
But fresh ranks soon arrive; thick showers of stone
Rain down, with every missile rage can find.

Now at the threshold of the outer court
Pyrrhus triumphant stood, with glittering arms 5
And helm of burnished brass. He glittered like
Some swollen viper, fed on poison-leaves,
Whom chilling winter shelters underground,
Till, fresh and strong, he sheds his annual scales
And, crawling forth rejuvenate, uncoils 10
His slimy length; his lifted gorge insults
The sunbeam with three-forked and quivering tongue.
Huge Periphas was there; Automedon,
Who drove Achilles' steeds, and bore his arms.
Then Scyros' island-warriors assault 15
The palaces, and hurl reiterate fire
At wall and tower. Pyrrhus led the van;
Seizing an axe he clove the ponderous doors
And rent the hinges from their posts of bronze;
He cut the beams, and through the solid mass 20
Burrowed his way, till like a window huge
The breach yawned wide, and opened to his gaze
A vista of long courts and corridors,
The hearth and home of many an ancient king,
And Priam's own; upon its sacred bourne 25
The sentry, all in arms, kept watch and ward.
Confusion, groans, and piteous turmoil
Were in that dwelling; women shrieked and wailed
From many a dark retreat, and their loud cry
Rang to the golden stars. Through those vast halls 30
The panic-stricken mothers wildly roved,
And clung with frantic kisses and embrace
Unto the columns cold. Fierce as his sire,
Pyrrhus moves on; nor bar nor sentinel
May stop his way; down tumbles the great door 35
Beneath the battering beam, and with it fall
Hinges and framework violently torn.
Force bursts all bars; th' assailing Greeks break in,
Do butchery, and with men-at-arms possess
What place they will. Scarce with an equal rage 40
A foaming river, when its dykes are down,
O'erwhelms its mounded shores, and through the plain
Rolls mountain-high while from the ravaged farms
Its fierce flood sweeps along both flock and fold.

My own eyes looked on Neoptolemus 45
Frenzied with slaughter, and both Atreus' sons

Upon the threshold frowning; I beheld
Her hundred daughters with old Hecuba;
And Priam, whose own bleeding wounds defiled
The altars where himself had blessed the fires;
5 There fifty nuptial beds gave promise proud
Of princely heirs; but all their brightness now,
Of broidered cunning and barbaric gold,
Lay strewn and trampled on. The Danaan foe
Stood victor, where the raging flame had failed.
10 But would ye haply know what stroke of doom
On Priam fell? Now when his anguish saw
His kingdom lost and fallen, his abode
Shattered, and in his very heart and home
Th' exulting foe, the aged King did bind
15 His rusted armor to his trembling thews,—
All vainly,—and a useless blade of steel
He girded on; then charged, resolved to die
Encircled by the foe. Within his walls
There stood, beneath the wide and open sky,
20 A lofty altar; an old laurel-tree
Leaned o'er it, and enclasped in holy shade
The statues of the tutelary powers.
Here Hecuba and all the princesses
Took refuge vain within the place of prayer.
25 Like panic-stricken doves in some dark storm,
Close-gathering they sate, and in despair
Embraced their graven gods. But when the Queen
Saw Priam with his youthful harness on,
"What frenzy, O my wretched lord," she cried,
30 "Arrayed thee in such arms? O, whither now?
Not such defences, nor such arm as thine,
The time requires, though thy companion were
Our Hector's self. O, yield thee, I implore!
This altar now shall save us one and all,
35 Or we must die together." With these words
She drew him to her side, and near the shrine
Made for her aged spouse a place to cling.

But, lo! just 'scaped of Pyrrhus' murderous hand,
Polites, one of Priam's sons, fled fast
10 Along the corridors, through thronging foes
And a thick rain of spears. Wildly he gazed
Across the desolated halls, wounded to death.
Fierce Pyrrhus followed after, pressing hard
With mortal stroke, and now his hand and spear
45 Were close upon:—when the lost youth leaped forth
Into his father's sight, and prostrate there
Lay dying, while his life-blood ebbed away.

Then Priam, though on all sides death was nigh,
 Quit not the strife, nor from loud wrath refrained:
 "Thy crime and impious outrage, may the gods
 (If Heaven to mortals render debt and due)
 Justly reward and worthy honors pay!
 My own son's murder thou hast made me see,
 Blood and pollution impiously throwing
 Upon a father's head. Not such was he,
 Not such, Achilles, thy pretended sire,
 When Priam was his foe. With flush of shame
 He nobly listened to a suppliant's plea
 In honor made. He rendered to the tomb
 My Hector's body pale, and me did send
 Back to my throne a king."

5

10

With this proud word

15

The aged warrior hurled with nerveless arm
 His ineffectual spear, which hoarsely rang
 Rebounding on the brazen shield, and hung
 Piercing the midmost boss,—but all in vain.
 Then Pyrrhus: "Take these tidings, and convey
 A message to my father, Peleus' son!
 Tell him my naughty deeds! Be sure and say
 How Neoptolemus hath shamed his sires.
 Now die!"

20

With this, he trailed before the shrines

25

The trembling King, whose feet slipped in the stream
 Of his son's blood. Then Pyrrhus' left hand clutched
 The tresses old and gray; a glittering sword
 His right hand lifted high, and buried it
 Far as the hilt in that defenceless heart.
 So Priam's story ceased. Such final doom
 Fell on him, while his dying eyes surveyed
 Troy burning, and her altars overthrown,
 Though once of many an orient land and tribe
 The boasted lord. In huge dismemberment
 His severed trunk lies tombless on the shore,
 The head from shoulder torn, the corpse unknown.

30

35

Then first wild horror on my spirit fell
 And dazed me utterly. A vision rose
 Of my own cherished father, as I saw
 The King, his aged peer, sore wounded lying
 In mortal agony; a vision too
 Of lost Creüsa at my ravaged hearth,
 And young Iulus' peril. Then my eyes
 Looked round me seeking aid. But all were fled,
 War-wearied and undone; some earthward leaped
 From battlement or tower; some in despair

40

45

Yielded their suffering bodies to the flame.
 I stood there sole surviving; when, behold,
 To Vesta's altar clinging in dumb fear,
 Hiding and crouching in the hallowed shade,
 5 Tyndarus' daughter!—'t was the burning town
 Lighted full well my roving steps and eyes.
 In fear was she both of some Trojan's rage
 For Troy o'erthrown, and of some Greek revenge,
 Or her wronged husband's long indignant ire.
 10 So hid she at that shrine her hateful brow,
 Being of Greece and Troy, full well she knew,
 The common curse. Then in my bosom rose
 A blaze of wrath; methought I should avenge
 My dying country, and with horrid deed
 15 Pay crime for crime. "Shall she return unscathed
 To Sparta, to Mycenæ's golden pride,
 And have a royal triumph? Shall her eyes
 Her sire and sons, her hearth and husband see,
 While Phrygian captives follow in her train?
 20 Is Priam murdered? Have the flames swept o'er
 My native Troy? and doth our Dardan strand
 Sweat o'er and o'er with sanguinary dew?
 O, not thus unavenged! For though there be
 No glory if I smite a woman's crime,
 25 Nor conqueror's fame for such a victory won,
 Yet if I blot this monster out, and wring
 Full punishment from guilt, the time to come
 Will praise me, and sweet pleasure it will be
 To glut my soul with vengeance and appease
 30 The ashes of my kindred."

So I raved,
 And to such frenzied purpose gave my soul.
 Then with clear vision (never had I seen
 Her presence so unclouded) I beheld,
 35 In golden beams that pierced the midnight gloom,
 My gracious mother, visibly divine,
 And with that mien of majesty she wears
 When seen in heaven; she stayed me with her hand,
 And from her lips of rose this counsel gave:
 40 "O son, what sorrow stirs thy boundless rage?
 What madness this? Or whither vanisheth
 Thy love of me? Wilt thou not seek to know
 Where bides Anchises, thy abandoned sire,
 Now weak with age? or if Creüsa lives
 45 And young Ascanius, who are ringed about
 With ranks of Grecian foes, and long ere this—
 Save that my love can shield them and defend—
 Had fallen on flame or fed some hungry sword?

Not Helen's hated beauty works thee woe;
Nor Paris, oft-accused. The cruelty
Of gods, of gods unaided, overwhelms
Thy country's power, and from its lofty height
Casts Ilium down. Behold, I take away 5
The barrier-cloud that dims thy mortal eye,
With murk and mist o'er-veiling. Fear not thou
To heed thy mother's word, nor let thy heart
Refuse obedience to her counsel given.
Mid yonder trembling ruins, where thou see'st 10
Stone torn from stone, with dust and smoke uprolling,
'T is Neptune strikes the wall; his trident vast
Makes her foundation tremble, and unseats
The city from her throne. Fierce Juno leads
Resistless onset at the Scæan gate, 15
And summons from the ships the league of powers,
Wearing her wrathful sword. On yonder height
Behold Tritonia in the citadel
Clothed with the lightning and her Gorgon-shield!
Unto the Greeks great Jove himself renews 20
Their courage and their power; 't is he thrusts on
The gods themselves against the Trojan arms.
Fly, O my son! The war's wild work give o'er!
I will be always nigh and set thee safe
Upon thy father's threshold." Having said, 25
She fled upon the viewless night away.

Then loomed o'er Troy the apparition vast
of her dread foes divine; I seemed to see
All Ilium sink in fire, and sacred Troy,
Of Neptune's building, utterly o'erthrown. 30
So some huge ash-tree on the mountain's brow
(When rival woodmen, heaving stroke on stroke
Of two-edged axes, haste to cast her down)
Sways ominously her trembling, leafy top,
And drops her smitten head; till by her wounds 35
Vanquished at last, she makes her dying groan,
And falls in loud wreck from the cliffs upturn.

I left the citadel; and, led by Heaven,
Threaded the maze of deadly foes and fires,
Through spears that glanced aside and flames that fell. 40
Soon came I to my father's ancient seat,
Our home and heritage. But lo! my sire
(Whom first of all I sought, and first would bear
To safe asylum in the distant hills)
Vowed he could never, after fallen Troy, 45
Live longer on, or bear an exile's woe.

“O you,” he cried, “whose blood not yet betrays
The cruel taint of time, whose powers be still
Unpropped and undecayed, go, take your flight.
If heavenly wrath had willed my life to spare,
5 This dwelling had been safe. It is too much
That I have watched one wreck, and for too long
Outlived my vanquished country. Thus, O, thus!
Compose these limbs for death, and say farewell.
My own hand will procure it; or my foe
10 Will end me of mere pity, and for spoil
Will strip me bare. It is an easy loss
To have no grave. For many a year gone by,
Accursed of Heaven, I tarry in this world
A useless burden, since that fatal hour
15 When Jove, of gods the Sire and men the King,
His lightnings o’er me breathed and blasting fire.”

Such fixed resolve he uttered o’er and o’er,
And would not yield, though with my tears did join
My spouse Creüsa, fair Ascanius,
20 And our whole house, imploring the gray sire
Not with himself to ruin all, nor add
Yet heavier burdens to our crushing doom.
He still cried, “No!” and clung to where he sate
And to the same dread purpose. I once more
25 Back to the fight would speed. For death alone
I made my wretched prayer. What space was left
For wisdom now? What chance or hope was given?
“Didst thou, dear father, dream that I could fly
Sundered from thee? Did such an infamy
30 Fall from a father’s lips? If Heaven’s decree
Will of this mighty nation not let live
A single soul, if thine own purpose be
To cast thyself and thy posterity
Into thy country’s grave, behold, the door
35 Is open to thy death! Lo, Pyrrhus comes
Red-handed from King Priam! He has slain
A son before a father’s eyes, and spilt
A father’s blood upon his own hearthstone.
Was it for this, O heavenly mother mine,
40 That thou hast brought me safe through sword and fire?
That I might see these altars desecrate
By their worst foes? that I might look upon
My sire, my wife, and sweet Ascanius
Dead at my feet in one another’s blood?
45 To arms, my men, to arms! The hour of death
Now beckons to the vanquished. Let me go
Whither the Greeks are gathered; let me stand

Where oft revives the flagging stroke of war:
Not all of us die unavenged this day!"

I clasped my sword-belt round me once again,
Fitted my left arm to my shield, and turned
To fly the house; but at the threshold clung
Creüsa to my knees, and lifted up
Iulus to his father's arms. "If thou
Wouldst rush on death," she cried, "O, suffer us
To share thy perils with thee to the end.
But if this day's work bid the trust a sword,
Defend thy hearthstone first. Who else shall guard
Thy babe Iulus, or thy reverend sire?
"Or me, thy wife that was—what help have I?"

So rang the roof-top with her piteous cries:
But lo! a portent wonderful to see
On sudden rose; for while his parents' grief
Held the boy close in arm and full in view,
There seemed upon Iulus' head to glow
A flickering peak of fire; the tongue of flame
Innocuous o'er his clustering tresses played,
And hovered round his brows.

We, horror-struck,
Grasped at his burning hair, and sprinkled him,
To quench that holy and auspicious fire.
Then sire Anchises with exultant eyes
Looked heavenward, and lifted to the stars
His voice and outstretched hands. "Almighty Jove,
If aught of prayer may move thee, let thy grace
Now visit us! O, hear this holy vow!
And if for service at thine altars done,
We aught can claim, O Father, lend us aid,
And ratify the omen thou hast given!"

Scarce ceased his aged voice, when suddenly
From leftward, with a deafening thunder-peal,
Cleaving the blackness of the vaulted sky, 35
A meteor-star in trailing splendor ran,
Exceeding bright. We watched it glide sublime
O'er tower and town, until its radiant beam
In forest-mantled Ida died away;
But left a furrow on its track in air, 40
A glittering, long line, while far and wide
The sulphurous fume and exhalation flowed.

My father strove not now; but lifted him
In prayer to all the gods, in holy awe

Of that auspicious star, and thus exclaimed:
Tarry no moment more! Behold, I come!
Whitherso'er ye lead, my steps obey.
Gods of my fathers, O, preserve our name!
5 Preserve my son, and his! This augury
Is yours; and Troy on your sole strength relies.
I yield, dear son; I journey at thy side."

He spoke; and higher o'er the blazing walls
Leaped the loud fire, while ever nearer drew
10 The rolling surges of tumultuous flame.
"Haste, father, on these bending shoulders climb!
This back is ready, and the burden light;
One peril smites us both, whate'er befall;
One rescue both shall find. Close at my side
15 Let young Iulus run, while, not too nigh,
My wife Creüsa heeds what way we go.
Ye servants of our house, give ear, I pray,
To my command. Outside the city's gates
Lies a low mound and long since ruined fane
20 To Ceres vowed; a cypress' ancient shade
O'erhangs it, which our fathers' pious care
Protected year by year; by various paths
Be that our meeting-place.

"But in thy hands
25 Bring, sire, our household gods, and sanctities:
For me to touch, who come this very hour
From battle and the fresh blood of the slain,
Were but abomination, till what time
In living waters I shall make me clean."

30 So saying I bowed my neck and shoulders broad,
O'erspread me with a lion's tawny skin,
And lifted up my load. Close at my side
Little Iulus twined his hand in mine
And followed, with unequal step, his sire.
35 My wife at distance came. We hastened on,
Creeping through shadows; I, who once had viewed
Undaunted every instrument of war
And all the gathered Greeks in grim array,
Now shook at every gust, and heard all sounds
40 With fevered trepidation, fearing both
For him I bore and him who clasped my hand.

Now near the gates I drew, and deemed our flight
Safely at end, when suddenly I heard
The sounding tread of many warriors
45 That seemed hard-by, while through the murky night

My father peered, and shouted, "O my son,
Away, away! for surely all our foes
Are here upon us, and my eyes behold
The glance of glittering shields and flash of arms."

O, then some evil-working, nameless god 5
Clouded my senses quite: for while I sped
Along our pathless way, and left behind
All paths and regions known—O wretched me!—
Creüsa on some dark disaster fell;
She stopped, or wandered, or sank down undone, 10
I never knew what way,—and nevermore
I looked on her alive. Yet knew I not
My loss, not backward turned a look or thought,
Till by that hallowed hill to Ceres vowed
We gathered all,—and she alone came not, 15
While husband, friends, and son made search in vain.
What god, what man, did not my grief accuse
In frenzied word? In all the ruined land
What worse woe had I seen? Entrusting then
My sire, my son, and all the Teucrian gods 20
To the deep shadows of a slanting vale
Where my allies kept guard, I hied me back
To that doomed town, re-girt in glittering arms.
Resolved was I all hazards to renew,
All Troy to re-explore, and once again 25
Offer my life to perils without end.
The walls and gloomy gates whence forth I came
I first revisit, and retrace my way,
Searching the night once more. On all sides round
Horror spread wide; the very silence breathed 30
A terror on my soul. I hastened then
Back to my fallen home, if haply there
Her feet had strayed; but the invading Greeks
Were its possessors, though the hungry fire
Was blown along the roof-tree, and the flames 35
Rolled raging upward on the fitful gale.
To Priam's house I haste, and climb once more
The citadel; in Juno's temple there,
The chosen guardians of her wasted halls,
Phoenix and dread Ulysses watched the spoil. 40
Here, snatched away from many a burning fane,
Troy's treasures lay,—rich tables for the gods,
Thick bowls of massy gold, and vestures rare,
Confusedly heaped up, while round the pile
Fair youths and trembling virgins stood forlorn. 45

Yet oft my voice rang dauntless through the gloom;

From street to street I cried with anguish vain;
 And on Creüsa piteously calling,
 Woke the lamenting echoes o'er and o'er.
 While on this quest I roamed the city through,
 5 Of reason reft, there rose upon my sight—
 O shape of sorrow!—my Creüsa's ghost,
 Hers truly, though a loftier port it wore.
 I quailed, my hair rose, and I gasped for fear;
 But thus she spoke, and soothed my grief away:
 10 "Why to these frenzied sorrows bend thy soul,
 O husband even dear! The will of Heaven
 Hath brought all this to pass. Fate doth not send
 Creüsa the long journeys thou shalt take,
 Nor hath th' Olympian King so given decree.
 15 Long is thy banishment; thy ship must plough
 The vast, far-spreading sea. Then shalt thou come
 Unto Hesperia, whose fruitful plains
 Are watered by the Tiber, Lydian stream,
 Of smooth, benignant flow. Thou shalt obtain
 20 Fair fortunes, and a throne and royal bride.
 For thy beloved Creüsa weep no more!
 No Myrmidon's proud palace waits me now;
 Dolopian shall not scorn, nor Argive dames
 Command a slave of Dardan's royal stem
 25 And wife to Venus' son. On these loved shores
 The Mother of the Gods compels my stay.
 Farewell! farewell! O, cherish evermore
 "Thy son and mine!"

Her utterance scarce had ceased

30 When, as I strove through tears to make reply,
 She left me, and dissolved in empty air.
 Thrice would my frustrate arms her form enfold;
 Thrice from the clasp of hand that vision fled,
 Like wafted winds and like a fleeting dream.

35 The night had passed, and to my friends once more
 I made my way, much wondering to find
 A mighty multitude assembled there
 Of friends new-come,—matrons and men-at-arms,
 And youth for exile bound,—a doleful throng.
 40 From far and near they drew, their hearts prepared
 And their possessions gathered, to sail forth
 To lands unknown, wherever o'er the wave
 I bade them follow.

Now above the crest
 45 Of loftiest Ida rose the morning-star,
 Chief in the front of day. The Greeks held fast
 The captive gates of Troy. No help or hope

Was ours any more. Then, yielding all,
And lifting once again my aged sire,
For refuge to the distant hills I fled.

—T. C. WILLIAMS.



ÆNEAS AND DIDO

[Book IV]

Now felt the Queen the sharp, slow-gathering pangs
Of love; and out of every pulsing vein 5
Nourished the wound and fed its viewless fire.
Her hero's virtues and his lordly line
Keep calling to her soul; his words, his glance,
Cling to her heart like lingering, barbèd steel,
And rest and peace from her vexed body fly. 10

A new day's dawn with Phœbus' lamp divine
Lit up all lands, and from the vaulted heaven
Aurora had dispelled the dark and dew;
When thus unto the ever-answering heart
Of her dear sister spoke the stricken Queen: 15
"Anna, my sister, what disturbing dreams
Perplex me and alarm? What guest is this
New-welcomed to our house? How proud his mien!
What dauntless courage and exploits of war!
Sooth, I receive it for no idle tale 20
That of the gods he sprang. 'T is cowardice
Betrays the base-born soul. Ah me! How fate
Has smitten him with storms! What dire extremes
Of war and horror in his tale he told!
O, were it not immutably resolved 25
In my fixed heart, that to no shape of man
I would be wed again (since my first love
Left me by death abandoned and betrayed);
Loathed I not so the marriage torch and train,
I could—who knows?—to this one weakness yield. 30
Anna, I hide it not! But since the doom
Of my ill-starred Sichæus, when our shrines
Were by a brother's murder dabbled o'er.
This man alone has moved me; he alone
Has shaken my weak will. I seem to feel 35
The motions of love's lost, familiar fire.

But may the earth gape open where I tread,
 And may almighty Jove with thunder-scourge
 Hurl me to Erebus' abysmal shade,
 To pallid ghosts and midnight fathomless,
 5 Before, O Chastity! I shall offend
 Thy holy power, or cast thy bonds away!
 He who first mingled his dear life with mine
 Took with him all my heart. 'T is his alone—
 O, let it rest beside him in the grave!"
 10 She spoke: the bursting tears her breast o'erflowed.

"O dearer to thy sister than her life,"
 Anna replied, "wouldst thou in sorrow's weed
 Waste thy long youth alone, nor ever know
 Sweet babes at thine own breast, nor gifts of love?
 15 Will dust and ashes, or a buried ghost,
 Reck what we do? 'T is true thy grieving heart
 Was cold to earlier wooers, Libya's now,
 And long ago in Tyre. Iarbas knew
 Thy scorn, and many a prince and captain bred
 20 In Afric's land of glory. Why resist
 A love that makes thee glad? Hast thou no care
 What alien lands are these where thou dost reign?
 Here are Gætulia's cities and her tribes
 Unconquered ever; on thy borders rove
 25 Numidia's uncurbed cavalry; here too
 Lies Syrtis' cruel shore, and regions wide
 Of thirsty desert, menaced everywhere
 By the wild hordes of Barca. Shall I tell
 Of Tyre's hostilities, the threats and rage
 30 Of our own brother? Friendly gods, I trow,
 Wafted the Teucrian ships, with Juno's aid,
 To these our shores. O sister, what a throne,
 And what imperial city shall be thine,
 If thus espoused! With Trojan arms allied
 35 How far may not our Punic fame extend
 In deeds of power? Call therefore on the gods
 To favor thee; and, after omens fair,
 Give queenly welcome, and contrive excuse
 To make him tarry, while yon wintry seas
 40 Are loud beneath Orion's stormful star,
 And on his battered ships the season frowns."

So saying, she stirred a passion-burning breast
 To love more madly still; her words infused
 A doubting mind with hope, and bade the blush
 45 Of shame begone. First to the shrines they went
 And sued for grace; performing sacrifice,

Choosing an offering of unblemished ewes,
 To law-bestowing Ceres, to the god
 Of light, to sire Lyæus, lord of wine;
 But chiefly unto Juno, patroness
 Of nuptial vows. There Dido, beauteous Queen, 5
 Held forth in her right hand the sacred bowl,
 And poured it full between the lifted horns
 Of the white heifer; or on temple floors
 She strode among the richly laden shrines,
 The eyes of gods upon her, worshipping 10
 With many a votive gift; or, peering deep
 Into the victim's cloven sides, she read
 The fate-revealing tokens trembling there.
 How blind the hearts of prophets be! Alas!
 Of what avail be temples and fond prayers 15
 To change a frenzied mind? Devouring ever,
 Love's fire burns inward to her bones; she feels
 Quick in her breast the viewless, voiceless wound.
 Ill-fated Dido ranges up and down
 The spaces of her city, desperate, 20
 Her life one flame—like arrow-stricken doe,
 Through Cretan forest rashly wandering,
 Pierced by a far-off shepherd, who pursues
 With shafts, and leaves behind his light-winged steel,
 Not knowing; while she scours the dark ravines 25
 Of Dicte and its woodlands; at her heart
 The mortal barb irrevocably clings.
 Around her city's battlements she guides
 Æneas, to make show of Sidon's gold,
 And what her realm can boast; full oft her voice 30
 Essays to speak and trembling dies away:
 Or, when the daylight fades, she spreads anew
 A royal banquet, and once more will plead,
 Mad that she is, to hear the Trojan sorrow;
 And with oblivious ravishment once more 35
 Hangs on his lips who tells; or when her guests
 Are scattered, and the wan moon's fading horn
 Bedims its ray, while many a sinking star
 Invites to slumber, there she weeps alone
 In the deserted hall, and casts her down 40
 On the cold couch he pressed. Her love from far
 Beholds her vanished hero and receives
 His voice upon her ears; or to her breast,
 Moved by a father's image in his child,
 She clasps Ascanius, seeking to deceive 45
 Her unblest passion so. Her enterprise
 Of tower and rampart stops: her martial host
 No longer she reviews, nor fashions now

Defensive haven and defiant wall;
 But idly all her half-built bastions frown,
 And enginery of sieges, high as heaven.

5 But soon the chosen spouse of Jove perceived
 The Queen's infection; and because the voice
 Of honor to such frenzy spoke not, she,
 Daughter of Saturn, unto Venus turned
 And counselled thus: "How noble is the praise,
 How glorious the spoils of victory,
 10 For thee and for thy boy! Your names should be
 In lasting, vast renown—that by the snare
 Of two great gods in league one woman fell!
 It 'scapes me not that my protected realms
 Have ever been thy fear, and the proud halls
 15 Of Carthage thy vexation and annoy.
 Why further go? Prithee, what useful end
 Has our long war? Why not from this day forth
 Perpetual peace and nuptial amity?
 Hast thou not worked thy will? Behold and see
 20 How love-sick Dido burns, and all her flesh
 The madness feels! So let our common grace
 Smile on a mingled people! Let her serve
 A Phrygian husband, while thy hands receive
 Her Tyrian subjects for the bridal dower!"

25 In answer (reading the dissembler's mind
 Which unto Libyan shores were fain to shift
 Italia's future throne) thus Venus spoke:
 "'T were mad to spurn such favor, or by choice
 Be numbered with thy foes. But can it be
 30 That fortune on thy noble counsel smiles?
 To me Fate shows but dimly whether Jove
 Unto the Trojan wanderers ordains
 A common city with the sons of Tyre,
 With mingling blood and sworn, perpetual peace
 35 His wife thou art; it is thy rightful due
 To plead to know his mind. Go, ask him, then!
 For humbly I obey!"

With instant word
 40 Juno the Queen replied: "Leave that to me!
 But in what wise our urgent task and grave
 May soon be sped, I will in brief unfold
 To thine attending ear. A royal hunt
 In sylvan shades unhappy Dido gives
 For her Æneas, when to-morrow's dawn
 45 Uplifts its earliest ray and Titan's beam
 Shall first unveil the world. But I will pour

Black storm-clouds with a burst of heavy hail
 Along their way; and as the huntsmen speed
 To hem the wood with snares, I will arouse
 All heaven with thunder. The attending train
 Shall scatter and be veiled in blinding dark, 5
 While Dido and her hero out of Troy
 To the same cavern fly. My auspices
 I will declare—if thou alike wilt bless;
 And yield her in true wedlock for his bride.
 Such shall their spousal be!” To Juno’s will 10
 Cythéra’s Queen inclined assenting brow:
 And laughed such guile to see.

Aurora rose,

And left the ocean’s rim. The city’s gates
 Pour forth to greet the morn a gallant train 15
 Of huntsmen, bearing many a woven snare
 And steel-tipped javelin; while to and fro
 Run the keen-scented dogs and Lybian squires.
 The Queen still keeps her chamber; at her doors
 The Punic lords await; her palfrey, brave 20
 In gold and purple housing, paws the ground
 And fiercely champs the foam-flecked bridle-rein.
 At last, with numerous escort, forth she shines:
 Her Tyrian pall is bordered in bright hues,
 Her quiver, gold; her tresses are confined 25
 Only with gold; her robes of purple rare
 Meet in a golden clasp. To greet her come
 The noble Phrygian guests; among them smiles
 The boy Iulus; and in fair array
 Æneas, goodliest of all his train. 30
 In such a guise Apollo (when he leaves
 Cold Lycian hills and Xanthus’ frosty stream
 To visit Delos to Latona dear)
 Ordains the song, while round his altars cry
 The choirs of many islands, with the pied, 35
 Fantastic Agathyrsi; soon the god
 Moves o’er the Cynthian steep; his flowing hair
 He binds with laurel garland and bright gold;
 Upon his shining shoulder as he goes
 The arrows ring;—not less uplifted mien 40
 Æneas wore; from his illustrious brow
 Such beauty shone.

Soon to the mountains tall

The cavalcade comes nigh, to pathless haunts
 Of woodland creatures; the wild goats are seen, 45
 From pointed crag descending leap by leap
 Down the steep ridges; in the vales below
 Are routed deer, that scour the spreading plain,

And mass their dust-blown squadrons in wild flight,
 Far from the mountain's bound. Ascanius,
 Flushed with the sport, spurs on a mettled steed
 From vale to vale, and many a flying herd
 5 His chase outspeeds; but in his heart he prays
 Among these tame things suddenly to see
 A tusky boar, or, leaping from the hills,
 A growling mountain-lion, golden-maned.

Meanwhile low thunders in the distant sky
 10 Mutter confusedly; soon bursts in full
 The storm-cloud and the hail. The Tyrian troop
 Is scattered wide; the chivalry of Troy,
 With the young heir of Dardan's kingly line,
 Of Venus sprung, seek shelter where they may,
 15 With sudden terror; down the deep ravines
 The swollen torrents roar. In that same hour
 Queen Dido and her hero out of Troy
 To the same cavern fly. Old Mother-Earth
 And wedlock-keeping Juno gave the sign;
 20 The flash of lightnings on the conscious air
 Were torches to the bridal; from the hills
 The wailing wood-nymphs sobbed a wedding song.
 Such was that day of death, the source and spring
 Of many a woe. For Dido took no heed
 25 Of honor and good-name; nor did she mean
 Her loves to hide; but called the lawlessness
 A marriage, and with phrases veiled her shame.

Swift through the Libyan cities Rumor sped.

note → Rumor! What evil can surpass her speed?

30 In movement she grows mighty, and achieves
 Strength and dominion as she swifter flies.

(Small first) because afraid, she soon exalts
Her stature skyward, stalking through the lands
 And mantling in the clouds her baleful brow.

35 The womb of Earth, in anger at high Heaven,
 Bore her, they say, last of the Titan spawn,
 Sister to Cœus and Enceladus. — *not action person*

Feet swift to run and pinions like the wind
 The dreadful monster wears; her carcase huge

40 Is feathered, and at root of every plume
 A peering eye abides; and, strange to tell,
 An equal number of vociferous tongues,
 Foul, whispering lips, and ears, that catch at all.

At night she spreads midway 'twixt earth and heaven
 45 Her pinions in the darkness, hissing loud,
 Nor e'er to happy slumber gives her eyes:

But with the morn she takes her watchful throne
High on the housetops or on lofty towers,
To terrify the nations. She can cling
To vile invention and malignant wrong.
Or mingle with her word some tidings true.

5

She now with changeful story filled men's ears,
Exultant, whether false or true she sung:
How, Trojan-born Æneas having come,
Dido, the lovely widow, looked his way,
Deigning to wed; how all the winter long
They passed in revel and voluptuous ease,
To dalliance given o'er; naught heeding now
Of crown or kingdom—shameless! lust-enslaved!
Such tidings broadcast on the lips of men
The filthy goddess spread; and soon she hied
To King Iarbas, where her hateful song
To newly-swollen wrath his heart inflamed.

10

15

Him the god Ammon got by forced embrace
Upon a Libyan nymph; his kingdoms wide
Possessed a hundred ample shrines to Jove,
A hundred altars whence ascended ever
The fires of sacrifice, perpetual seats
For a great god's abode, where flowing blood
Enriched the ground, and on the portals hung
Garlands of every flower. The angered King,
Half-maddened by malignant Rumor's voice,
Unto his favored altars came, and there,
Surrounded by the effluence divine,
Upraised in prayer to Jove his suppliant hands.

20

25

"Almighty Jupiter, to whom each day,
At banquet on the painted couch reclined,
Numidia pours libation! Do thine eyes
Behold us? Or when out of yonder heaven,
O sire, thou launchest the swift thunderbolt,
Is it for naught we fear thee? Do the clouds
Shoot forth blind fire to terrify the soul
With wild, unmeaning roar? O, look upon
That woman, who was homeless in our realm,
And bargained where to build her paltry town,
Receiving fertile coastland for her farms,
By hospitable grant! She dares disdain
Our proffered nuptial vow. She has proclaimed
Æneas partner of her bed and throne.

30

35

40

And now that Paris, with his eunuch crew,
Beneath his chin and fragrant, oozy hair
Ties the soft Lydian bonnet, boasting well
His stolen prize. But we to all these fanes,

45

Though they be thine, a fruitless offering bring,
And feed on empty tales our trust in thee."

As thus he prayed and to the altars clung,
Th' Omnipotent gave ear, and turned his gaze
5 Upon the royal dwelling, where for love
The amorous pair forgot their place and name.
Then thus to Mercury he gave command:
"Haste thee, my son, upon the Zephyrs call,
And take thy wingèd way! My mandate bear
10 Unto that prince of Troy who tarries now
In Tyrian Carthage, heedless utterly
Of empire Heaven-bestowed. On wingèd winds
Hasten with my decrees. Not such the man
His beauteous mother promised; not for this
15 Twice did she shield him from the Greeks in arms,
But that he might rule Italy, a land
Pregnant with thrones and echoing with war;
That he of Teucer's seed a race should sire,
And bring beneath its law the whole wide world.
20 If such a glory and event supreme
Enkindle not his bosom; if such task
To his own honor speak not; can the sire
Begrudge Ascanius the heritage
Of the proud name of Rome? What plans he now?
25 What mad hope bids him linger in the lap
Of enemies, considering no more
The land Lavinian and Ausonia's sons.
Let him to sea! Be this our final word:
This message let our herald faithful bear."
30 He spoke. The god a prompt obedience gave
To his great sire's command. He fastened first
Those sandals of bright gold, which carry him
Aloft o'er land or sea, with airy wings
That race the fleeting wind; then lifted he
35 His wand, wherewith he summons from the grave
Pale-featured ghosts, or, if he will, consigns
To doleful Tartarus; or by its power
Gives slumber or dispels; or quite unseals
The eyelids of the dead: on this relying,
40 He routs the winds or cleaves th' obscurity
Of stormful clouds. Soon from his flight he spied
The summit and the sides precipitous
Of stubborn Atlas, whose star-pointing peak
Props heaven; of Atlas, whose pine-wreathèd brow
45 Is girdled evermore with misty gloom
And lashed of wind and rain; a cloak of snow
Melts on his shoulder; from his aged chin

Drop rivers, and ensheathed in stiffening ice
Glitters his great grim beard.

Here first was stayed

The speed of Mercury's well-poising wing;
Here making pause, from hence he headlong flung 5
His body to the sea; in motion like
Some sea-bird's, which along the levelled shore
Or round tall crags where rove the swarming fish,
Flies low along the waves: o'er-hovering so
Between the earth and skies, Cyllene's god 10
Flew downward from his mother's mountain-sire,
Parted the winds and skimmed the sandy marge
Of Libya. When first his wingèd feet
Came nigh the clay-built Punic huts, he saw
Æneas building at a citadel, 15
And founding walls and towers; at his side
Was girt a blade with yellow jaspers starred,
His mantle with the stain of Tyrian shell
Flowed purple from his shoulder, broidered fair
By opulent Dido with fine threads of gold, 20
Her gift of love; straightway the god began:
"Dost thou for lofty Carthage toil, to build
Foundations strong? Dost thou, a wife's weak thrall,
Build her proud city? Hast thou, shameful loss!
Forgot thy kingdom and thy task sublime? 25
From bright Olympus, I. He who commands
All gods, and by his sovran deity
Moves earth and heaven—he it was who bade
Me bear on wingèd winds his high decree.
What plan is thine? By what mad hope dost thou 30
Linger so long in lap of Libyan land?
If the proud guerdon of thy destined way
Move not thy heart, if all the arduous toil
To thine own honor speak not, look upon
Iulus in his bloom, thy hope and heir 35
Ascanius. It is his rightful due
In Italy o'er Roman lands to reign."
After such word Cyllene's wingèd god
Vanished, and e'er his accents died away,
Dissolved in air before the mortal's eyes. 40

Æneas at the sight stood terror-dumb
With choking voice and horror-rising hair.
He fain would fly at once and get him gone
From that voluptuous land, much wondering
At Heaven's wrathful word. Alas! how stir? 45
What cunning argument can plead his cause
Before th' infuriate Queen? How break such news?

- Flashing this way and that, his startled mind
Makes many a project and surveys them all.
But, pondering well, his final counsel stopped
At this resolve: he summoned to his side
5 Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold,
And bade them fit the fleet, all silently
Gathering the sailors and collecting gear,
But carefully dissembling what emprise
Such novel stir intends: himself the while
10 (Since high-born Dido dreamed not love so fond
Could have an end) would seek an audience,
At some indulgent time, and try what shift
Such matters may require. With joy they heard,
And wrought, assiduous, at their prince's plan.
- 15 But what can cheat true love? The Queen foreknew
His stratagem, and all the coming change
Perceived ere it began. Her jealous fear
Counted no hour secure. That unclean tongue
Of Rumor told her fevered heart the fleet
20 Was fitting forth, and hastening to be gone.
Distractedly she raved, and passion-tossed
Roamed through her city, like a Mænad roused
By the wild rout of Bacchus, when are heard
The third year's orgies, and the midnight scream
25 To cold Cithæron calls the frenzied crew.
Finding Æneas, thus her plaint she poured:
"Didst hope to hide it, false one, that such crime
Was in thy heart,—to steal without farewell
Out of my kingdom? Did our mutual joy
30 Not move thee; nor thine own true promise given
Once on a time? Nor Dido, who will die
A death of sorrow? Why compel thy ships
To brave the winter stars? Why off to sea
So fast through stormy skies? O, cruelty!
35 If Troy still stood, and if thou wert not bound
For alien shore unknown, wouldst steer for Troy
Through yonder waste of waves? Is it from me
Thou takest flight? O, by these flowing tears,
By thine own plighted word (for nothing more
40 My weakness left to miserable me),
By our poor marriage of imperfect vow.
If aught to me thou owest, if aught in me
Ever have pleased thee—O, be merciful
To my low-fallen fortunes! I implore,
45 If place be left for prayer, thy purpose change!
Because of thee yon Libyan savages
And nomad chiefs are grown implacable,

And my own Tyrians hate me. Yes, for thee
 My chastity was slain and honor fair,
 By which alone to glory I aspired,
 In former days. To whom dost thou in death
 Abandon me? my guest!—since but this name 5
 Is left me of a husband! Shall I wait
 Till fell Pygmalion, my brother, raze
 My city walls? Or the Gætulian king,
 Iarbas, chain me captive to his car?
 O, if, ere thou hadst fled, I might but bear 10
 Some pledge of love to thee, and in these halls
 Watch some sweet babe Æneas at his play,
 Whose face should be the memory of thine own—
 I were not so forsaken, lost, undone!”

She said. But he, obeying Jove’s decree, 15
 Gazed steadfastly away; and in his heart
 With strong repression crushed his cruel pain;
 Then thus the silence broke: “O Queen, not one
 Of my unnumbered debts so strongly urged
 Would I gainsay. Elissa’s memory 20
 Will be my treasure long as memory holds,
 Or breath of life is mine. Hear my brief plea!
 ’T was not my hope to hide this flight I take,
 As thou hast dreamed. Nay, I did never light
 A bridegroom’s torch, nor gave I thee the vow 25
 Of marriage. Had my destiny decreed,
 That I should shape life to my heart’s desire,
 And at my own will put away the weight
 Of toil and pain, my place would now be found
 In Troy, among the cherished sepulchres 30
 Of my own kin, and Priam’s mansion proud
 Were standing still; or these my loyal hands
 Had rebuilt Ilium for her vanquished sons.
 But now to Italy Apollo’s power
 Commands me forth; his Lycian oracles 35
 Are loud for Italy. My heart is there,
 And there my fatherland. If now the towers
 Of Carthage and the Lybian colony
 Delight the Tyrian eyes; wilt thou refuse
 To Trojan exiles their Ausonian shore? 40
 I too by Fate was driven, not less than thou,
 To wander far a foreign throne to find.
 Oft when in dewy dark night hides the world,
 And flaming stars arise, Anchises’ shade
 Looks on me in my dreams with angered brow. 45
 I think of my Ascanius, and the wrong
 To that dear heart, from whom I steal away

Hesperia, his destined home and throne.
But now the wingèd messenger of Heaven,
Sent down by Jove (I swear by thee and me!)
Has brought on wingèd winds his sire's command
5 My own eyes with unclouded vision saw
The god within these walls; I have received
With my own ears his word. No more inflame
With lamentation fond thy heart and mine.
'T is not my own free act seeks Italy."

10 She with averted eyes and glance that rolled
Speechless this way and that, had listened long
To his reply, till thus her rage broke forth:
"No goddess gave thee birth. No Dardanus
Begot thy sires. But on its breast of stone
15 Caucasus bore thee, and the tigresses
Of fell Hyrcania to thy baby lip
Their udders gave. Why should I longer show
A lying smile? What worse can I endure?
Did my tears draw one sigh? Did he once drop
20 His stony stare? or did he yield a tear
To my lament, or pity this fond heart?
Why set my wrongs in order? Juno, now,
And Jove, the son of Saturn, heed no more
Where justice lies. No trusting heart is safe
25 In all this world. That waif and castaway
I found in beggary and gave him share—
Fool that I was!—in my own royal glory.
His lost fleet and his sorry crews I steered
From death away. O, how my fevered soul
30 Unceasing raves! Forsooth Apollo speaks!
His Lycian oracles! and sent by Jove
The messenger of Heaven on fleeting air
The ruthless bidding brings! Proud business
For gods, I trow, that such a task disturbs
35 Their still abodes! I hold thee back no more,
Nor to thy cunning speeches give the lie.
Begone! Sail on to Italy, the throne,
Through wind and wave! I pray that, if there be
Any just gods of power, thou mayest drink down
40 Death on the mid-sea rocks, and often call
With dying gasps on Dido's name—while I
Pursue with vengeful fire. When cold death rends
The body from the breath, my ghost shall sit
Forever in thy path. Full penalties
45 Thy stubborn heart shall pay. They'll bring me news
In yon deep gulf of death of all thy woe."

Abrupt her utterance ceased; and sick at heart
She fled the light of day, as if to shrink
From human eyes, and left Æneas there
Irresolute with horror, while his soul
Framed many a vain reply. Her swooning shape
Her maidens to a marble chamber bore
And on her couch the helpless limbs reposed. 5

Æneas, faithful to a task divine,
Though yearning sore to remedy and soothe
Such misery, and with the timely word
Her grief assuage, and though his burdened heart
Was weak because of love, while many a groan
Rose from his bosom, yet no whit did fail
To do the will of Heaven, but of his fleet
Resumed command. The Trojans on the shore
Ply well their task and push into the sea
The lofty ships. Now floats the shining keel,
And oars they bring all leafy from the grove,
With oak half-hewn, so hurried was the flight.
Behold them how they haste—from every gate
Forth-streaming!—just as when a heap of corn
Is thronged with ants, who, knowing winter nigh,
Refill their granaries; the long black line
Runs o'er the levels, and conveys the spoil
In narrow pathway through the grass; a part
With straining and assiduous shoulder push
The kernels huge; a part array the file,
And whip the laggards on; their busy track
Swarms quick and eager with unceasing toil. 10 15 20 25

O Dido, how thy suffering heart was wrung,
That spectacle to see! What sore lament
Was thine, when from the towering citadel
The whole shore seemed alive, the sea itself
In turmoil with loud cries! Relentless Love,
To what mad courses may not mortal hearts
By thee be driven? Again her sorrow flies
To doleful plaint and supplication vain;
Again her pride to tyrant Love bows down,
Lest, though resolved to die, she fail to prove
Each hope of living: "O Anna, dost thou see
Yon busy shore? From every side they come.
Their canvas woos the winds, and o'er each prow
The merry seamen hang their votive flowers.
Dear sister, since I did forebode this grief,
I shall be strong to bear it. One sole boon
My sorrow asks thee, Anna! Since of thee, 30 35 40 45

Thou only, did that traitor make a friend,
And trusted thee with what he hid so deep—
The feelings of his heart; since thou alone
Hast known what way, what hour the man would yield
5 To soft persuasion—therefore, sister, haste,
And humbly thus implore our haughty foe:
I was not with the Greeks what time they swore
At Aulis to cut off the seed of Troy;
I sent no ships to Ilium. Pray, have I
10 Profaned Anchises' tomb, or vexed his shade?
Why should his ear be deaf and obdurate
To all I say? What haste? May he not make
One last poor offering to her whose love
Is only pain? O, bid him but delay
15 Till flight be easy and the winds blow fair.
I plead no more that bygone marriage-vow
By him forsworn, nor ask that he should lose
His beauteous Latium and his realm to be.
Nothing but time I crave! to give repose
20 And more room to this fever, till my fate
Teach a crushed heart to sorrow. I implore
This last grace. (To thy sister's grief be kind!)
I will requite with increase, till I die."

Such complaints, such prayers, again and yet again,
25 Betwixt the twain the sorrowing sister bore.
But no words move, no lamentations bring
Persuasion to his soul; decrees of Fate
Oppose, and some wise god obstructs the way
That finds the hero's ear. Oft-times around
30 The aged strength of some stupendous oak
The rival blasts of wintry Alpine winds
Smite with alternate wrath: loud is the roar,
And from its rocking top the broken boughs
Are strewn along the ground; but to the crag
35 Steadfast it ever clings; far as toward heaven
Its giant crest uprears, so deep below
Its roots reach down to Tartarus:—not less
The hero by unceasing wail and cry
Is smitten sore, and in his mighty heart
40 Has many a pang, while his serene intent
Abides unmoved, and tears gush forth in vain.

Then wretched Dido, by her doom appalled,
Asks only death. It wearies her to see
The sun in heaven. Yet that she might hold fast
45 Her dread resolve to quit the light of day,
Behold, when on an incense-breathing shrine

Her offering was laid—O fearful tale!—
 The pure libation blackened, and the wine
 Flowed like polluting gore. She told the sight
 To none, not even to her sister's ear.
 A second sign was given: for in her house 5
 A marble altar to her husband's shade,
 With garlands bright and snowy fleeces dressed,
 Had fervent worship; here strange cries were heard
 As if her dead spouse called while midnight reigned,
 And round her towers its inhuman song 10
 The lone owl sang, complaining o'er and o'er
 With lamentation and long shriek of woe.
 Forgotten oracles by wizards told
 Whisper old omens dire. In dreams she feels
 Cruel Æneas goad her madness on, 15
 And ever seems she, friendless and alone,
 Some lengthening path to travel, or to seek
 Her Tyrians through wide wastes of barren lands.
 Thus frantic Pentheus flees the stern array
 Of the Eumenides, and thinks to see 20
 Two noonday lights blaze o'er his doubled Thebes;
 Or murdered Agamemnon's haunted son,
 Orestes, flees his mother's phantom scourge
 Of flames and serpents foul, while at his door
 Avenging horrors wait. 25
 Now sorrow-crazed
 And by her grief undone, resolved on death,
 The manner and the time her secret soul
 Prepares, and, speaking to her sister sad,
 She masks in cheerful calm her fatal will: 30
 "I know a way—O, wish thy sister joy!—
 To bring him back to love, or set me free.
 On Ocean's bound and next the setting sun
 Lies the last Æthiop land, where Atlas tall
 Lifts on his shoulder the wide wheel of heaven, 35
 Studded with burning stars. From thence is come
 A witch, a priestess, a Numidian crone,
 Who guards the shrine of the Hesperides
 And feeds the dragon; she protects the fruit
 Of that enchanting tree, and scatters there 40
 Her slumb'rous poppies mixed with honey-dew.
 Her spells and magic promise to set free
 What hearts she will, or visit cruel woes
 On men afar. She stops the downward flow
 Of rivers, and turns back the rolling stars; 45
 On midnight ghosts she calls: her vot'ries hear
 Earth bellowing loud below, while from the hills
 The ash-trees travel down. But, sister mine,

Thou knowest, and the gods their witness give,
How little mind have I to don the garb
Of sorcery. Depart in secret, thou,
And bid them build a lofty funeral pyre
5 Inside our palace-wall, and heap thereon
The hero's arms, which that blasphemer hung
Within my chamber; every relic bring,
And chiefly that ill-omened nuptial bed.
My death and ruin! For I must blot out
10 All sight and token of this husband vile.
'T is what the witch commands." She spoke no more,
And pallid was her brow. Yet Anna's mind
Knew not what web of death her sister wove
By these strange rites, nor what such frenzy dares;
15 Nor feared she worse than when Sichæus died,
But hied her forth the errand to fulfil.

Soon as the funeral pyre was builded high
In a sequestered garden, looming huge
With boughs of pine and faggots of cleft oak,
20 The queen herself enwreathed it with sad flowers
And boughs of mournful shade; and crowning all
She laid on nuptial bed the robes and sword
By him abandoned; and stretched out thereon
A mock Æneas;—but her doom she knew.
25 Altars were there; and with loose locks unbound
The priestess with a voice of thunder called
Three hundred gods, Hell, Chaos, the three shapes
Of triple Hecate, the faces three
Of virgin Dian. She aspersed a stream
30 From dark Avernus drawn, she said; soft herbs
Were cut by moonlight with a blade of bronze,
Oozing black poison-sap; and she had plucked
That philter from the forehead of new foal
Before its dam devours. Dido herself,
35 Sprinkling the salt meal, at the altar stands;
One foot unsandalled, and with cincture free,
On all the gods and fate-instructed stars,
Foreseeing death, she calls. But if there be
Some just and not oblivious power on high,
40 Who heeds when lovers plight unequal vow,
To that god first her supplications rise.

Soon fell the night, and peaceful slumbers breathed
On all earth's weary creatures; the loud seas
And babbling forests entered on repose;
45 Now midway in their heavenly course the stars
Wheeled silent on; the outspread lands below

Lay voiceless; all the birds of tinted wing,
 And flocks that haunt the marge of waters wide
 Or keep the thorny wold, oblivious lay
 Beneath the night so still; the stings of care
 Ceased troubling, and no heart its burden knew. 5
 Not so the Tyrian Queen's deep-grieving soul!
 To sleep she could not yield; her eyes and heart
 Refused the gift of night; her suffering
 Redoubled, and in full returning tide
 Her love rebelled, while on wild waves of rage 10
 She drifted to and fro. So, ceasing not
 From sorrow, thus she brooded on her wrongs:
 "What refuge now? Shall I invite the scorn
 Of my rejected wooers, or entreat
 Of some disdainful, nomad blackamoor 15
 To take me to his bed—though many a time
 Such husbands I made mock of? Shall I sail
 On Ilian ships away, and sink to be
 The Trojans' humble thrall? Do they rejoice
 That once I gave them bread? Lives gratitude 20
 In hearts like theirs for bygone kindnesses?
 O, who, if so I stooped, would deign to bear
 On yon proud ships the scorned and fallen Queen?
 Lost creature! Woe betide thee! Knowest thou not
 The perjured children of Laomedon? 25
 What way is left? Should I take flight alone
 And join the revelling sailors? Or depart
 With Tyrians, the whole attending train
 Of my own people? Hard the task to force
 Their hearts from Sidon's towers; how once more 30
 Compel to sea, and bid them spread the sail?
 Nay, perish! Thou hast earned it. Let the sword
 From sorrow save thee! Sister of my blood—
 Who else but thee,—by my own tears borne down,
 Didst heap disaster on my frantic soul, 35
 And fling me to this foe? Why could I not
 Pass wedlock by, and live a blameless life
 As wild things do, nor taste of passion's pain?
 But I broke faith! I cast the vows away
 Made at Sichæus' grave." Such loud lament 40
 Burst from her breaking heart with doleful sound.

Meanwhile Æneas on his lofty ship,
 Having made ready all, and fixed his mind
 To launch away, upon brief slumber fell.
 But the god came; and in the self-same guise 45
 Once more in monitory vision spoke,—
 All guised as Mercury,—his voice, his hue,

His golden locks, and young limbs strong and fair.
“Hail, goddess-born! Wouldst linger on in sleep
At such an hour? Nor seest thou the snares
That hem thee round? Nor hearest thou the voice
5 Of friendly zephyrs calling? Senseless man!
That woman’s breast contrives some treachery
And horrid stroke; for, resolute to die,
She drifts on swollen floods of wrath and scorn.
Wilt thou not fly before the hastening hour
10 Of flight is gone? To-morrow thou wilt see
Yon waters thronged with ships, the cruel glare
Of fire-brands, and yonder shore all flame,
If but the light of morn again surprise
Thee loitering in this land, Away! Away!
15 Stay not! A mutable and shifting thing
Is woman ever.”

Such command he spoke,
Then melted in the midnight dark away.
Æneas, by that fleeting vision struck
20 With an exceeding awe, straightway leaped forth
From slumber’s power, and to his followers cried:
“Awake, my men! Away! Each to his place
Upon the thwarts! Unfurl at once the sails!
A god from heaven a second time sent down
25 Urges our instant flight, and bids us cut
The twisted cords. Whatever be thy name,
Behold, we come, O venerated Power!
Again with joy we follow! Let thy grace
Assist us as we go! And may thy power
30 Bring none but stars benign across our sky.”
So saying, from its scabbard forth he flashed
The lightning of his sword, with naked blade
Striking the hawsers free. Like ardor seized
On all his willing men, who raced and ran;
35 And, while their galleys shadowed all the sea,
Clean from the shore they scudded, with strong strokes
Sweeping the purple waves and crested foam.

Aurora’s first young beams to earth were pouring
As from Tithonus’ saffron bed she sprang;
40 While from her battlements the wakeful Queen
Watched the sky brighten, saw the mated sails
Push forth to sea, till all her port and strand
Held not an oar or keel. Thrice and four times
She smote her lovely breast with wrathful hand,
45 And tore her golden hair. “Great Jove,” she cries,
“Shall that departing fugitive make mock
Of me, a queen? Will not my men-at-arms

Draw sword, give chase, from all my city thronging?
Down from the docks, my ships! Out, out! Begone!
Take fire and sword! Bend to your oars, ye slaves!
What have I said? Where am I? What mad thoughts
Delude this ruined mind? Woe unto thee, 5
Thou wretched Dido, now thy impious deeds
Strike back upon thee. Wherefore struck they not,
As was most fit, when thou didst fling away
Thy sceptre from the hand? O lying oaths!
O faith forsworn! of him who brings, they boast, 10
His father's gods along, and bowed his back
To lift an age-worn sire! Why dared I not
Seize on him, rend his body limb from limb,
And hurl him piecemeal on the rolling sea?
Or put his troop of followers to the sword, 15
Ascanius too, and set his flesh before
That father for a feast? Such fearful war
Had been of doubtful issue. Be it so!
What fears a woman dying? Would I had
Attacked their camp with torches, kindled flame 20
From ship to ship, until that son and sire,
With that whole tribe, were unto ashes burned
In one huge holocaust—myself its crown!
Great orb of light whose holy beam surveys
All earthly deeds! Great Juno, patroness 25
Of conjugal distress, who knowest all!
Pale Hecate, whose name the witches cry
At midnight crossways! O avenging furies!
O gods that guard Queen Dido's dying breath,
Give ear, and to my guiltless misery 30
Extend your power. Hear me what I pray!
If it be fated that yon creature curst
Drift to the shore and happy haven find,
If Father Jove's irrevocable word
Such goal decree—there may he be assailed 35
By peoples fierce and bold. A banished man
From his Iulus' kisses sundered far,
May his own eyes see miserably slain
His kin and kind, and sue for alien arms.
Nor when he basely bows him to receive 40
Terms of unequal peace, shall he be blest
With sceptre or with life; but perish there
Before his time, and lie without a grave
Upon the barren sand. For this I pray.
This dying word is flowing from my heart 45
With my spilt blood. And—O ye Tyrians!
Sting with your hatred all his seed and tribe
Forevermore. This is the offering

My ashes ask. Betwixt our nations twain,
No love! No truce or amity! Arise,
Out of my dust, unknown Avenger, rise!
To harry and lay waste with sword and flame
5 Those Dardan settlers, and to vex them sore,
To-day, to-morrow, and as long as power
Is thine to use! My dying curse arrays
Shore against shore and the opposing seas
In shock of arms with arms. May living foes
10 Pass down from sire to son insatiate war!"

She said. From point to point her purpose flew,
Seeking without delay to quench the flame
Of her loathed life. Brief bidding she addressed
To Barce then, Sichæus' nurse (her own
15 Lay dust and ashes in a lonely grave
Beside the Tyrian shore), "Go, nurse, and call
My sister Anna! Bid her quickly bathe
Her limbs in living water, and procure
Due victims for our expiating fires.
20 Bid her make haste. Go, bind on thy own brow
The sacred fillet. For to Stygian Jove
It is my purpose now to consummate
The sacrifice ordained, ending my woe,
And touch with flame the Trojan's funeral pyre."

25 The aged crone to do her bidding ran
With trembling zeal. But Dido (horror-stuck
At her own dread design, unstrung with fear,
Her bloodshot eyes wide-rolling, and her cheek
Twitching and fever-spotted, her cold brow
30 Blanched with approaching death)—sped past the doors
Into the palace garden; there she leaped,
A frenzied creature, on the lofty pyre
And drew the Trojan's sword; a gift not asked
For use like this! When now she saw the garb
35 Of Ilian fashion, and the nuptial couch
She knew too well, she lingered yet awhile
For memory and tears, and, falling prone
On that cold bed, outpoured a last farewell:
"Sweet relics! Ever dear when Fate and Heaven
40 Upon me smiled, receive my parting breath,
And from my woe set free! My life is done.
I have accomplished what my lot allowed;
And now my spirit to the world of death
In royal honor goes. The founder I
45 Of yonder noble city, I have seen
Walls at my bidding rise. I was avenged

For my slain husband: I chastised the crimes
 Of our injurious brother. Woe is me!
 Blest had I been, beyond deserving blest,
 If but the Trojan galleys ne'er had moored
 Upon my kingdom's bound!" So saying, she pressed 5
 One last kiss on the couch. "Though for my death
 No vengeance fall, O, give me death!" she cried.
 "O thus! O thus! it is my will to take
 The journey to the dark. From yonder sea
 May his cold Trojan eyes discern the flames 10
 That make me ashes! Be this cruel death
 His omen as he sails!"

She spoke no more.

But almost ere she ceased, her maidens all
 Thronged to obey her cry, and found their Queen 15
 Prone fallen on the sword, the reeking steel
 Still in her bloody hands. Shrill clamor flew
 Along the lofty halls; wild rumor spread
 Through the whole smitten city; loud lament,
 Groans and the wail of women echoed on 20
 From roof to roof, and to the dome of air
 The noise of mourning rose. Such were the cry
 If a besieging host should break the walls
 Of Carthage or old Tyre, and wrathful flames
 O'er towers of kings and worshipped altars roll. 25
 Her sister heard. Half in a swoon, she ran
 With trembling steps, where thickest was the throng,
 Beating her breast, while with a desperate hand
 She tore at her own face, and called aloud
 Upon the dying Queen. "Was it for this 30
 My own true sister used me with such guile?
 O, was this horrid deed the dire intent
 Of altars, lofty couch, and funeral fires?
 What shall I tell for chiefest of my woes?
 Lost that I am! Why, though in death, cast off 35
 Thy sister from thy heart? Why not invite
 One mortal stroke for both, a single sword,
 One agony together? But these hands
 Built up thy pyre; and my voice implored
 The blessing of our gods, who granted me 40
 That thou shouldst perish thus—and I not know!
 In thy self-slaughter, sister, thou hast slain
 Myself, thy people, the grave counsellors
 Of Sidon, and yon city thou didst build
 To be thy throne!—Go, fetch me water, there! 45
 That I may bathe those gashes! If there be
 One hovering breath that stays, let my fond lips
 Discover and receive!"

So saying, she sprang up
 From stair to stair, and, clasping to her breast
 Her sister's dying form, moaned grievously,
 And staunched the dark blood with her garment's fold.
 5 Vainly would Dido lift her sinking eyes,
 But backward fell, while at her heart the wound
 Opened afresh; three times with straining arm
 She rose; three times dropped helpless, her dimmed eyes
 Turned skyward, seeking the sweet light of day,—
 10 Which when she saw, she groaned.

Great Juno then
 Looked down in mercy on that lingering pain
 And labor to depart: from realms divine
 She sent the goddess of the rainbow wing,
 15 Iris, to set the struggling spirit free
 And loose its fleshly coil. For since the end
 Came not by destiny, nor was the doom
 Of guilty deed, but of a hapless wight
 To sudden madness stung, ere ripe to die,
 20 Therefore the Queen of Hades had not shorn
 The fair tress from her forehead, nor assigned
 That soul to Stygian dark. So Iris came
 On dewy, saffron pinions down from heaven,
 A thousand colors on her radiant way.
 25 From the opposing sun. She stayed her flight
 Above that pallid brow: "I come with power
 To make this gift to Death. I set thee free
 From thy frail body's bound." With her right hand
 She cut the tress: then through its every limb
 30 The sinking form grew cold; the vital breath
 Fled forth, departing on the viewless air.

—T. C. WILLIAMS.



VISION OF ROME'S DESTINY

[From Book VI]

Arrived in the promised land of Italy, Æneas visits the underworld to seek guidance for his future conduct. The poet makes use of the supernatural to picture, through prophecy, the glorious destiny of Rome. He avails himself also of the opportunity to eulogize the reigning house of Cæsar. The doctrine of immortality is in direct contradiction to the teachings of Lucretius and to the belief of many of his contemporaries.

Arrived at last,
 The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
 His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,
 Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
 He fix'd the fatal bough, required by Pluto's love. 5
 These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
 Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
 The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
 With ether vested, and a purple sky—
 The blissful seats of happy souls below: 10
 Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
 Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
 And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
 Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
 Others in artful measures lead the ring. 15
 The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
 There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
 His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
 Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.
 Here found they Teucer's old heroic race, 20
 Born better ties and happier years to grace.
 Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
 Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
 The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
 Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war. 25
 Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
 Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
 The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive.
 Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain; 30
 Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
 In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood: 35
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here make above,
 And poets worthy their inspiring god;
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who graced their age with new-invented arts;
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend, 40
 And those who knew that bounty did commend,
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
 To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
 And first to him surrounded by the rest— 45
 (Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast)
 "Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way

- To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
5 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
10 And showed them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.
But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,
15 For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observed th'illustrious throng,
In Nature's order as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
20 He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!
25 The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I have believed
The happy day approach'd; nor, are my hopes deceived.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
30 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast."
To this the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,
35 Appear'd, and often urged this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!"
40 He said: and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
45 A sep'rate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, that whispers through the trees:
And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the field around; 5
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
Are those to whom, by Fate, are other bodies owed. 10
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desired this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind 15
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."—
"O father! can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, released by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?" 20
Anchises then, in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul 25
Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main. 30
Th'ethereal vigour is in all the same;
And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day. 35
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy: nor can the grovelling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind: 40
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of invet'rate vice they wear;
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd; 45
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.

All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleansed, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
5 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last),
10 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
15 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
20 "Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
25 And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear:
Sylvius is he, thy last begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
30 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood,
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
35 And, born a king, a race of kings beget:—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Sylvius after these appears—
Sylvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
40 For arms and justice equally renown'd.
How great they look! how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear;
45 Nomentum, Bola with Pometia found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore

The crown that once his injured grandsire wore.
 This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests his royal head adorn:
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born, 5
 His sire already signs him for the skies,
 And marks his seat amid the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade, 10
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
 High as the mother of the gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race,
 Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd: 15
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
 There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 20
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promised pow'r.
 But next behold the youth of form divine—
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—
 Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old; 25
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns round, 30
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
 Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
 And threat'ning oracles denounce the war. 35
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
 Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
 Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar, 40
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
 From Nysa's top descending on the plains,
 With curling vines around his purple reins. 45
 And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
 The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
 But what's the man, who from afar appears,
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?

His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean above, a sceptre to sustain.
5 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disused to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
10 And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.
15 He first renews the rods and axe severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourged in open sight,
20 He dooms to death deserved, asserting public right.
Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of Nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
25 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
30 The pair you see in equal armour shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
35 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
40 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide,
45 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, famed for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;

Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
 And Pallas, for her violated place.
 Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
 And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
 Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare 5
 The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
 Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
 The ploughman consul in his coarse attire? 10
 Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
 And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
 Let others better mould the running mass 15
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh a marble face;
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
 And when the stars ascend, and when they rise.
 But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway, 20
 To rule mankind, and make the world obey.
 Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
 He paused—and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd 25
 The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
 "See great Marcellus! how, untired in toils,
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
 He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
 Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms, 30
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight,
 Then to the capitol in triumph move:
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
 Æneas here beheld, of form divine 35
 A godlike youth in glitt'ring armour shine,
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace:
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side. 40
 "His son, or one of his illustrious name?
 How like the former, and almost the same!
 Observe the crowds that compass him around:
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread; 45
 And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
 "Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
 "The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)

Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high and raised the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!
5 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
10 The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
Admired when living, and adored when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
15 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree!
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
20 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow:
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
25 Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the bless'd Elysian ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fired his mind to mount the promised throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by Fate:
30 The strength and customs of the Latin state;
The prince, and people; and forearms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn:
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
35 True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd
40 His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor:
45 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

—JOHN DRYDEN.



III. THE JOYS OF PEACE

The agricultural problem had become an acute one long before the time of Virgil. The accumulation of vast estates by the rich, the extension of tenant-farming, the increasing use of slave labor by large landholders, the devastations and confiscations incident to war, the increase of wealth and luxury, the securing by conquest of new sources of food supply, had all contributed to the neglect of what had formerly been a most important industry of Italy. Under the regime of Augustus a move was set on foot to build it up anew into some semblance of its old position of leadership. The interest in agriculture had always been one of the keenest among the Romans, and the new peace fostered such a policy. It quickly became a commonplace among the Augustan poets to contrast the glories of country life with the turmoil of the city. But to Virgil the theme was far more than a mere convention of poetry. It had been the very substance of his early life, he knew its toil and its rewards thoroughly, and he could bring to it a deep and genuine love and enthusiasm. His shepherd songs, the *Eclogues*, though consciously modeled after the *Idylls* of Theocritus, nevertheless display in unforgettable phrases his close kinship with the soil and his appreciation of the simple life of the country. But it was in his *Georgics* that he gave himself wholeheartedly to the subject and through his knowledge and sympathy metamorphosed a didactic material into the most exquisite poetry.

THE SHEPHERD'S GRATITUDE

VIRGIL

[*Eclogue I*]

Virgil introduces into his pastoral poems, much more freely than his model Theocritus did, allusions to personal affairs and to contemporary happenings of the outside world. This poem is an allegory in which Virgil, represented as Tityrus, gives expression to the poet's gratitude to Augustus for restoring to him property which had been confiscated for the benefit of veteran soldiers of the civil wars.

You, Oh Tityrus, lying at ease under the shelter of a beech tree are thinking of the Muse of the woodlands, as you pipe on your slender reed; I, alas, am leaving the borders of my home-land and fields dear and sweet to me. I am leaving my native heath like a fugitive; but you, Tityrus, at your leisure in the shade are teaching the very woods to re-echo the name of lovely Amaryllis. 5

Oh, Melibæus, it is a god that has provided these hours of repose for me. Truly he will always be a god to me. Again and again a tender lamb from my sheep-folds will stain his altar. It is due to him, as you well know, that my cattle roam on the hills and that I play on the rustic pipe 10 whatever happens to please me.

Of course I do not begrudge you your good fortune. I am only struck with wonder. Really there is a turmoil in all the farmlands about here.

I myself heartsick, indeed, am driving my goats. In fact this one here I can scarcely lead. Here just now in the midst of the thick hazel brush she gave birth to twin kids, usually a promising addition to the herd, dropping them on the hard flint after a difficult birth. Alas! If my mind
 5 had not been heedless of the truth, this evil day would have been clearly foreseen by me, as I well recall that the oak trees struck by heavenly power gave warning. But, Tityrus, come tell me now, who is that god you talk of?

Melibæus, the city they call Rome I foolishly thought like this of ours,
 10 the one to which we shepherds regularly drive our lambs to market. I knew puppies were like dogs and kids like their mothers and was thus used to comparing large things with small of the same species. But I assure you this city has raised her head so far amid other cities, as cypress trees usually tower above the pliant viburnum.

15 And what occasion was important enough to take you to see Rome?

Freedom which finally, though late, had some regard for me, inactive as I was, after my beard fell now almost white when I shaved; indeed she did have some consideration for me and came to me at long last now that Amaryllis charms me and Galatea has lost her hold on me.
 20 I'll confess to you, to be truthful, that while Galatea had my interest, I had no hope of freedom nor care about my savings. Even though many an animal as offering for the gods went out of my pens and rich cheese was pressed for a city none too eager to have it, I never got home with my right hand laden with cash.

25 I wondered, Amaryllis, why you so despondently called on the gods; for whom you let the apples remain hanging on their trees. Tityrus wasn't here. The very pines, the springs, why even these orchards themselves missed you.

What was I to do? I couldn't escape slavery nor could I find gods
 30 ready to help me elsewhere. But there, Ah! I saw the famous youth, Melibæus, for whom our altars smoke yearly twelve days at a time. He was the first to give me an answer there, as I put my case. He said, "Feed your cattle as before, my children, yoke your oxen."

Ah, lucky you are, old fellow! Now your fields will be your own and
 35 they will be large enough. Even if bare rock and swamp-land with its slimy grass-stalks makes scant your pasture lands, still no unfamiliar food will test the strength of your pregnant ewes nor will the dread diseases of any nearby flock endanger them. Fortunate old man, I say that here by the well-known streams and the springs sacred to the nymphs, you
 40 will enjoy the coolness and the shade. So, as always, the hedge along your neighbor's boundary, the hedge furnishing the blossom of the willow to the Hyblæan bees, will often lull you to sleep with its gentle humming. So the vine-dresser, as he works, will sing at the foot of the steep rock. Again the hoarse wood-doves, your delight, and the mourning dove from
 45 its place high on the elm will not cease to coo.

I tell you the nimble deer will pasture in the air, the seas will give fish unprotected on the shore; the exiled Parthian will drink the water of the Arar, the German that of the Tigris, when each has wandered over

the other's borders, before the face of that illustrious man ceases to have its place in my heart.

Ah, we others will go away; some to thirsty Africa; some of us will come to Scythia or the swift-flowing Oaxes on Crete, and some to the Britons, far separated from all the world. Shall I ever, after some long 5
time, see in amazement my native land, the roof of my poor cabin topped with sod, and shall I see again ever what is now my own realm when it will have a few scant ears of corn? Will some rough soldier have these well-tended fields? Will a barbarian have these crops? Oh, to what a condition civil discord has led us unhappy countrymen! To this end we 10
have sowed these fields. Graft your pears now, Melibæus; set out your vines in rows. Go, my goats, once a happy herd. No more shall I hereafter prone in a green cave look at you as you hang to the side of a thorn-covered cliff. I shall sing no songs. My goats, you will not nibble the flowering clover or the bitter willows while I am tending you. 15

You could, I say, spend the night with me and rest on a couch of green leaves. I have mellow apples, mealy chestnuts, and an abundance of cheese. Look! I see right now the roof-top of my farmhouse smoking afar, and longer shadows are falling on the sides of the high mountains.

—MINNIE JAMESON SMITH.



CORYDON

VIRGIL

[*Eclogue II*]

Corydon, the young and simple but passionate shepherd, sings to the beautiful Alexis. Corydon was in love with charming Alexis, the master's delight, but his longing was in vain. He fled to the shady shelter of the beeches. There in his loneliness his artless songs reached out above the hills and groves in aimless passion.

O cruel Alexis, don't you care for my songs? Why don't you take pity 20
on me? You will be my end yet. Now all the cattle seek shade and coolness; now the emerald lizards hide in the briars, and Thestylis mashes garlic and thyme, the fragrant herbs for the harvesters resting wearily from the breath-taking heat. And while I am searching for a trace of you in the burning sun, the rasping cicadas join me in making the groves resound. 25
Were it not better to suffer the wrath of moody Amaryllis and her fastidious pride or to suffer Menalcas, although he is as dark as you are fair? O handsome lad, don't be too proud of your skin. White liguster blossoms are shed unnoticed while dark hyacinths are gathered. I am contemptible

- to you, and you don't even want to know me, Alexis, nor my rich flocks, the abundance of snow white milk. A thousand of my ewe lambs roam the Sicilian mountains; I never lack fresh milk in summer or in winter. I know the song with which Amphion Dircaeus used to call his flock from
- 5 Attica's mount Aracynthus. Nor am I too unsightly. The other day at the beach I saw my image in the sea calmed by a breeze. Unless that image lied, I dare you to compare me with Daphnis. Oh if it would only please you to live with me in the humble dwellings of our rugged countryside, to slay the deer and to drive the flock of kids into the green hibiscus
- 10 bushes. In the woods we would play the songs of Pan—Pan, the first to join reeds with wax, Pan who protects sheep and shepherds. Don't mind rubbing your lips on the reed. Why didn't Amyntas try to learn this art? I own a pipe made of seven hemlock stalks of different lengths which Damœtas gave me as he died, saying: "You will be its second
- 15 master." These were Damœtas' words, resented by foolish Amyntas. I also have two chamois kids which I risked to get out of a dangerous hollow. Their fur is still speckled and twice a day they drain a sheep's udder. These will I give you. Thestylis has begged me for some time to let her take them, and since my offers are scorned by you, she will get
- 20 them, too. Come to me, O lovely boy. See here, the Nymphs will bring you baskets full of lilies, the shimmering Naiad will pick you pale violets and poppies and wind them in a garland with narcissi and the fragrant blossoms of anise; then she will add wild cinnamon and more sweet herbs. She will brighten it with slender hyacinths and yellow marigolds.
- 25 And I myself will get you apricots with velvet fuzz and chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved, and I shall add the favoured waxen plum. Both laurel and you, nearby myrtle, will I pick because you blend your fragrance in such neighborhood. You are a yokel, Corydon; Alexis thinks nothing of your gifts and if you try to compete with gifts, Iollas will outdo you.
- 30 Woe, woe, what have I brought upon myself? Lovelorn I let the south wind in my flower garden and the wild boars into my flowing springs. From whom do you flee, you fool? The gods themselves dwelt in the woods, and so did the Dardanian Paris. Pallas may prefer the cities, her own creation; the woods, nevertheless, are dear to us above every thing
- 35 else. The fierce lioness pursues the wolf; the wolf himself, the goat; the frisky goat looks for the blooming clover; and Corydon seeks you, Alexis, for every one is drawn by his desire. See here the young steers carry home the plows hanging from their yokes, and the setting sun lengthens the growing shadows. But my love still burns; love never rests. O Corydon,
- 40 Corydon, what madness has seized you? Your grapevine hangs half trimmed and full of leaves in the elm tree. Why don't you at least do something useful like weaving willows with supple rush? If this one mocks you, there'll be another Alexis.

—ELIZABETH SOMMER.



DAWN OF THE GOLDEN AGE¹

VIRGIL

[Eclogue IV]

From fairly early times the Fourth Eclogue was looked upon as a pagan prophecy of the coming of Christ, and is still frequently called the Messianic Eclogue. The golden age pictured is the happy era of peace under Augustus, which coincides with the period in which Christ was born.

Muses

Muses of Sicily

Now let us sing a serious song

There are taller trees than the apple and the crouching tamerisk

If we sing of the woods, let our forest be stately

5

Now the last age is coming

As it was written in the Sybil's book

The great circle of the centuries begins again

Justice, the Virgin, has returned to earth

With all of Saturn's court

King of Gods before Jupiter

A new line is sent down to us from the skies

And thou, Lucina, must smile

Smile for the birth of the boy, the blessed boy

For whom they will beat their swords into ploughshares

For whom the golden race will rise, the whole world new

15

Smile, pure Lucina, smile

Thine own Apollo will reign

And thou, Pollio

It is in thy term this glorious age begins

And the great months begin their march

20

When we shall lose all trace of the old guilt

And the world learn to forget fear

For the boy will become divine

He will see gods and heroes

And will himself be seen by them as god and hero

25

As he rules over a world of peace

A world made peaceful by his father's wisdom

For thee, little boy, will the earth pour forth gifts

All untitled, give you gifts

First the wandering ivy and foxglove

30

Then colocasia and the laughing acanthus

Uncalled the goats will come home with their milk

¹ Reprinted by permission of James Laughlin.

No longer need the herds fear the lion
 Thy cradle itself will bloom with sweet flowers
 The serpent will die
 The poison plant will wither
 Assyrian herbs will spring up everywhere

5

And when thou art old enough to read of heroes
 And of thy father's great deeds
 Old enough to understand the meaning of courage
 Then will the plain grow yellow with ripe grain
 Grapes will grow on brambles
 Hard old oaks drip honey
 Yet still there must remain some traces of the old guilt
 That lust that drives men to taunt the sea with ships
 To circle cities with walls
 And cut the earth with furrows
 There must be another Tiphys
 Another Argo carrying picked men
 And there must be a war, one final war
 With great Achilles storming a last Troy

10

15

20

25

30

But when thou hast grown strong and become a man
 Then even the trader will leave the sea
 His pine ship carry no more wares
 And everywhere the land will yield all things that life requires
 No longer need the ground endure the harrow
 Nor the vine the pruning hook
 The farmer can free his oxen from the yoke
 Then coloured cloths no longer will need lying dyes
 For the ram in the field will change his own fleece
 To soft purple or saffron yellow
 Each grazing lamb will have a scarlet coat

"Onward, O glorious ages, onward"

Thus sang the fatal sisters to their spindles
 Chanting together the unalterable Will

Go forward, little boy, to thy great honours
 Soon comes thy time
 Dear child of gods from whom a Jupiter will come
 See how for thee the world nods its huge head
 All lands and seas and endless depths of sky
 See how the earth rejoices in the age that is to be
 O may my life be long enough to let me sing of thee
 With strength enough to tell thy deeds
 With such a theme not even Thracian Orpheus could outsing me
 Not Linus either, though Apollo prompted him
 Help from Calliope herself could not make Orpheus' song the best

35

40

And even Pan, with Arcady as judge
Yes Pan, would fall before me when I sang of thee

Learn, little boy, to greet thy mother with a smile
For thee she has endured nine heavy months
Learn, little boy, to smile
For if thou didst not smile
And if thy parents did not smile on thee
No god could ask thee to his table
No goddess to her bed.

5

—JAMES LAUGHLIN.



THE GEORGICS

VIRGIL

[Book One]

What makes the cornfields happy, under what constellation
It's best to turn the soil, my friend, and train the vine
On the elm; the care of cattle, the management of flocks,
The knowledge you need for keeping frugal bees:—all this
I'll now begin to relate. You brightest luminaries
Of the world, who head the year's parade across heaven's face:
Wine-god and kindly Harvest-goddess, if by your gift
Earth has exchanged the acorn for the rich ear of corn
And learnt to lace spring water with her discovered wine:
You Fauns, the tutelary spirits of country folk—
Dance here, you Fauns and Dryads—
Your bounties I celebrate. And you, Neptune, who first bade
The neighing horse start up from earth at your trident's stroke:
And you, the Forester, for whom three hundred head
Of milk-white cattle browse on the fruited bushes of Cea:
And you, leaving your native woods and the lawns of Arcadia,
Pan, master of flocks, if you love your Mænalus,
Come to my call and bless me: Minerva, who first discovered
The olive: the Boy who taught us the use of the crook-toothed plough:
Silvanus, bearing a young cypress plucked up by the roots:—
All gods and goddesses
Who care for the land, who nourish new fruits of the earth we sow not,
And send to our sown fields the plentiful rain from heaven.
You too, whatever place in the courts of the Immortals

10

15

20

25

30

¹ From *The Georgics of Virgil* translated by C. Day Lewis. Copyright 1940, 1947 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

Is soon to hold you—whether an overseer of cities
 And warden of earth you'll be, Cæsar, so that the great world
 Honour you as promoter of harvest and puissant lord
 Of the seasons, garlanding your brow with your mother's myrtle:
 5 Or whether you come as god of the boundless sea, and sailors
 Worship your power alone, and the ends of the earth pay tribute,
 And Tethys gives all her waves to get you for son-in-law:
 Or whether you make a new sign in the Zodiac, where amid the
 Slow months a gap is revealed between Virgo and Scorpio
 10 (Already the burning Scorpion retracts his claws to leave you
 More than your share of heaven):—

Become what you may—and Hell hopes not for you as king,
 And never may so ghastly a ruling ambition grip you,
 Though Greece admire the Elysian Plains, and Proserpine
 15 Care not to follow her mother who calls her back to earth—
 Grant a fair passage, be gracious to this my bold design,
 Pity with me the country people who know not the way,
 Advance, and even now grow used to our invocations.

Early spring, when a cold moisture sweats from the hoar-head
 20 Hills and the brittle clods are loosening under a west wind,
 Is the time for the bull to grunt as he pulls the plough deep-driven
 And the ploughshare to take a shine, scoured clean in the furrow.
 That crop, which twice has felt the sun's heat and the frost twice,
 Will answer at last the prayers of the never-satisfied
 25 Farmer, and burst his barns with an overflowing harvest.
 But plough not an unknown plain:

First you must learn the winds and changeable ways of its weather,
 The land's peculiar cultivation and character,
 The different crops that different parts of it yield or yield not.
 30 A corn-crop here, grapes there will come to the happier issue:
 On another soil it is fruit trees, and grass of its own sweet will
 Grows green. Look you, how Tmolus gives us the saffron perfume,
 India its ivory, the unmanly Sabæans their incense,
 The naked Chalybes iron, Pontus the rank castor,
 35 And Elis prize-winning mares.

Nature imposed these laws, a covenant everlasting,
 On different parts of the earth right from the earliest days when
 Deucalion cast over a tenantless world the stones
 From which arose mankind, that dour race. Now, to business:
 40 As soon as the first months of the year begin, your strong bulls
 Should turn the fertile loam and leave the clods lying
 For the full suns of summer to bake into a fine dust:
 But if the land's not heavy, you'll find it enough at the North Star's
 Rising to ridge it out in shallow furrows:—the one
 45 Lest weeds should check the corn's exuberance, the other
 Lest lack of moisture turn your soil to a sandy desert.
 See, too, that your arable lies fallow in due rotation,
 And leave the idle field alone to recoup its strength:

Or else, changing the seasons, put down to yellow spelt
 A field where before you raised the bean with its rattling pods
 Or the small-seeded vetch
 Or the brittle stalk and rustling haulm of the bitter lupin.
 For a crop of flax burns up a field, and so does an oat-crop,
 And poppies drenched in oblivion burn up its energy.
 Still, by rotation of crops you lighten your labour, only
 Scruple not to enrich the dried-up soil with dung
 And scatter filthy ashes on fields that are exhausted.
 So too are the fields rested by a rotation of crops,
 And unploughed land in the meanwhile promises to repay you.
 Often again it profits to burn the barren fields,
 Firing their light stubble with crackling flame: uncertain
 It is whether the earth conceives a mysterious strength
 And sustenance thereby, or whether the fire burns out
 Her bad humours and sweats away the unwanted moisture,
 Or whether that heat opens more of the ducts and hidden
 Pores by which her juices are conveyed to the fresh vegetation,
 Or rather hardens and binds her gaping veins against
 Fine rain and the consuming sun's fierce potency
 And the piercing cold of the north wind.
 Much does he help his fields, moreover, who breaks with a mattock
 Their lumpish clods and hauls the osier-harrow; on him
 The golden goddess of corn looks down from heaven approving.
 He helps them too, who raises ridges along the plain
 With a first ploughing, and then cross-ploughs it, constantly
 Exercising the soil and mastery over his acres.
 Wet midsummers and fair winters are what the farmer
 Should ask for; in winter's powdery dust the spelt will flourish,
 The field is in good heart: Mysia can boast no better;
 Given such weather, even Gargarus is mazed by its own harvests.
 No need to commend him who, after the sowing, closely
 Follows it up by breaking the clammy loam of the field,
 Then lets in runnels of water to irrigate the seed-land
 So that, when it is fever-parched and the green blade's failing,
 Look!—from the hilltop he coaxes the water out of its course,
 And it slides over smooth pebbles whispering hoarsely and soothes
 The parched fields with its purling.
 Another, for fear the cornstalk should wilt under the ear's weight,
 Grazes down the exuberant crop while yet its young green
 Is barely showing above the furrows: another makes
 A gravel sump to collect and drain the standing damp,
 Especially if in the doubtful months the river has flooded
 And covered the water-meadows with a wide film of mud
 So that the moisture steams in a warm mist up from the bottoms.
 Yet, though men and oxen have laboured hard on these lines
 Keeping the soil turned, still can the naughty goose
 And cranes from the river Strymon and endive's bitter root

5

15

20

25

30

35

40

45

Do damage, and shade can be harmful. For the Father of agriculture
 Gave us a hard calling: he first decreed it an art
 To work the fields, sent worries to sharpen our mortal wits
 And would not allow his realm to grow listless from lethargy.
 5 Before Jove's time no settlers brought the land under subjection;
 Not lawful even to divide the plain with landmarks and boundaries:
 All produce went to a common pool, and earth unprompted
 Was free with all her fruits.

Jove put the wicked poison in the black serpent's tooth,
 10 Jove told the wolf to ravin, the sea to be restive always,
 He shook from the leaves their honey, he had all fire removed,
 And stopped the wine that ran in rivers everywhere,
 So thought and experiment might forge man's various crafts
 Little by little, asking the furrow to yield the corn-blade,
 15 Striking the hidden fire that lies in the veins of flint.
 Then first did alder-trunks hollowed out take the water;
 Then did the mariner group and name the stars—the Pleiads,
 Hyads and the bright Bear:

Then was invented the snare for taking game, the tricky
 20 Bird-lime, the casting of hounds about the broad wood-coverts.
 One whips now the wide river with casting-net and searches
 Deep pools, another trawls his dripping line in the sea.
 Then came the rigid strength of steel and the shrill saw-blade
 (For primitive man was wont to split his wood with wedges);
 25 Then numerous arts arose. Yes, unremitting labour
 And harsh necessity's hand will master anything.
 The Corn-goddess taught men first to turn the earth with iron—
 That was the time when acorns and arbut berries grew scarce
 In the sacred wood, and Dodona refused them sustenance.
 30 Soon, too, the growing of corn became more arduous: vile blight
 Attacked the stalks, and the shockheaded thistle sabotaged fields:
 Crops fail, a prickly forest

Comes pushing up—goose-grass, star-thistle, unfeeding darnel
 And barren wild-cats tyrannize over the shining tillage.
 35 Unless you make war on the weeds relentlessly with your mattock
 And scare the birds away, and pare with a bill-hook the darkening
 Overgrowth of the country, and the rain has come to your call,
 Vainly alas you will eye another man's heaped-up harvest
 And relieve your own hunger by shaking an oak in the woods.

40 I'll tell you too the armoury of the tough countryman,
 For without this the harvest would neither be sown nor successful:
 The ploughshare first and heavy timbers of the curving plough,
 The ponderous-moving waggons that belong to the Mother of harvest,
 Threshers and harrows and the immoderate weight of the mattock;
 45 Slight implements, too, of osier,
 Arbutus hurdles, the Wine-god's mystical winnowing-fan.
 Be provident, lay by a stock of them long beforehand
 If you wish to remain worthy of the land and its heaven-sent honour.

Early in woods the elm, by main force mastered, is bent
 Into a share-beam and takes the shape of the curving plough:
 Then to its stock are fitted a pole eight feet in length
 And two earth-boards, and the share-head is set in its double back:
 Light lime has been cut already for a yoke, and lofty beech 5
 To make the handle that guides the whole affair from behind,
 And the wood is hung up in chimneys where smoke will season it.

Many the ancient saws I can relate, as long as
 You're no quitter and willing to learn your modest craft.
 Most urgent it is that the threshing-floor with a roller be flattened, 10
 Wrought by hand, and reinforced with binding chalk,
 Or else the dust may crack it and weeds come up through the chinks,
 And various kinds of vermin play there: often the wee mouse
 Builds underground his grange
 And home, or the sightless mole scoops out his catacombs: 15
 The toad is found in cavities, and all the manifold pests
 Earth breeds; the enormous heap of spelt is spoiled by the weevil
 And the ant that insures against a destitute old age.

Observe again, when the walnut clothes herself in the woods
 With richest bloom and bends to earth her scented branches— 20
 If her fruit is plentiful, a plentiful corn-crop follows,
 And great will be the threshing in a season of great heat;
 But if she is more luxuriant in shadowing leaves, you'll thresh
 The corn quite fruitlessly for the straw will be full of chaff.

Many sowers indeed I have seen who doped their seed, 25
 Bathing it first in natron or olive oil's black lees,
 So the deceptive pods of the pulse might grow a bigger
 Fruit, that should soften quickly even over a small fire.
 I've noticed seed long chosen and tested with utmost care
 Fall off, if each year the largest 30
 Be not hand-picked by human toil. For a law of nature
 Makes all things go to the bad, lose ground and fall away;
 Just as an oarsman, when he is sculling his skiff against
 The current, needs but relax the drive of his arms a little
 And the current will carry him headlong away downstream. 35

It is our task, again, to observe the star of Arcturus,
 The days of the Kid, and the shining Serpent, as carefully
 As sailors who homeward bound on windy waters are daring
 The Black Sea and the straits by the oyster-beds of Abydos.
 When the Scales make the hours for daytime and sleeptime balance, 40
 Dividing the globe into equal hemispheres—light and darkness,
 Then set your bulls to work, farmers, and sow your barley
 Up to the last showers on the frost-bound limits of winter:
 The flax-plant and corn-poppy
 You should cover now in earth, and keep on hard at the ploughing 45
 While a bone-dry soil allows it and the weather has not yet broken.
 In spring you sow your beans: then too the softening furrows
 Will take lucerne, and millet requires its annual care;

When the milk-white Bull with gilded horn begins the year
And the Dog Star drops away.

But if for a wheat harvest or crop of hardy spelt

You work your land, and are keen on bearded corn alone,

5 Let first the Atlantid Pleiads come to their morning setting

And the blazing star of the Cretan Crown sink in the sky,

Before you commit to the furrows the seed you owe them, before
You entrust the hope of the year to an earth that is still reluctant.

Many begin to sow before the setting of Maia,

10 But empty-eared is the harvest and laughs at all their hopes.

If vetch you care to sow, or the common kidney-bean,

And if you don't look down on the care of Egyptian lentil,

Boötes setting will give you a clear signal for this:

Begin, and go on sowing up to midwinter frosts.

15 Wherefore the golden sun commands an orbit measured

In fixed divisions through the twelvefold signs of the universe.

Five zones make up the heavens: one of them in the flaming

Sun glows red for ever, for ever seared by his fire:

Round it to right and left the furthermost zones extend,

20 Blue with cold, ice-bound, frozen with black blizzards:

Between these and the middle one, weak mortals are given

Two zones by the grace of God, and a path was cut through both

Where the slanting signs might march and countermarch. The world,

Rising steeply to Scythia and the Riphæan plateaux,

25 Slopes down in the south to Libya.

This North pole's always above us: the South appears beneath

The feet of darkling Styx, of the deep-down Shadow People.

Here the great Snake glides out with weaving, elastic body

Writhing riverwise around and between the two Bears—

30 The Bears that are afraid to get wet in the water of Ocean.

At the South pole, men say, either it's dead of night,

Dead still, the shadows shrouded in night, blacked out for ever;

Or dawn returns from us thither, bringing the daylight back,

And when sunrise salutes us with the breath of his panting horses,

35 Down there eve's crimson star is lighting his lamp at last.

➤ Hence we foreknow the weather of the uncertain sky,

The time to reap or sow,

The time that's best for lashing the treacherous sea with oars

And launching an armed fleet,

40 The proper time to throw the pine tree in the forest.

Well for us that we watch the rise and fall of the sky-signs

And the four different seasons that divide the year equally.

Suppose the farmer is kept indoors by a spell of cold rain,

He can take his time about many jobs which later he'd have to

45 Scamp when the weather cleared: the ploughman hammers the hard
tooth

Of the blunt plough: one chap will fashion troughs from a tree-trunk,
Another brand his cattle or number his sacks of grain.

Some sharpen stakes and forks,
 Get ready ties of willow to bind the trailing vine.
 Now you may weave light baskets from shoots of the bramble bush,
 Dry your corn at the fire now and grind it down with a millstone.
 Even on festival days some labours are allowed 5
 By the laws of god and man: no religious scruple need stop you
 From works of irrigation or hedging around your cornfield,
 Bird-snaring, firing the brambles,
 Dipping your bleating flock of sheep in the wholesome river.
 Often its driver loads the flanks of the dawdling ass 10
 With oil or with cheap apples, and returns from town later
 Bearing a whetstone ready dressed or a lump of black pitch.

The moon herself has made some days in varying degrees
 Lucky for work. Beware of the fifth: that is the birthday
 Of Hell's pale king and the Furies; then earth spawned an unspeakable 15
 Brood of titans and giants, gave birth to the ogre Typhœus
 And the brothers who leagued themselves to hack the heavens down:
 Three times they tried, three times, to pile Ossa on Pelion—
 Yes, and to roll up leafy Olympus on Ossa's summit;
 And thrice our Father dislodged the heaped-up hills with a thunderbolt. 20
The seventeenth day is lucky both for setting a vine,
 Roping and breaking steers, and fixing the loops on a loom.
The ninth is a good day for runaways, bad for burglars.

Many things even go best in the raw night-hours or at sunrise
 When the Dawn Star dewes the earth. 25
 By night it's best to mow light stubble, by night a meadow
 That's parched, for a clammy moisture is always present at night-time.
 A man there is who stays up late by winter firelight
 With a penknife pointing torches;
 Meanwhile, singing a song to lighten the lengthy task, 30
 His wife runs through the loom with her shrill-rattling reed,
 Or boils away on a fire the sweet liquid of wine-must
 And skims with leaves the wave that foams in the shuddering kettle.
 But the red-gold corn should always be cut in noonday heat,
 In noonday heat the baked grain beat out on threshing-floor. 35
 Plough and sow in the warm months, in your shirt-sleeves. Winter's an
 off-time

For farmers: then they mostly enjoy their gains, hold jolly
 Suppers amongst themselves.
 Genial winter invites them and they forget their worries;
 Just as, when ships in cargo have come to port at last, 40
 Glad to be home the sailors adorn their poops with garlands.
 Yet even now there's employment in season—acorns to gather
 And berries off the bay tree, and olives, and blood-red myrtle:
 Now you can lay your traps for the crane, your nets for the stag,
 Go coursing long-eared hares, or whirl your hempen sling 45
 To bring the fallow deer down—
 Now when snow lies deep and streams jostle their pack-ice.

- Am I to tell you next of the storms and stars of autumn?
The things, when days draw in and summer's heat is abating,
That men must guard against? The dangers of showery spring,
When the prick-eared harvest already bristles along the plains
5 And when in the green blade the milky grain is swelling?
Well, often I've seen a farmer lead into his golden fields
The reapers and begin to cut the frail-stalked barley,
And winds arise that moment, starting a free-for-all,
Tearing up by the roots whole swathes of heavy corn
10 And hurling them high in the air: with gusts black as a hurricane
The storm sent flimsy blades and stubble flying before it.
Often, too, huge columns of water come in the sky
And clouds charged off the deep amass for dirty weather
With rain-squalls black: then the whole sky gives way, falls,
15 Floods with terrific rain the fertile crops and the labours
Of oxen; filled are the ditches, dry rivers arise in spate
Roaring, the sea foams and seethes up the hissing fjords.
The Father, enthroned in midnight cloud, hurls from a flashing
Right hand his lightning: the whole
20 Earth trembles at the shock; the beasts are fled, and human
Hearts are fell in panic throughout the nations: on Athos,
Rhodope or the Ceraunian massif his bolt flares down:
The south wind doubles its force and thicker falls the rain:
Now wail the woods with that gale tremendous, now the shores wail.
25 Fearing this, keep track of the signs and constellations,
Notice whither the cold star of Saturn takes himself
And into what sky-circles Mercury is moving.
Above all, worship the gods, paying your yearly tribute
To the Corn-goddess—a sacrifice on the cheerful grass
30 Just at the close of winter, when spring has cleared the sky.
Oh then the lambs are fat, then are wines most mellow,
Sweet then is sleep and rich on mountains lie the shadows.
Let all your labouring men worship the Corn-goddess;
For her let the honeycomb be steeped in milk and mild wine,
35 The mascot led three times round the young crops—a victim
Feted by all your fellows accompanying it in a body:
Let them call her into their houses
With a shout, and let nobody lay his sickle to the ripe corn
Till in her honour he's placed on his head a wreath of oak leaves
40 And danced impromptu dances and sung the harvester's hymn.
So that we might be able to predict from manifest signs
These things—heatwaves and rain and winds that bring cold weather,
The Father himself laid down what the moon's phases should mean,
The cue for the south wind's dropping, the sign that often noted
45 Should warn a farmer to keep his cattle nearer the shippon.
At once, when winds are rising,
The sea begins to fret and heave, and a harsh crackling
Is heard from timbered heights, or a noise that carries far

Comes confused from the beaches, and corses moan crescendo.
 At such a time are the waves in no temper to bear your curved ship—
 A time when gulls are blown back off the deep sea flying
 Swift and screeching inland, a time when cormorants
 Play on dry land, and the heron 5
 Leaves his haunt in the fens to flap high over the cloud.
 Another gale-warning often is given by shooting stars
 That streak down sky and blaze a trail through the night's blackness
 Leaving a long white wake:
 Often light chaff and fallen leaves eddy in the air, 10
 Or feathers play tag skimming along the skin of water.
 But when lightning appears from the quarter of the grim north wind,
 When it thunders to south or west, then all the countryside
 Is a-swim with flooded dykes and all the sailors at sea
 Close-reef their dripping sails. No, rain need never take us 15
 Unawares: for high-flying cranes will have flown to valley bottoms
 To escape the rain as it rises, or else a calf has looked up
 At the sky and snuffed the wind with nostrils apprehensive,
 Or the tittering swallow has flitted around and around the lake,
 And frogs in the mud have croaked away at their old complaint. 20
 Often too from her underground workings the emmet, wearing
 A narrow path, bears out her eggs; a giant rainbow
 Bends down to drink; rook armies desert their feeding-ground
 In a long column, wing-tip to wing-tip, their wings whirring.
 Now seabirds after their kind, and birds that about Caiyster's 25
 Asian waterflats grub in the fresh pools, zestfully fling
 Showers of spray over their shoulders,
 Now ducking their heads in the creeks, scampering now at the wavelets,
 Making a bustle and frivolous pantomime of washing.
 Then the truculent raven full-throated announces rain 30
 As she stalks alone on the dry sand.
 Even at night can girls, spinning their wool, be aware
 That a storm approaches, for then they behold in the burning lamp
 The oil sputter and crumbly mould collect on the wick.
 No less easy it is to foretell after rainy weather 35
 Sun and unclouded skies, and by sure indications to know them.
 Then, neither do star rays look blurred nor will the moon rise
 As though she owed her light to the beams of her brother sun,
 Nor lank and fleecy clouds be drawn across the heaven:
 Kingfishers then, the pets of the Sea-goddess, will not preen their 40
 Plumage along the shore in the warm sun, nor will gross
 Swine remember to root and toss with their snouts the bed-straw.
 Rather do mists hang low and crouch along the plain,
 And the little owl, perched on a gable, watching the sun go down,
 Keeps at her crazy night-call. 45
 Aloft in the lucid air Nisus, a sparrowhawk,
 Appears, and Scylla pays for that purple hair she stole:
 Wherever in flight she parts the thin air with her lark's wing,

- Look! her enemy, cruel, down the wind loudly whistling,
 Nisus follows her close; where Nisus zooms upwind,
 Frantic in flight she parts the thin air with her lark's wing.
 Then rooks, the guttural talkers, three times or four repeat
 5 A clear cool note, and often up there in the treetop cradles
 Charmed by some unfamiliar sweet impulse we cannot guess at
 Gossip among the leaves: they love, when rain is over,
 To visit again their baby brood, their darling nests.
 It's not, to my belief, that God has given them
 10 A special instinct, or Fate a wider foreknowledge of things;
 But, when the weather's changing, when the wet atmosphere
 Shifts and a sky dripping from the south wind condenses
 What was rare just now and rarefies what was condensed,
 New images possess their mind, impulses move
 15 Their heart other than moved them while the wind was herding the
 clouds.
 Thus, the countryside over, begins that bird-chorale,
 Beasts rejoice, and rooks caw in their exultation.
 If you observe the hotfoot sun and the moon's phases,
 To-morrow will never cheat you
 20 Nor will you be taken in by the trick of a cloudless night.
 When first at the new moon her radiance is returning,
 If she should clasp a dark mist within her unclear crescent,
 Heavy rain is in store for farmer and fisherman:
 But if a virgin blush covers her face, there'll be
 25 Some wind—wind always flushes the face of the golden moon.
 And if at her fourth rising (this is a sign infallible)
 She walk the heaven in purity of light, her horns not blurred,
 All that day and the days
 Which follow to the month's end you'll fear no rain or wind,
 30 And sailors ashore shall pay their vows for a safe return to
 Glaucus and Panope and Melicertes son of Ino.
 The sun also at dawning and when he sinks in the deep
 Will give you signs: his signs are the most reliable of all,
 Both those he brings in the morning and those at the stars' ascending.
 35 When at dawn he's dappled
 With spots, concealed behind cloud, and half his orb is hidden,
 You may look out for showers; for a southerly gale off the sea
 Is driving, that means no good to trees or crops or cattle.
 But when, towards daybreak, his beams filter between
 40 Thick cloud, rayed out like spokes, or when the dawn arises
 Pale from the saffron bed of Tithonus, then I fear
 Vine-leaves will give your ripening grapes but poor protection—
 Such a storm of harsh hail is coming to rattle and bounce on the roofs.
 This too, when he's traversed the sky and is now declining,
 45 Is of even more advantage to remember:—we often see
 Various colours passing over his countenance;
 The dark-green stands for rain, flame colour foretells an east wind;

But, should stains begin to be mixed with a ruddy fire,
 Both wind and rain are brewing and you'll see them boiling over.
 No one on such a night
 Could induce me to cross the sea or even cast off my moorings.
 But if, when he brings a dayspring and when he buries that day, 5
 His orb is equally clear, you need not worry for rain-clouds,
 Since you'll be watching the forests wave in a fine north wind.
 Lastly, what the late evening conveys, from whence the wind drives
 Fine-weather clouds, and what the damp south wind is brooding,
 The sun discloses. Who dares call the sun a liar? 10
 Often too he warns you of lurking imminent violence,
 Of treachery, and wars that grow in the dark like a cancer.
 The sun, when Cæsar fell, had sympathy for Rome—
 That day he hid the brightness of his head in a rusty fog
 And an evil age was afraid his night would last for ever: 15
 Though at that time the earth as well, the waves of the sea,
 Mongrels and birds morose
 Gave tongue to the doom. How often we saw Mount Ætna deluge
 The fields of the Cyclops with lava from her cracked furnaces,
 Rolling up great balls of flame and molten rocks! 20
 In Germany they heard a clash of fighting echo
 Through the whole sky: the Alps shook with unnatural shudders.
 Likewise in stilly woods a voice was heard by many—
 A monster voice, and phantoms miraculously pale
 Were met at the dusk of night, and cattle spoke—an omen 25
 Unspeakable! Rivers stopped, earth gaped, and ivories
 In temples wept sad tears and brazen images sweated.
 Po, the king of rivers, in maniac spate whirled round
 Forests, washed them away, swept all over the plains
 Herds and their byres together. A time it was when the guts of 30
 Woe-working victims never failed to reveal the worst
 Nor wells to seep with blood
 Nor high-built cities to sound all night with the wolves' howling.
 Never elsewhere have lightnings flickered so constantly
 In a clear sky, or baleful comets burned so often. 35
 Thus it ensued that Philippi's field saw Roman armies
 Once again engaged in the shock of civil war;
 And the High Ones did not think it a shame that we should twice
 Enrich with our blood Emathia and the broad plains of Hæmus.
 Surely the time will come when a farmer on those frontiers 40
 Forcing through earth his curved plough
 Shall find old spears eaten away with flaky rust,
 Or hit upon helmets as he wields the weight of his mattock
 And marvel at the heroic bones he has disinterred.
 O Gods of our fathers, native Gods, Romulus, Vesta 45
 Who mothers our Tuscan Tiber and the Roman Palatine,
 At least allow our young prince to rescue this shipwrecked era!
 Long enough now have we

Paid in our blood for the promise Laomedon broke at Troy.
 Long now has the court of heaven grudged you to us, Cæsar,
 Complaining because you care only for mortal triumphs.
 For Right and Wrong are confused here, there's so much war in the
 world

- 5 Evil has so many faces, the plough so little
 Honour, the labourers are taken, the fields untended,
 And the curving sickle is beaten into the sword that yields not.
 There the East is in arms, here Germany marches:
 Neighbour cities, breaking their treaties, attack each other:
 10 The wicked War-god runs amok through all the world.
 So, when racing chariots have rushed from the starting-gate,
 They gather speed on the course, and the driver tugs at the curb-rein
 —His horses runaway, car out of control, quite helpless.

—C. DAY LEWIS.



IV. THE POET LAUREATE: HORACE

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia in southern Italy in 65 B.C. His father, a freedman, gave him the best schooling the town afforded, and then accompanied him to Rome to attend him while he pursued his studies further under the best teachers of the capital. Horace tells us that he owes the best things in his training to the common sense and wise guidance of his uneducated father. After his military experience under Brutus at Philippi in 42 B.C. he returned to Rome and supported himself as a quæstor's clerk. He was introduced to Mæcenas by Virgil and received from him the celebrated Sabine farm, which afforded him sufficient independence to free him for the writing of poetry. He died in 8 B.C.

Horace may be called the poet laureate of the Augustan court not because of any formal appointment to such a position, but because better than any other writer of the time he gave expression to the ideas current among persons of the court and on occasion wrote official poems by request. In the early days of his career he had been an ardent republican, but later he accepted the new regime and gradually became one of its most eloquent promoters.

The principle of contrast is probably the secret of the intimacy of the two great protégés of Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace—the former serious, mystic, withdrawn, and the latter fun-loving, matter-of-fact, and a keen observer of contemporary life. Horace's *Epodes* and *Satires* reveal the critical bent of his mind and his fine sense of humor. His *Odes*, graceful and quite perfect in phrasing, treat of a great variety of subjects of common experience—of love and wine, of friendship, of nature, of the gods, of the virtues. The *Epistles* are the product of his maturity, when he had become mellowed by long experience and found his happiness in meditation on philosophical and literary themes.

THE RESTORER

[Odes IV, 15]

Horace gives Augustus full credit for the happy era of peace and prosperity enjoyed during his administration. The contrast with the preceding period of civil wars heightened the appreciation of the value of peace.

On siege and battlefield I mused,
Of martial themes I wished to sing,
But Phœbus chid—my lyre refused
To speak, and mute was every string;
He bade me furl my little sails,
Nor rashly tempt Tyrrhenian gales. 5

'Tis thine, O Cæsar, to restore
To wasted fields their wealth of corn;
And standards that we lost of yore,—
From haughty Parthia's columns torn,—
Bring back in triumph to our shrine,
Of Jupiter Capitoline. 10

Beneath thy sway we live in peace,
The double gates of Janus close,
Outbursts of vagrant license cease,
And all is order and repose;
Thy hand that stays the people's crimes
Restores the arts of olden times; 15

Arts which have spread the Latin name,
Increased the might of Italy,
Founded the empire's matchless fame
And all embracing majesty,
Till they have spanned the earth's extent
From sunset to the Orient. 20

While we have Cæsar at our head,
Serene custodian of the State,
No civil fury shall we dread,
Nor feuds that cities desolate;
The rage that fires barbarian hordes
Shall never sharpen Roman swords. 25 30

Not they who dwell upon its banks
And the deep Danube's waters drink,
No faithless Parthian's quivered ranks

¹ Reprinted from J. O. Sargent, *Horatian Echoes*, by permission of Miss Georgiana W. Sargent.

No natives of the Tanais' brink,
 No tribes about the Larian lake,
 The Julian edicts dare to break.

5 These themes I leave; the lot be mine
 On common and on festal days,
 With Bacchus' gifts of flowers and wine,
 To mingle my congenial lays,—
 And while our wives and children share
 In offerings of peace and prayer,

10 We'll, like our fathers, celebrate—
 In songs that blend with Lydian pipes—
 The men in simple virtues great,
 Our captains of the ancient types;
 Anchises, Troy, our themes shall be,
 15 And genial Venus' progeny.

—J. O. SARGENT.



SIMPLICITY

[*Odes* III, 1]

Augustus wisely made use of his men of letters to aid him in his measures of reform. A large proportion of Horace's Odes is devoted to the celebration of those virtues which he regarded as forming the very foundation of the state. The first two given below are from a series written more or less officially in his capacity as court poet, but themes of like nature are to be found throughout his work.

I loathe an uninitiate ear!
 Hush! Let the Muses' minion raise
 A psalm unsung in elder days
 For youths and maids alone to hear.

20 Kings keep their subject flocks in awe;
 Themselves to Jove obedience owe,
 Triumphant o'er his Titan foe,
 And nodding universal law.

25 And man than man in planted lands
 Is richer; one in right of birth
 Seeks office, one pleads moral worth,
 And one the clients he commands:

But destiny assigns in turn
To king and clown impartial doom;
And every name hath ample room
To jostle in her ballot urn.

A naked sword the guilty keep 5
Poised overhead: to tempt their taste
Sicilian feasts their science waste;
Nor harp nor song-bird summon sleep.

Sleep undisdainful of the herd, 10
Sweet sleep in lowly cots abides,
And in the shade of river sides,
And dells of Tempe zephyr-stirred.

Who asks the needful, nothing more, 15
Him no tumultuous seas appal;
He frets not, though Arcturus fall,
Or Hædus rise in wild uproar;

Though fields deny the promised gain, 20
And vines be beaten down of hail,
And orchards tell a piteous tale
Of parching stars, and frost, and rain.

Invading earthworks leave a dearth
Of ocean for the scaly race,
Where builders' gangs usurp its space
To house a master tired of earth.

But fear and menace dog his track, 25
Albeit from tower to tower he flits;
Black care in brazen galleys sits,
Care clings behind the horseman's back.

Then why, since souls with sorrow rent 30
Not Phrygian stone, Falernian jars,
Or wear of purples bright as stars,
Or Achæmenian balms content,

Why build—to win but envy thus— 35
A pillared mansion huge and strange?
Or why my Sabine vale exchange
For riches more laborious?

—T. R. CLARK.



ENDURANCE AND FAITHFULNESS

[*Odes* III, 2]

Go, teach our sturdy youth the trade of war,
 And to sustain the mean estate and poor,
 His school the camp, until the harassed Mede
 To terror turn before his spear and steed,
 5 To take the inclement sky, till from the town
 The warring emperor's dame with sighs look down,
 And royal maid may gaze with sighs, and say:
 "O grant my lord, unskilled in war's array,
 Cross not with yonder lion in the fray,
 10 With angry-chafing ravin as he goes
 O'er fields of carnage to amaze his foes."
 How blest is he who for his country dies,
 Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
 The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
 15 With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
 Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind.
 Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
 Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
 But shall with unattainted honour shine;
 20 Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
 Virtue that spurns on upward pinions bound.
 The crowd low-thoughted, and the humid ground,
 Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
 25 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.
 Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
 Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
 30 He who betrays his friend shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship with me:
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
 And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 35 Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.



PURITY

[Odes I, 22]

Fuscus, the man of upright life and pure,
 Needeth nor javelin nor bow of Moor,
 Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-sure.
 Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides, 5
 Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
 Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
 That storied river.

For as I strayed along the Sabine wood,
 Singing my Lalage in careless mood, 10
 Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
 Then turned and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
 Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
 Not Juba's land, parched nurse of lions, e'er 15
 Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
 Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
 Where clouds oppress, and withering tempests freeze 20
 From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeam's fiercest glare,
 On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
 Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice even there
 I will adore.

—THEODORE MARTIN.



THE GOLDEN MEAN

[Odes II, 10]

Horace's idea of contentment, as indicated in the poems below, is that of a golden mean. He would advocate a simple life, but not one wholly devoid of certain comforts and luxuries necessary to peace of mind. His opposition to great wealth and to the fame that comes of high position leaves out of the reckoning the opportunities for service which they offer. His thought is fixed upon what one gets from them rather than upon what one may give

through them. But in the main he is fighting the general laxity of morals which was the accompaniment of luxurious living, and is holding up as a standard the ideals of the simple life of the good old days.

You better sure shall live, not evermore
 Trying high seas; nor, while sea's rage you flee,
 Pressing too much upon ill-harboured shore.

5 The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
 From filth of foreworn house, and quiet lives,
 Releas'd from court, where envy needs must be.

The wind most oft the hugest pine tree grieves:
 The stately towers come down with greater fall:
 The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleaves

10 Evil haps do fill with hope, good haps appal
 With fear of change, the courage well prepar'd:
 Foul winters, as they come, away they shall.

15 Though present times, and past with evils be snar'd,
 They shall not last: with cithern silent muse
 Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime spar'd.

In hard estate, with stout shows, valour use,
 The same man still, in whom wisdom prevails;
 In too full wind draw in thy swelling sails.

—PHILIP SIDNEY.



ON LUXURY

[Odes II, 15]

20 These kingly piles the acres take
 Once ploughed. The ponds dug round us gain
 Bounds wider than the Lucrine lake.
 For elms, we plant the unwedded plane.

25 Myrtles abound, and violet beds,
 And every flower, that yields a scent,
 O'er olive-ground its perfume sheds,
 That whilome brought its lord a rent.

Dense laurel shade shall stop the rays
Of summer. Ah! not such the rule
Of Romulus, nor Cato's ways
Too rude, nor all the elder school.

Romans were poor: but yet they made
Rome greatly rich. No measuring then
With ten-foot rod the colonnade
Tow'rd the cool North, for private men.

5

The common turf, that grew at large,
Those ancient laws bade all respect,
But freely at the public charge
With stone our towns and temples decked.

10

—W. E. GLADSTONE.



THE VANITY OF RICHES

[*Odes* II, 18]

My ceiling shows not brave
With gold or ivories;
No marble architrave
On quarried pillars lies,
Which utmost Libya gave.

15

No despot did devise
On me, a stranger heir,
His royal treasures;
No dames of birth prepare
For me Laconian dyes.

20

Pure faith is all my store,
Faith, and so rich a vein
Of poet power and lore
That wealth itself is fain
To seek this humble door.

25

I ask not Heaven to send
Aught else; I never pressed
For more, my puissant friend,
Who am entirely blessed
One Sabine farm to tend.

30

To-morrow ousts to-day;
Young moons grow large and less;
Death dogs thy steps; but aye
On marble palaces,
5 O fool, thy fancies stray,

Who, reckless of the tomb,
Dost build, and 'mid the roar
Of Baian surf presume
On the great sea, whose shore
10 Yields not ambition room.

What, shall this lust of gain
Not even the landmarks keep
Which that is thine contain?
This avarice o'er leap
15 Thy client's scant domain?

Thence the poor exiles fare,
Husband and wife; and, strained
To their sad bosoms, bear
Young babes all squalor-stained,
20 And gods, their father's care.

Natheless no other hall
More surely shalt thou find,
Thou gilded prodigal,
Than that by Death designed,
25 The greediest of us all.

What would'st thou? Earth's embrace
Impartial shall enfold
King's son and peasant base:—
Prometheus' guile and gold
30 From Charon gained no grace.

Proud Tantalus, he wears
He and his race, the chains
Of Death, who needs no prayers
To lighten of their pains
35 The world's worn labourers.

—T. R. CLARK.



THE FALL OF CLEOPATRA

[Odes I, 37]

This cry of triumph is inspired not only by the thought of the removal of an enemy, but also by the feeling that Cleopatra's death was a definite check put upon the further invasion into Roman civilization of the undermining influences of the Orient.

Drink we now, and dancing round,
Press with footsteps free the ground;
Pour we now the rosy wine,
And, in honour of the gods,
Comrades, in their own abodes 5
Pile we the banquet on each holy shrine.

Sin it were ere now to pour
Forth the cellar's generous store;
While the haughty queen of Nile,
With her base and scurvy crew, 10
Dared unbridled to pursue
Wild hopes, and drunk with Fortune's favouring smile,

Madly dreamed the Capitol
Soon should totter to its fall,
And the Empire's self should die; 15
But her spirit quailed awhile,
When of all the ships of Nile
From Rome's avenging fires scarce one could fly.

Then assailed her stricken soul
Frenzied with the wassail bowl 20
Terrors true, and wild despair,
When (as falcon from above
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters o'er Hæmon's snow the hare)

Oar and sail incessant plying 25
As he marked her galleys flying,
Cæsar urged her headlong race:
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon would gladden Roman eyes,
And bound in chains his haughty triumph grace. 30

Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman's shrinking mind,
Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek

Basely lurking, did she seek
To save from death a now dishonoured life.

On her prostrate Citadel
Dared her dauntless eye to dwell:
5 Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp,
To her breast applied the asp,
Whose venom dire she drank through all her blood.

Sternly resolute she died;
10 Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She a Woman and a Queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace her conquering foe.

—EARL OF DERBY.



PERSIAN LUXURY

[*Odes* I, 38]

15 Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.
Plainer myrtle pleases me,
20 Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee
Waiting with thy master's wine.

—W. COWPER



THE SHIP OF STATE

[*Odes* I, 14]

This poem is generally regarded as an allegory, and may be taken as a confession on the part of the poet of his change of heart in matters political.

O Ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the port, be stout.

See'st not? thy mast
How rent by stiff south-western blast,

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain 5
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid require,
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine, 10

Yet race and name are but as dust,
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust.
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

Of old at best a weary weight, 15
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

—W. E. GLADSTONE.



TITLE TO FAME

[*Odes* III, 30]

Now have I reared a monument more durable than brass,
And one that doth the royal scale of pyramids surpass, 20
Nor shall defeated Aquilo destroy, nor soaking rain,
Nor yet the countless tide of years, nor seasons in their train.
Not all of me shall die: my praise shall grow, and never end
While pontiff and mute vestal shall the Capitol ascend,
And so a mighty share of me shall Libitina foil. 25
Where bellows headstrong Aufidus, where, on his arid soil,
King Daunus ruled a rural folk, of me it shall be told
That, grown from small to great, I first of all men subtly wrought
Æolian strains to unison with our Italian thought.
So take thine honours earned by deeds; and graciously do thou, 30
Melpomene, with Delphic bays adorn thy poet's brow.

—W. E. GLADSTONE.

FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

[Odes III, 13]

O well, whose waters are as glass to shine,
 Bandusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
 And not without a flower visited,
 A kid with swelling brow to-morrow is thine,
 5 Whose horns to war and wantonness destine.
 In vain; in vain, for his dark blood shall spread,
 Child of the frolic fold, in thy chill bed;
 When the hot Dog-star's hours to rage incline,
 They pierce thee not, that profferest pleasant cold
 10 To flocks that range, and labour-weary bulls;
 Thou too from all time forward shalt be told
 Great among wells of name, by me that sing
 The ilex shadowing thy stone-bound spring
 Whence issues all the tumult of thy pools.

—M. JOURDAIN.



*epicurean
 philosophy*

CARPE DIEM

[Odes I, 11]

15 Strive not, Leuconoe, to know what end
 The gods above to me or thee will send:
 Nor with astrologers consult at all,
 That thou mayst better know what can befall;
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
 20 Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks do cast.
 Be wise! Drink free, and in so short a space
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace:
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide;
 This day's thine own; the next may be denied.

—THOMAS HAWKINS.



LIFE IS SHORT[*Odes* II, 3]

When life is hard, your soul possess
In calm serene; when times are fair,
Refrain from triumph's haughty air,
For Dellius, death will come no less

If length of days be wholly spanned 5
With grief, or if as glad hours laugh
You lie in quiet meads and quaff
Falernum's wine of choicest brand;

Where lofty pines and poplars white
Their boughs in friendly shade entwine 10
Together, and with winding line
The brooklet babbles in its flight.

Here call for wine and nard and bloom
Of roses fading all too fast,
While youth remains and fortunes last 15
And Fate still spares the thread of doom.

The lawns you buy you must forsake,
That home by tawny Tiber's wave;
The growing stores for which you slave
In heirship will another take. 20

What boots your wealth or long descent
From Inachus? As well to lie
A lowly beggar 'neath the sky
For any ruth in Death's intent.

One bourn constrains us all; for all 25
The lots are shaken in the urn,
Whence, soon or late, will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.

—J. H. DEAZELEY.



DEATH INEVITABLE[*Odes* II, 14]

The whirling Year, ah, Friend! the whirling Year
Rolls on apace,
And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy withered Face:
In vain you waste your breath,
5 No Prayers can stay nor Vows defer
The swift approach of Age, and conquering Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd his Shrines
With sacred Blood,
Should'st thou appease th' inexorable God:
10 He opens, and he shuts the grave;
Geryon's triple Soul confines,
And stubborn Gyges with the Stygian Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pass'd by all,
The Rich, the Poor
15 Are doomed alike to view the Stygian shore;
The Knaves and Fools, the Wise and Just,
The Kings as well as Clowns must fall;
And undistinguished lie with meaner Dust:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,
20 And live in ease;
In vain we shun the Rage of angry Seas;
The burning Fevers Autumn brings,
In vain we fly, and idly fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear on sickly Wings.

For all the Stygian Waves are doomed to pass;
25 We all must go
And view Cocytus' wand'ring Streams below:
We all must see the lasting Chains
That hold curst Danaus his Race,
30 And Sisyphus condemned to endless Pains.

Thy Children must be left, thy Lands and House,
Thy pleasing Wife,
That happy Comfort and Delight of Life;
35 Of all the Trees thy hands restor'd,
None but the Cypress' hated Boughs
Shall follow their short-lived decaying Lord.

The Wines you keep so close thy worthier Heir
Shall soon possess,

And waste 'midst wanton Luxury and Ease;
 Much nobler Wine the squand'ring Youth
 Shall spill, and costlier Feasts prepare,
 Than ever pleas'd a Pampered Abbot's Tooth.

—THOMAS CREECH.

TO A FLIRT

[*Odes I, 5*]

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,	5
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,	
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou	
In wreaths thy golden hair,	
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he	
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas	10
Rough with black winds, and storms	
Unwonted shall admire!	
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,	
Who always vacant, always amiable,	
Hopes thee, of flattering gales	15
Unmindful. Hapless they	
T' whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd	
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung	
My dank and dropping weeds	
To the stern God of the sea.	20

—JOHN MILTON.

THE RECONCILIATION

[*Odes III, 9*]

HOR. Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
 And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
 His arms more acceptably free,
 I thought me richer than the Persian king.

LYD. Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,
 Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;

25

In name I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

HOR. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,
5 As, for her, I'd not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.

LYD. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thuringe Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
10 So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

HOR. But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia now the gate stood ope?

15 LYD. Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

—BEN JONSON.



WINTER

*adaptation
of*

[Odes I, 9]

Alcaeus

20 Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

25 With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
30 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below;
 At his command the storms invade;
 The winds by his commission blow;
 Till with a nod he bids them cease, 5
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present hour,
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of fortune's power: 10
 Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
 Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is gain.

Secure those golden early joys,
 That youth unsour'd with sorrows bears,
 Ere with'ring time the taste destroys, 15
 With sickness and unwieldy years.
 This is the time to be possest;
 The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark, 20
 The half unwilling willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again;
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain. 25

—JOHN DRYDEN.



SPRING¹

[Odes I, 4]

Hard Winter melts; the welcome Spring again
 Comes back, and in her train
 The West wind, and the laid-up keels once more
 Are launched from the dry shore.
 No longer do the herds the stalls desire, 30
 Nor husbandman his fire;

¹ Reprinted from J. O. Sargent, *Horatian Echoes*, by permission of Miss Georgiana W. Sargent.

The meadows that but now were white with frost
 Their pallid hues have lost.
 In dance by Cytherean Venus led,
 With the moon overhead,
 5 Joined with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat
 The earth with rhythmic feet,
 While at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light
 Makes swarthy Vulcan bright.
 Now round the tresses that with unguents shine
 10 Green myrtles we may twine,
 Or flowers with which from icy fetters freed
 Earth garnishes the mead.
 Now is the time to make in shady groves
 The offerings Pan loves,
 15 Whether he may demand a lamb or bid
 Oblation of a kid.
 Pale Death before them stalks impartially
 Whether the portals be
 Of peasant or of prince—hovel or tower
 20 Alike all feel his power.
 O happy Sestius! Life's little span
 Forbids long hope to man;
 Thy sunny day impending night invades,
 Thee wait the fabled shades,
 25 And Pluto's narrow house; where, once thou go,
 No more by lucky throw
 Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline
 King of the realms of wine;
 No tender Lycidas will love inspire,
 30 Whose charms thou dost admire,—
 Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,
 And maids will by and by.

—J. O. SARGENT.



THE BORE; A DRAMATIC VERSION OF HORACE

[*Satires*, I, 9]

Scene: *Sacra Via*, near the Forum. The action begins at the extreme right and moves gradually to the other side of the stage. The rate of motion must be carefully watched. A zigzag movement from front to back will be of help.

The Bore; A Dramatic Version of Horace 419

HORACE, a poet	ARISTIUS FUSCUS, a friend (?) of
PORCIUS, the man who talked too	HORACE
much	FUSCUS' SLAVE
HORACE'S SLAVE	LITIUS, who sued PORCIUS
	BYSTANDERS, etc.

(HORACE is walking along the Sacra Via slowly, composing verses.)

HORACE (*beating time*). I preach my sermons through a joke.—(*shaking his head impatiently*) No, that won't do. (*Starts again.*) A dreary sermon's quite a pest; I'll give it spice with merry jest.

(PORCIUS, a mere acquaintance, runs up, seizes HORACE's hand, and pumps it vigorously.)

PORCIUS. How are you, old thing?

(HORACE, confused by the sudden interruption to his thinking, blinks and gapes.)

HORACE. (*coldly and politely*). Very well, considering the times. I hope 5
that all is going well with you.

(HORACE starts off. PORCIUS keeps up with him.)

HORACE (*trying to get rid of PORCIUS*). You'll excuse me; good-bye.

PORCIUS (*persisting*). You ought to get acquainted with me. I'm one
of the highbrows.

HORACE (*ironically, but politely*). I esteem you the more highly for that. 10

(HORACE, anxious to get away, goes off at full speed, but PORCIUS keeps up with him. Then HORACE stops and pretends to whisper to his SLAVE. PORCIUS cheerfully waits. This procedure is gone through several times. HORACE mops his brow. In the meantime PORCIUS chatters on.)

PORCIUS. Isn't Rome growing in a remarkable way? It's getting to be
the finest city in the world. Augustus is certainly changing it from
brick to marble. Isn't that a fine building over there? I tell you, there's
nothing like it anywhere. See how this district is being built up. There
was nothing here a year ago.

HORACE (*aside*). I'm known to have a quick temper, but I envy Bolanus;
he was so hot-tempered he murdered a fellow. 15

PORCIUS. You're awfully anxious to get away. I've been struck by that
for some time. But it's no use. I'll stick with you to the bitter end.
Where do we go from here? 20

HORACE. There is no need for you to be dragged all over town. (*Makes
up a series of fibs, one after the other, when he sees that now one, now
another, has no effect.*) I—I—(*then with a rush*) want to see a man
(*stops*)—you don't know him—across the Tiber, a long way off—
he's—a—sick—it's near the Gardens of Cæsar at the other end of town. 25

PORCIUS. I've nothing to do, and I'm not lazy. I'll stick with you.

(HORACE looks vexed and discouraged.)

PORCIUS (*confidentially, poking HORACE in the ribs*). Now look here. I can begin to discuss what I'm really after. If I'm the man I think I am, you'll value my friendship as highly as that of Viscus or Varius. I've broken all records for speed and amount in writing poetry. I'm
 5 also a first class dancer. And as for singing, when I get started, Her-
 mogenes, the star of the Rome Opera House, is mad with jealousy;
 that's how good I am.

HORACE (*interrupting*). Pardon me, but have you a mother or other
 10 relative dependent on you? That man I'm going to see is suffering
 from a contagious disease.

PORCIUS. No, I haven't a soul. I've buried every one of them.

(PORCIUS reflects a moment, then catches sight of sundial
 back-stage and goes to examine it.)

HORACE (*aside*). How lucky they are. Now I'm the only one left. Finish
 me off. When I was a boy an old woman told my fortune. How did
 the rhyme go? Oh, yes:

"No poisoned cup, no foreign foe,
 No cough nor gout will lay him low,
 But talkers wild he should beware
 Or else for death he must prepare."

15 PORCIUS. By Jove, it's nearly ten o'clock. I have to appear in court,
 or I'll lose my case and a lot of money. Please come along and help
 me out.

HORACE. Hope to die if I'm well enough to stand up all through the
 proceedings, and besides, I don't know a thing about law. Anyway,
 20 I'm in a hurry to see that man, you know.

PORCIUS (*scratching his head*). I don't know what to do. Give you up
 or the lawsuit.

HORACE. Me, by all means, please.

PORCIUS (*starting ahead in the direction they had been going*). No, I
 25 won't.

(HORACE gives up in despair and follows.)

PORCIUS (*confidentially*). How are you getting along with Mæcnas?
 He has few friends, but shows very sound judgment in choosing them.
 You've been mighty lucky to be taken up by him, and clever too.
 You'd have a great booster to play second fiddle for you, if you'd
 30 be willing to introduce yours truly to Mæcnas. Sure as shooting,
 you'd get ahead of all the rest of the crowd.

HORACE. Our relations are not of the sort you think. There isn't a
 straighter man in town than Mæcnas, nor one who is less subject
 to the intrigues you imply. (PORCIUS raises his eyebrows and smiles
 35 skeptically.) I tell you it's true; it doesn't affect my status if So-and-So
 has more money than I, or another fellow is more of a highbrow.
 Everybody has his own place.

PORCIUS. That's a pretty large order that you're asking me to swallow.

HORACE. Well, it's so, just the same.

PORCIUS. You make me all the more anxious to get next to him.

HORACE (*ironically*). Just keep on wishing. You've got so much push you're bound to win. And Mæcenas is the type of man who can be won over; that's why he makes it hard for people to get to him. 5

PORCIUS. Well, I'll be on the job. I'll bribe the servants. Even if I'm shut out one day, I won't give up. I'll watch my chance. I'll meet him on a street corner and walk home with him. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again; that's my motto. You've got to work for what you get. 10

(FUSCUS enters. Knowing PORCIUS, he at once sizes up the situation and laughs to himself for a moment before going up to the other two.)

HORACE (*catching sight of FUSCUS, effusively*). Hello, Fuscus; awfully glad to see you. Where did you drop from?

FUSCUS. Howdy, Horace. Oh, just out for a stroll. Where are you bound for?

HORACE (*vaguely*). Over this way. 15

(During this interchange, HORACE pulls at FUSCUS' toga to get FUSCUS to rescue him. FUSCUS, enjoying the situation, pretends not to notice. HORACE nudges him without avail. He then tries a wink, and finally makes a terrible grimace in trying to signal with both eyes. Getting more and more angry, he finally gives up the silent signals. FUSCUS can hardly restrain his laughter.)

HORACE (*signaling*). You told me yesterday that there was a private matter that you wanted to talk over with me.

FUSCUS (*drawing down his mouth in a droll smile*). Quite right; but I'll tell you on a more appropriate occasion. Today is a Jewish holiday; you wouldn't want me to offend the Jews would you? 20

HORACE. I've no religious scruples.

FUSCUS. Well, I have. My health isn't so good; I'm just a human being. So you'll excuse me. I'll tell you some other time.

(FUSCUS goes off laughing; HORACE is the picture of despair.)

HORACE (*aside*). What an unlucky day this has been! 25

(Enter LITIUS.)

LITIUS (*loudly, to PORCIUS*). Where are you going, you deadbeat? (To HORACE.) Will you be my witness to this summons?

(HORACE nods affirmatively. LITIUS seizes PORCIUS by the arm and hustles him off. Shouting by all concerned and by the BYSTANDERS who come running when they hear the commotion.)

HORACE (*raising his hands to heaven*). Apollo, patron god of poets, I thank thee for rescuing me, a man of few words, from the champion heavyweight talker of the world!

—B. L. ULLMAN.

THE ART OF POETRY

Horace's purpose is not, like Aristotle's, to inquire into the essential nature of various forms of poetry, but rather to reduce established practice to clearly formulated rules. It is interesting that he places his emphasis on dramatic poetry, although he himself produced nothing in that branch and although Roman opinion was generally agreed in giving epic the highest place.

Suppose a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
5 Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?
Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,
10 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

"Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same."
I own th' indulgence—such I give and take;
But not through nature's sacred rules to break,
15 Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers join'd.

Your opening promises some great design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd strain
20 A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane
Rises to view; there through delicious meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads;
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the wat'ry bow
There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.
25 Beauties they are, but beauties out of place;
For though your talent be to paint with grace
A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid
To paint a sailor, mid the winds and waves,
30 When on a broken plank his life he saves?

Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end?
Then learn this wandering humour to control,
And keep one equal tenour through the whole.

35 But oft our greatest errors take their rise
From our best views. I strive to be concise;
I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
When in pursuit of elegance and ease.
Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar;
40 Some in cold safety creep along the shore,

Too much afraid of storms; while he, who tries
 With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
 In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,
 And paints his boars disporting in the sea.
 Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,
 Into its opposite extreme we run.

5

One happier artist of th' Æmilian square,
 Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,
 Though he excels in every separate part,
 Yet fails of just perfection in his art,
 In one grand whole unknowing to unite
 Those different parts; and I no more would write
 Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
 Be gazed at for the finest hair and eyes.

10

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
 What suits your genius; what your strength can bear.
 To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
 Nor words, nor method shall their aid refuse.
 In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
 And force of method to assign a place
 For what with present judgment we should say,
 And for some happier time the rest delay.

15

20

Would you to fame a promised work produce,
 Be delicate and cautious in the use
 And choice of words; nor shall you fail of praise,
 When nicely joining two known words you raise
 A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
 For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
 A just and ample license, which, if used
 With fair discretion, never is refused.

25

30

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
 If from a Grecian source they gently stream
 For Virgil sure, and Varius, may receive
 That kind indulgence, which the Romans gave
 To Plautus and Cæcilius: or shall I
 Be envied, if my little fund supply
 Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung
 In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
 With large increase? An undisputed power
 Of coining money from the rugged ore,
 Nor less of coining words, is still confess'd.
 If with a legal, public stamp impress'd.

35

40

As when the forest, with the bending year,
 First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,
 So an old age of words maturely dies,
 Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.

45

We and our noblest works to fate must yield;
 Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,

Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleets defends;
That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain;
5 Tiber, who taught a better current, yields
To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields;
All these must perish, and shall words presume
To hold their honours, and immortal bloom?
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie;
10 Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
Words, and the forms of language, must obey.

By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,
In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
15 Unequal measures first were tuned to flow
Sadly expressive of the lover's woe;
But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they move
In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love:
By whom invented, critics yet contend,
20 And of their vain disputings find no end.

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
Was with his own severe iambics arm'd,
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
25 With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

The muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre;
30 Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,
Wrestler and steed, who gain'd th' Olympic prize:
Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.
But if, through weakness, or my want of art,
I can't to every different style impart
35 The proper strokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?
Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,
Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn?

Nor will the genius of the comic muse
40 Sublimer tones, or tragic numbers use;
Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
In comic phrase and language be debased.
Then let your style be suited to the scene,
And its peculiar character maintain.

45 Yet comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase:
As oft the tragic language humbly flows,
For Telephus or Peleus, 'mid the woes

Of poverty or exile, must complain
In prose-like style; must quit the swelling strain,
And words gigantic, if with nature's art
They hope to touch the melting hearer's heart.

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
With ease and elegance; a play should warm
With soft concernment; should possess the soul,
And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.

With them who laugh our social joy appears;
With them who mourn we sympathize in tears:
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;

But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

The varying face should every passion show,
And words of sorrow wear the look of woe;
Let it in joy assume a vivid air;
Fierce when in rage; in seriousness severe:
For nature to each change of fortune forms
The secret soul, and all its passions warms:
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
The tongue these various movements must express;
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress
His language prove, the sons of Rome engage
To laugh the unhappy actor off the stage.

Your style should an important difference make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak;
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame;
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame;
A merchant, wandering with incessant toil,
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil;
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.

Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untamed fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,
 And make it seem your own. With more success
 You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
 Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
 5 Yet would you make a common theme your own,
 Dwell not on incidents already known;
 Nor word for word translate with painful care,
 Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere,
 From whence (while you should only imitate)
 10 Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
 Nor like the bard of everlasting strain;
 "I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate—"
 How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
 15 The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
 And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.
 Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,
 Opening his poem in this humble strain;
 Muse, sing the man who, after Troy subdued,
 20 Manners and towns of various nations view'd;
 He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
 Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
 But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
 And pours his specious miracles to sight;
 25 Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
 Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern poet, date
 His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
 Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
 30 From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose;
 But to the grand event he speeds his course,
 And bears his readers with resistless force
 Into the midst of things, while every line
 Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.
 35 Artful he knows each circumstance to leave
 Which will not grace and ornament receive:
 Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
 That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same;
 40 Then hear what I, and what your audience claim.
 If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
 And the last chorus for a plaudit call,
 The manners must your strictest care engage,
 The levities of youth and strength of age.
 45 The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
 And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks,
 Loves childish sports; with causeless anger burns,
 And idly pleased with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,
 Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds;
 Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
 Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares;
 Profuse and vain; with every passion warm'd, 5
 And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.
 With strength improved, the manly spirit bends
 To different aims, in search of wealth and friends;
 Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,
 And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme. 10

A thousand ills the aged world surround,
 Anxious in search of wealth, and when 'tis found,
 Fearful to use what they with fear possess,
 While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
 Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more, 15
 Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour;
 Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
 Talking the manners of their youthful days;
 Severe to censure; earnest to advise,
 And with old saws the present age chastise. 20

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
 Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide;
 Then let not youth or infancy engage
 To play the parts of manhood or of age;
 For where the proper characters prevail, 25
 We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.

The business of the drama must appear
 In action or description. What we hear,
 With weaker passion will affect the heart,
 Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. 30
 But yet let nothing on the stage be brought
 Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;
 Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold
 What may with grace and eloquence be told.
 Let not Medea, with unnatural rage, 35
 Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage;
 Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,
 Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air;
 For while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,
 They shock our faith, our indignation raise. 40

If you would have your play deserve success,
 Give it five acts complete; nor more, nor less;
 Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
 Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid;
 Nor a fourth actor, on the crowded scene, 45
 A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.

The chorus must support an actor's part;
 Defend the virtuous, and advise with art;

Govern the choleric, the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,
And peace triumphant with her open gates.

5 Intrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,
But to the righteous gods with ardour pray
That fortune with returning smiles may bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
10 Promote the plot, and aid the main design.

Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,
Nor rivall'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
15 To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,
Filling the little theatre with ease,
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners, and unsullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarged her state,
20 And broader walls enclosed th' imperial seat,
Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay,
Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day;
Then poesy in looser numbers moved,
And music in licentious tones improved;
25 Such ever is the *taste*, when clown and wit,
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.

He, who before with modest art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
30 And drew along the stage a length of train;
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increased its strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear:
Thus poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
35 Pour'd forth prophetic truths in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

The tragic bard, who for a worthless prize
Bade naked satyrs in his chorus rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
40 The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene;
For novelty alone he knew could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.

And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise
Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry displease;
45 But let the hero, or the power divine,
Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine,
Stoop not in vulgar phrase, nor yet despise
The words of earth, and soar into the skies:

For as a matron, on our festal days
Obliged to dance, with modest grace obeys,
So should the muse her dignity maintain
Amid the satyrs, and their wanton train.

If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile 5
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my style.
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake
So far, as not some difference to make
Between a slave, or wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold, 10
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god.

From well-known tales such fictions would I raise
As all might hope to imitate with ease;
Yet while they strive the same success to gain, 15
Should find their labour, and their hopes are vain:
Such grace can order and connection give;
Such beauties common subjects may receive.

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport
With amorous verses, as if bred at court; 20
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,
Debase the language, and pollute the scene,
For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise
In better judges cold contempt shall raise.
Rome to her poets too much license gives, 25
Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives;
But shall I then with careless spirit write?
No! let me think my faults shall rise to light,
And then a kind indulgence will excuse
The less important errors of the muse. 30
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,
I stand secure from censure and from shame.

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight;
Read them by day, and study them by night. 35
"And yet our sires with joy cold Plautus hear,
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."
Let me not say too lavishly they praised,
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleased,
If you or I with taste are haply bless'd
To know a clownish from a courtly jest; 40
If skilful to discern, when form'd with ease
The modulated sounds are taught to please.
Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart: 45
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.
Then Eschylus a decent vizard used;
Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffused.

In language more sublime his actors rage,
 And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
 And now the ancient comedy appear'd,
 Nor without pleasure and applause was heard;
 But soon its freedom rising to excess,
 The laws were forced its boldness to suppress,
 And, when no longer licensed to defame,
 It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.

No path to fame our poets left untried;
 Nor small their merit when with conscious pride
 They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied theme,
 And dared to sing their own domestic fame,
 With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
 Or sport with humour in the comic vein.
 Nor had the mistress of the world appear'd
 More famed for conquest, than for wit revered,
 Did we not hate the necessary toil
 Of slow correction, and the painful file.

Illustrious youths, with just contempt receive,
 Nor let the hardy poem hope to live,
 Where time and full correction don't refine
 The finish'd work, and polish every line.
 Because Democritus in rapture cries,
 "Poems of genius always bear the prize
 From wretched works of art," and thinks that none
 But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon;
 So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
 They neither shave their heads, nor pare their nails;
 To dark retreats and solitude they run,
 The baths avoid, and the public converse shun;
 A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
 If long their beards, incurable their brain.

Ah! luckless I! who purge in spring my spleen—
 Else sure the first of bards had Horace been.
 But shall I then in mad pursuit of fame,
 Resign my reason for a poet's name?
 No! let me sharpen others, as the hone
 Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.
 Let me the poet's worth and office show,
 And whence his true poetic riches flow;
 What forms his genius, and improves his vein;
 What well or ill becomes each different scene;
 How high the knowledge of his art ascends,
 And to what faults his ignorance extends.

Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art,
 Let the strong page of Socrates impart,
 And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
 The willing words in just expression flow.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows
 What to his country and his friends he owes;
 How various nature warms the human breast,
 To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
 What the great offices of judges are,
 Of senators, of generals sent to war;
 He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
 The strokes peculiar to each different part.

5

Keep nature's great original in view,
 And thence the living images pursue;
 For when the sentiments and diction please,
 And all the characters are wrought with ease,
 Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
 Most strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,
 Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
 And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

10

To her loved Greeks the muse indulgent gave,
 To her loved Greeks, with greatness to conceive,
 And in sublimer tone their language raise—
 Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.
 Our youth, proficients in a nobler art,
 Divide a farthing to the hundredth part;
 "Well done, my boy," the joyful father cries,
 "Addition and subtraction make us wise."

20

But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,
 And moneyed cares the genius thus control,
 How shall we dare to hope, that distant times
 With honour shall preserve our lifeless rhymes?

25

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
 And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.
 Short be the precept, which with ease is gain'd
 By docile minds, and faithfully retain'd.

30

If in dull length your moral is express'd,
 The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.
 Would you divert? the probable maintain,
 Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene,
 That shows a child, by a fell witch devour'd,
 Dragg'd from her entrails, and to life restored.

35

Grave age approves the solid and the wise;
 Gay youth from too austere a drama flies.
 Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
 To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
 Shall gain all votes; to booksellers shall raise
 No trival fortune, and across the seas
 To distant nations spread the writer's fame,
 And with immortal honours crown his name.

40

45

Yet there are faults which we may well excuse,
 For oft the strings the intended sound refuse;

In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,
 He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise;
 Nor always will the bow, though famed for art,
 With speed unerring wing the threat'ning dart.

5 But where the beauties more in number shine,
 I am not angry when a casual line
 (That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
 A careless hand, or human frailty shows.
 But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat
 10 Who though advised, the same mistakes repeat;
 Or as we laugh at him who constant brings
 The same rude discord from the jarring strings;
 So, if strange chance a Chærilus inspire
 With some good lines, I laugh, while I admire;
 15 Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,
 If honest Homer slumber o'er his muse;
 Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep
 O'er works of length allowable may creep.

Poems like pictures are; some charm when nigh,
 20 Others at distance more delight your eye;
 That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
 And challenges the critic's piercing sight:
 That gives us pleasure for a single view;
 And this, ten times repeated, still is new.

25 Although your father's precepts form your youth,
 And add experience to your taste of truth,
 Of this one maxim, Piso, be assured,
 In certain things a medium is endured.
 Who tries Messala's eloquence in vain,
 30 Nor can a knotty point of law explain
 Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,
 For pleading or advice, some right to fame;
 But God, and man, and letter'd post denies
 That poets ever are of middling size.

35 As jarring music at a jovial feast,
 Or muddy essence, or th' ungrateful taste
 Of bitter honey, shall the guests displease,
 Because they want not luxuries like these;
 So poems, form'd alone to yield delight,
 40 Give deep disgust, or pleasure to the height.

The man who knows not how with art to wield
 The sportive weapons of the martial field,
 The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque,
 Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke:
 45 But every desperate blockhead dares to write—
 Why not? his fortune's large to make a knight;
 The man's freeborn; perhaps of gentle strain;
 His character and manners pure from stain.

But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the muse,
 If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse;
 And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
 Or try your labours on your father's ear,
 Or even on mine; but let them not come forth 5
 Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.
 You may correct what in your closet lies;
 If publish'd, it irrevocably flies.

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tamed,
 From acorns and from mutual blood reclaim'd, 10
 This priest divine was fabled to assuage
 The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.
 Thus rose the Theban wall; Amphion's lyre,
 And soothing voice the list'ning stones inspire.
 Poetic wisdom mark'd, with happy mean, 15
 Public and private; sacred and profane;
 The wand'ring joys of lawless love suppress'd;
 With equal rights the wedded couple bless'd:
 Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws:
 So verse became divine, and poets gain'd applause. 20

Homer, Tyrtæus, by the muse inspired,
 To deeds of arms the martial spirit fired.
 In verse the oracles divine were heard,
 And nature's secret laws in verse declared;
 Monarchs were courted in Pierian strain, 25
 And comic sports relieved the wearied swain;
 Apollo sings, the muses tune the lyre,
 Then blush not for an art which they inspire.
 'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
 From art or nature their best right to fame; 30
 But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
 And a rude genius of uncultured strain,
 Are useless both; when in friendship join'd,
 A mutual succour in each other find.

A youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain, 35
 All arts must try, and every toil sustain;
 Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
 And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.
 Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
 Each note distinct, and a stern master please; 40
 But now—"Since I can write the true sublime,
 Curse catch the hindmost!" cries the man of rhyme.
 "What! in a science own myself a fool,
 Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule?"

As artful criers, at a public fair, 45
 Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware,
 So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,
 To all clear gains their flatterers invite.

But if the feast of luxury they give,
Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve,
When the black fangs of law around him bend,
How shall they know a flatterer from a friend?

5 If e'er you make a present, or propose
To grant a favour; while his bosom glows
With grateful sentiments of joy and praise,
Never, ah! never let him hear your lays;
Loud shall he cry, "How elegant! how fine!"
10 Turn pale with wonder at some happier line;
Distil the civil dew from either eye,
And leap, and beat the ground in ecstasy.

As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere,
15 So the false raptures of a flatterer's art
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.

Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep recesses of his soul,
Whom for their future friendship they design,
20 And put him to the torture in his wine;
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,
Beneath whose flattering smile false reynard lies.
Read to Quintilius, and at every line—

"Correct this passage, friend, and that refine."
25 Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—
"Haste to an anvil with your ill-form'd strain,
Or blot it out." But if you still defend
The favourite folly, rather than amend,
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—
30 "Yourself unrivall'd, and your works enjoy."

An honest critic, when dull lines move slow,
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show;
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface
35 What is not polish'd to its highest grace;
Prune all ambitious ornaments away,
And teach you on th' obscure to pour the lay;
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,
Like Aristarchus, candid and sincere:
Nor say, for trifles why should I displease
40 The man I love? for trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.
From a mad poet, whosoe'er is wise,
As from a leprosy or jaundice, flies;
45 Religious madness in its zealous strain,
Nor the wild phrensy of a moon-struck brain,
Are half so dreadful: yet the boys pursue him,
And fools, unknowing of their danger, view him.

But, heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,
 Bursting with verses of the true sublime,
 Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall
 Into a well or ditch, and loudly call,
 "Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear, 5
 Help a poor bard"—not one of them will hear;
 Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,
 I will be there, and—"Sirs, you do not know
 But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt,
 Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out." 10

Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
 Who nobly fond of more than mortal glory,
 Fond to be deem'd a god, in madding fit
 Plunged in cold blood in Etna's fiery pit,
 Let bards be licensed then themselves to kill; 15
 'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will
 But more than once this frolic he hath play'd,
 Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,
 Content to be a man; nor will his pride
 Lay such a glorious love of death aside. 20

Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime
 The gods have plagued him with this curse of rhyme;
 Whether his father's ashes he disdain'd,
 Or hallow'd ground with sacrilege profaned:
 Certain he's mad, and like a baited bear, 25
 If he hath strength enough his den to tear,
 With all the horrors of a desperate muse
 The learned and unlearned he pursues.
 But if he seize you, then the torture dread,
 He fastens on you till he read you dead, 30
 And like a leech, voracious of his food,
 Quits not his cruel hold till gorged with blood.

—PHILIP FRANCIS.



V. MYTH AND LEGEND

STORIES FROM MYTHOLOGY: OVID

Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C. to about 18 A.D.), a native of Sulmo in the eastern part of central Italy, began his career as a brilliant and successful poet of pleasure, but was forced by imperial command to bring it to a close in disgrace and exile. He was a prolific writer of elegy and of narrative poems on mythological subjects. He is credited also with a tragedy which has

not survived. His best-known titles are The Loves, The Art of Love, Letters of Heroines, The Calendar, Metamorphoses, The Lament, and Letters from the Pontus. He brings into play more than any other Roman poet a penetrating insight into human nature; his wit and humor, even if flippant and cynical, make him at all times interesting; he is a supreme master of metrical expression.

PYRRHA AND DEUCALION

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book I]

In his Metamorphoses Ovid undertook and carried to successful completion the immense task of retelling practically all the stories of Greek mythology, and many from Roman legend, that yielded to narrative treatment. The complete work is the most exhaustive manual of mythology extant, a manual made rich and entertaining by the poet's vivid imagination and his unusual powers in dramatic narration.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
 Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
 The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
 But then a field of waters did appear:
 5 Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
 Mounts thro' the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
 High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
 Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
 He with his wife were only left behind
 10 Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
 The mountain nymphs, and Themis they adore,
 And from her oracles relief implore.
 The most upright of mortal men was he;
 The most sincere, and holy woman, she.
 15 When Jupiter, surveying Earth from high,
 Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
 That where so many millions lately liv'd,
 But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd;
 He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
 20 To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
 Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n
 Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
 The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
 On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
 25 Already Triton at his call appears
 Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
 And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
 The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
 And give the waves the signal to retire.
 30 His writhen shell he takes; whose narrow vent

Grows by degrees into a large extent;
 Then gives it breath; the blast with doubling sound,
 Runs the wide circuit of the world around;
 The Sun first heard it, in his early east,
 And met the rattling echoes in the west. 5
 The waters list'ning to the trumpet's roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
 A thin circumference of land appears;
 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
 And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds; 10
 The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
 By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
 And Earth increases, as the waters fall.
 In longer time the tops of trees appear,
 Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear. 15
 At length the world was all restor'd to view;
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
 Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
 A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
 Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look, 20
 Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke;
 "Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
 The best, and only creature left behind,
 By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
 Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air, 25
 We two remain: a species in a pair:
 The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
 Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
 The clouds are still above; and while I speak,
 A second deluge o'er our heads may break. 30
 Should I be snatcht from hence, and thou remain,
 Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
 How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
 Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
 That bury'd her I love, should bury me. 35
 Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
 And make me heir of his informing fire,
 That so I might abolish'd man retrieve
 And perish'd people in new souls might live!
 But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain, 40
 That we, th' examples of mankind, remain."
 He said; the careful couple join their tears;
 And then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
 Thus, in devotion having eas'd their grief,
 From sacred oracles they seek relief; 45
 And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue:
 The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew;
 With living waters, in the fountain bred,

They sprinkle first their garments, and their head,
 Then took the way, which to the temple led.
 The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
 The desert altars void of solemn fire.

5 Before the gradual, prostrate they ador'd:
 The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.

"O righteous Themis! if the pow'rs above.

By pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
 If human miseries can move their mind;
 10 If yet they can forget, and yet be kind;
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
 Mankind, and people desolated Earth."
 Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
 "Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
 15 And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
 Throw each behind your backs, your mighty mother's bones."
 Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
 'Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.

"Forbid it Heav'n," said she, "that I should tear
 20 Those holy relics from the sepulchre."
 They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
 For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:
 At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
 And said, "The dark enigma will allow

25 A meaning, which if well I understand,
 From sacrilege will free the god's command:
 This Earth our mighty mother is, the stones
 In her capacious body are her bones:
 These we must cast behind." With hope, and fear,

30 The woman did the new solution hear:
 The man diffides in his own augury,
 And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
 Descending from the mount, they first unbind
 Their vest, and veil'd they cast the stones behind;

35 The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
 But long tradition makes it pass for true)
 Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
 And suppld into softness as they fell;
 Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew warm,
 40 And took the rudiments of human form;
 Imperfect shapes: in marble such are seen,
 When the rude chisel does the man begin;
 While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
 Without the rising muscles, and the veins.

45 The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
 Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
 Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment;
 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,

Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
 Its former name and nature did retain.
 By help of pow'r divine, in little space,
 What the man threw, assum'd a manly face;
 And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
 Hence we derive our nature; born to bear
 Laborious life; and harden'd into care.

5

—JOHN DRYDEN.



NARCISSUS

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book III]

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chase,
 Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
 But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heat arise.
 For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well-turned neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindled in thee this unpity'd love?

10

15

20

25

30

35

Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

- 5 Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his grief, and tell the woods his pain.
10 "You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
I, who before me see the charming fair,
15 Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost:
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserve the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
20 A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint;
25 Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
30 Whene'er I stand, he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
35 To utter something which I cannot hear.

- "Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
40 I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
45 How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.

And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
 In all the pride of blooming youth I die:
 Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 Oh might the visionary youth survive,
 I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

5

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
 His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
 With circle after circle, as they fell:

10

And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
 "Ah, whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
 Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."

15

Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
 His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.

20

As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the Sun;
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

25

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
 "Farewell," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd "Farewell."
 Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

30

35

40

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
 And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

45

—JOSEPH ADDISON.



NIOBE

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book VI]

- Swift thro' the Phrygian towns the rumour flies,
 And the strange news each female tongue employs:
 Niobe, who before she married knew
 The famous nymph, now found the story true;
 5 Yet, unreclaimed by poor Arachne's fate,
 Vainly above the gods assum'd a state.
 Her husband's fame, their family's descent,
 Their pow'r, and rich dominion's wide extent,
 Might well have justify'd a decent pride;
 10 But not on these alone the dame rely'd:
 Her lovely progeny that far excell'd,
 The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd:
 The happiest mother not unjustly styl'd,
 Had no conceited thoughts her tow'ring fancy fill'd.
 15 For once a prophetess, with zeal inspir'd,
 Their slow neglect to warm devotion fir'd;
 Thro' ev'ry street of Thebes who ran possess'd,
 And thus in accents wild her charge express'd:
 "Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,
 20 With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty pow'r;
 And to the heav'nly twins that from her spring,
 With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring."
 Straight the great summons ev'ry dame obey'd,
 And due submission to the goddess paid:
 25 Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd they came,
 And offer'd incense in the sacred flame.
 Meanwhile, surrounded with a courtly guard,
 The royal Niobe in state appear'd;
 Attir'd in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,
 30 And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold:
 Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood,
 Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd;
 Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,
 In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,
 35 And thus began; "What madness this, to court
 A goddess, founded merely on report?
 Dare ye a poor pretended pow'r invoke,
 While yet no altars to my godhead smoke?
 Mine, whose immediate lineage stands confess'd
 40 From Tantalus, the only mortal guest
 That e'er the gods admitted to their feast.
 A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth;
 And Atlas, mightiest mountain upon Earth,
 Who bears the globe of all the stars above,

My grandsire was, and Atlas sprung from Jove.
The Theban towns my majesty adore,
And neighb'ring Phrygia trembles at my pow'r:
Rais'd by my husband's lute, with turrets crown'd,
Our lofty city stands secur'd around.

5

Within my court, where'er I turn my eyes,
Unbounded treasures to my prospect rise:
With these my face I modestly may name,
As not unworthy of so high a claim;

10

Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools! consider this; and ask the cause
From which my pride its strong presumption draws:
Consider this; and then prefer to me

15

Cæus the Titan's vagrant progeny;
To whom, in travail, the whole spacious earth
No room afforded for her spurious birth.

Not the least part in earth, in Heav'n, or seas,
Would grant your out-law'd goddess any ease:
Till pitying hers, from his own wand'ring case,
Delos, the floating island, gave a place.

20

There she a mother was, of two at most;
Only the seventh part of what I boast.

My joys are all beyond suspicion fix'd,
With no pollutions of misfortune mix'd;
Safe on the basis of my pow'r I stand,
Above the reach of Fortune's fickle hand.

25

Lessen she may my inexhausted store,
And much destroy, yet still must leave me more.

Suppose it possible that some may die
Of this my numerous lovely progeny;
Still with Latona I might safely vie:

30

Who, by her scanty breed, scarce fit to name,
But just escapes the childless woman's shame.

Go then, with speed your laurel'd heads uncrown,
And leave the silly farce you have begun."

35

The tim'rous throng their sacred rites forbore,
And from their heads the verdant laurel tore;
Their haughty queen they with regret obey'd,
And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.

40

High on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,
With grief the goddess saw the base affront;
And, the abuse revolving in her breast,
The mother her twin-offspring thus address:

"Lo I, my children, who with comfort knew
Your godlike birth, and thence my glory drew;
And thence have claim'd precedency of place
From all but Juno of the heav'nly race,

45

Must now despair, and languish in disgrace.
 My godhead question'd, and all rites divine,
 Unless you succour, banish'd from my shrine.
 Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung
 5 Reflexions with her vile paternal tongue;
 Has dar'd prefer her mortal breed to mine,
 And call'd me childless; which, just Fate, may she repine!"

When to urge more the goddess was prepar'd,
 Phœbus in haste replies, "Too much we've heard,
 10 And ev'ry moment's lost, while vengeance is deferr'd."
 Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud
 Their heav'nly bodies in a sable cloud;
 And to the Theban tow'rs descending light,
 Through the soft yielding air direct their flight.

Without the wall there lies a champaign ground,
 With even surface, far extending round,
 Beaten and level'd, while it daily feels
 The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.
 Part of Niobe's young rival breed,
 20 Practising there to ride the manag'd steed,
 Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high
 On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.
 Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
 The first fair issue of the fruitful queen,
 25 Just as he drew the rein to guide his horse
 Around the compass of the circling course,
 Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,
 While the shaft stuck engorg'd within his breast:
 And, the reins dropping from his dying hand,
 30 He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.
 Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,
 And with full speed for his escape prepar'd.
 As when the pilot from the black'ning skies
 A gath'ring storm of wintry rain describes,
 35 His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with wind,
 He strives to leave the threat'ning cloud behind:
 So fled the youth; but an unerring dart
 O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped with art;
 Fix'd in his neck behind, it trembling stood,
 40 And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd with blood.
 Prone, as his posture was, he tumbled o'er,
 And bath'd his courser's mane with streaming gore.
 Next at young Phædimus they took their aim,
 And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name:
 45 These, when their other exercise was done,
 To try the wrestler's oily sport begun:
 And, straining ev'ry nerve, their skill express'd
 In closest grapple, joining breast to breast:

When from the bending bow an arrow sent,
 Join'd as they were, thro' both their bodies went:
 Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,
 They fell together bleeding on the plain;
 Then both their languid eyeballs faintly roll, 5
 And thus together breathe away their soul.
 With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
 And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight;
 Then to their succour ran with eager haste.
 And, fondly griev'd, their stiffning limbs embrac'd; 10
 But in the action falls: a thrilling dart,
 By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.
 This, as they drew it forth, his midriff tore,
 Its barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,
 And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore. 15
 But Damasichthon, by a double wound,
 Beardless, and young, lay gasping on the ground.
 Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely point
 Stuck thro' his knee, and pierc'd the nervous joint:
 And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful dart, 20
 Another struck him in a vital part;
 Shot through his wezon, by the wing it hung,
 The life-blood forc'd it out, and darting upward sprung.
 Ilioneus, the last, with terroure stands,
 Lifting in pray'r his unavailing hands; 25
 And, ignorant from whom his griefs arise,
 "Spare me, O all ye heav'nly pow'rs," he cries:
 Phœbus was touch'd too late, the sounding bow
 Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow;
 Which yet but gently gor'd his tender side, 30
 So by a slight and easy wound he dy'd.
 Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came,
 And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim;
 With anger and surprise inflam'd by turns,
 In furious rage her haughty stomach burns: 35
 First she disputes th' effects of heav'nly pow'r,
 Then at their daring boldness wonders more;
 For poor Amphion with sore grief distrest,
 Hoping to soothe his cares by endless rest,
 Had sheath'd a dagger in his wretched breast. 40
 And she, who toss'd her high disdainful head,
 When thro' the streets in solemn pomp she led
 The throng that from Latona's altar fled,
 Assuming state beyond the proudest queen,
 Was now the miserablest object seen. 45
 Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell,
 And kiss'd an undistinguish'd last farewell.
 Then, her pale arms advancing to the skies,

"Cruel Latona! triumph now," she cries.

"My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,
And with my woes your thirsty passion quench;
Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,
While the sore pangs of sev'n such deaths I bear.

Triumph, too cruel rival, and display
Your conqu'ring standard; for you've won the day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet, though sev'n are slain,
Superior still in number I remain."

Scarce had she spoke; the bow-string's twanging sound
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrours all around;
Which all, but Niobe alone, confound.
Stunn'd, and obdurate by her load of grief,
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.

Before the funeral biers, all weeping sad,
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad.
When one, surpris'd, and stung with sudden smart,
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart:
But to grim death her blooming youth resigns,
And o'er her brothers' corpse her dying head reclines.

This to assuage her mother's anguish tries,
And, silenc'd in the pious action, dies;
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death,
Her falt'ring lips but only gasp'd for breath.
One, on her dying sister, breathes her last;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are plac'd:
This hiding, from her fate a shelter seeks;
That trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks.

And all in vain; for now all six had found
Their way to death, each by a diff'rent wound.
The last with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,
And with her body guarded, as a shield.

"Only for this, this youngest, I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more;
O grant me this!" she passionately cries:
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.

Widow'd, and childless, lamentable state!
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
To ev'ry breath of wind unmov'd her hair;
Her cheek still redd'ning, but its colour dead,
Faded her eyes, and set within her head.

No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips.
Stagnate, and dull, within her purple veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse,

Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose:
 Action and life from ev'ry part are gone,
 And ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone;
 Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy winds,
 Borne thro' the air her native country finds;
 There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
 There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

5

—SAMUEL CROXALL.



DÆDALUS AND ICARUS

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII]

In tedious exile now too long detain'd,
 Dædalus languish'd for his native land:
 The sea foreclos'd his flight; yet thus he said;
 "Though earth and water in subjection laid,
 O cruel Minos, thy dominion be,
 We'll go through air; for sure the air is free."
 Then to new arts his cunning thought applies,
 And to improve the work of nature tries.
 A row of quills in gradual order plac'd,
 Rise by degrees in length from first to last;
 As on a cliff th' ascending thicket grows,
 Or different reeds the rural pipe compose.
 Along the middle runs a twine of flax,
 The bottom stems are join'd by pliant wax.
 Thus, well compact, a hollow bending brings
 The fine composure into real wings.

10

15

20

His boy, young Icarus, that near him stood,
 Unthinking of his fate, with smiles pursu'd
 The floating feathers, which the moving air
 Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and there;
 Or with the wax impertinently play'd,
 And with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.

25

30

The final master-stroke at last impos'd,
 And now the neat machine completely clos'd;
 Fitting his pinions on, a flight he tries,
 And hung self-balanc'd in the beaten skies.
 Then thus instructs his child: "My boy, take care
 To wing your course along the middle air;
 If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;
 If high, the Sun the melting wax consumes:

35

Steer between both: nor to the northern skies,
 Nor south Orion, turn your giddy eyes:
 But follow me: let me before you lay
 Rules for the flight, and mark the pathless way."

5 Then teaching, with a fond concern, his son,
 He took the untry'd wings, and fix'd them on;
 But fix'd with trembling hands, and as he speaks,
 The tears roll gently down his aged cheeks:
 Then kiss'd, and in his arms embrac'd him fast,
 10 But knew not this embrace must be the last.
 And mounting upward, as he wings his flight,
 Back on his charge he turns his aching sight;
 As parent birds, when first their callow care
 Leave the high nest to tempt the liquid air.
 15 Then cheers him on, and oft, with fatal art,
 Reminds the stripling to perform his part.

These, as the angler at the silent brook,
 Or mountain-shepherd leaning on his crook,
 Or gaping ploughman, from the vale describes,
 20 They stare, and view them with religious eyes,
 And straight conclude them gods; since none, but they,
 Through their own azure skies could find a way.
 Now Delos, Paros, on the left are seen,
 And Samos, favour'd by Jove's haughty queen;
 25 Upon the right, the isle Lebynthos nam'd,
 And fair Calymne for its honey fam'd.
 When now the boy, whose childish thoughts aspire
 To loftier aims, and make him ramble higher,
 Grown wild, and wanton, more embolden'd flies
 30 Far from his guide, and soars among the skies,
 The soft'ning wax, that felt a nearer sun,
 Dissolv'd apace, and soon began to run.
 The youth in vain his melting pinions shakes;
 His feathers gone, no longer air he takes.
 35 "Oh! father, father," as he strove to cry,
 Down to the sea he tumbled from on high,
 And found his fate; yet still subsists by fame,
 Among those waters that retain his name.

The father, now no more a father, cries,
 40 "Ho, Icarus! where are you?" as he flies;
 Where shall I seek my boy?" he cries again,
 And saw his feathers scatter'd on the main.
 Then curs'd his art; and funeral rites conferr'd,
 Naming the country from the youth interr'd.

—SAMUEL CROXALL.



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII]

Heav'n's pow'r is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
 The manufactured mass, the making pow'r obey:
 By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
 Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
 Stand on a mod'rate rise, with wonder shown, 5
 One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
 I saw the place, and them, by Pittheus sent
 To Phrygian realms; my grandsire's government.
 Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
 Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant: 10
 Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
 Of mortal men conceal'd their deities;
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
 And many toilsome steps together trod:
 For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd, 15
 Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
 At last a hospitable house they found,
 A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
 Was thatch'd with reeds and straw, together bound.

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there 20
 Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy pair:
 Now old in love, though little was their store,
 Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
 Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
 For master, or for servant here to call, 25
 Was all alike, where only two were all.
 Command was none, where equal love was paid,
 Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
 Now stooping, enter'd through the little door: 30
 The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
 A common settle drew for either guest,
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
 But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
 Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise; 35
 Coarse, but the best she had: then rakes the load
 Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living coals; and, lest they should expire,
 With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire:
 It smokes; and then with trembling breath she blows, 40
 Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
 With brush-wood, and with chips she strengthens these,
 And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
 The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,

- (Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
 Next took the coleworts which her husband got
 From his own ground, (a small wellwater'd spot;)
 She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
 5 She cull'd, and them with handy care she drest.
 High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
 Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
 And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
 10 Yet a large portion of a little store,
 Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
 This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
 To tame the flesh, and drive the salt away.
 The time between, before the fire they sat,
 15 And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
 A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
 Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
 This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
 20 And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat.
 This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
 Shallow the feet, the borders, and the stead,
 Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
 But coarse old garments; yet such robes as these
 25 They laid alone at feasts, on holidays.
 The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
 The table sets; th' invited gods lie down.
 The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
 A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
 30 Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
 So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
 A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
 Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
 35 The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
 Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
 In lees of wine well pickled, and preserv'd.
 A garden-salad was the third supply,
 Of endive, radishes, and succory:
 40 Then curds and cream, the flow'r of country fare,
 And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
 Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
 All these in earthenware were serv'd to board;
 And next in place an earthen pitcher, stor'd
 45 With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
 This was the table's ornament and pride,
 With figures wrought: like pages at his side
 Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,

Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
 By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
 And to the table sent the smoking lard;
 On which with eager appetite they dine,
 A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wine: 5
 The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
 The second course succeeds like that before,
 Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
 Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set 10
 In canisters, t'enlarge the little treat:
 All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
 Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd:
 But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
 With hearty welcome, and an open face: 15
 In all they did, you might discern with ease
 A willing mind, and a desire to please.
 Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
 Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill;
 Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord 20
 Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
 Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
 With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
 And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
 Excusing, as they could, their country fare. 25
 One goose they had, ('twas all they could allow)
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
 Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd;
 She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd: 30
 Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment;
 But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies: 35
 He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
 And sav'd her life; the what he was declar'd,
 And own'd the god. "The neighbourhood," said he,
 "Shall justly perish for impiety;
 You stand alone exempted; but obey 40
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
 Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
 Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight."
 They haste, and what their tardy feet deny'd,
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd. 45
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
 Then turn their now-no-more-forbidden eyes;
 Lost in a lake the floated level lies:

A watery desert covers all the plains,
 Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
 Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they deplore
 Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
 5 Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems from the ground, increas'd in height and bulk, to grow.
 A stately temple shoots within the skies,
 The crotches of their cot in columns rise:
 The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
 10 The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:
 "Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
 And thou, O woman, only worthy found
 To be with such a man in marriage bound."

15 Awhile they whisper; then to Jove address'd,
 Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
 "We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
 And offer at your altar rites divine;
 And since not any action of our life
 20 Has been polluted with domestic strife;
 We beg one hour of death, that neither she
 With widow'd tears may live to bury me,
 Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
 My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."

25 The godheads sign their suit. They run the race
 In the same tenour all th' appointed space;
 Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
 These past adventures at the temple gate,
 Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
 30 Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
 Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
 New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
 35 Then, ere the bark about their shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu.
 At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
 At once th' incroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
 Ev'n yet an ancient Tyanæan shows
 40 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
 The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I myself saw the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows,
 45 And off'ring fresher up, with pious pray'r,
 "The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly honour share."

—JOHN DRYDEN.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book X]

Thence, in his saffron robe, for distant Thrace,
 Hymen departs, through air's unmeasur'd space;
 By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial pow'r attends,
 But with ill-omen'd augury descends:
 Nor cheerful look'd the god, nor prosp'rous spoke, 5
 Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hissing smoke.
 In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
 No rapid motion can its flames awake.
 With dread these inauspicious signs were view'd,
 And soon a more disastrous end ensu'd; 10
 For as the bride, amid the Naiad train,
 Ran joyful sporting o'er the flow'ry plain,
 A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd;
 Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.
 When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd, 15
 Not by superior pow'rs to be restor'd;
 Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair,
 He leaves the realms of light, and upper air;
 Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,
 And tempt the shades in their obscure abode; 20
 Through gliding spectres of th' interr'd to go,
 And phantom people of the world below;
 Persephone he seeks, and him who reigns
 O'er ghosts, and Hell's uncomfortable plains.
 Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings, 25
 Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings.
 "Ye pow'rs, who under Earth your realms extend,
 To whom all mortals must one day descend;
 If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell,
 I come not curious to explore your Hell; 30
 Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
 How Cerberus at my approach retir'd.
 My wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake
 These terrours I support, this journey take.
 She, luckless wand'ring, or by fate misled, 35
 Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread;
 The vengeful beast, inflam'd with fury, starts,
 And through her heel his deathful venom darts.
 Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb;
 Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom. 40
 Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,
 And strongly strove, but strove, alas! in vain:
 At length I yielded, won by mighty Love;
 Well known is that omnipotence above!

But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails;
 And yet a hope within my heart prevails,
 That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;
 At least if truth be by tradition told;
 5 If fame of former rapes belief may find,
 You both by love, and love alone were join'd.
 Now by the horrors which these realms surround;
 By the vast chaos of these depths profound;
 By the sad silence which eternal reigns
 10 O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains,
 Let me again Eurydice receive,
 Let Fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave.
 All our possessions are but loans from you,
 And soon, or late, you must be paid your due;
 15 Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,
 Your endless empire, and our sure retreat.
 She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
 Must, of avoidless right, be yours again:
 I but the transient use of that require,
 20 Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
 But if the destinies refuse my vow,
 And no remission of her doom allow;
 Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;
 So both retain, or both to life restore."

25 Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
 And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
 The very bloodless shades attention keep,
 And silent, seem compassionate to weep;
 Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
 30 Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues;
 Ixion's wond'ring wheel its whirl suspends,
 And the voracious vulture, charm'd attends;
 No more the Belides their toil bemoan,
 And Sisyphus, reclin'd, sits list'ning on his stone.

35 Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdu'd,
 The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd.
 Nor could the rigid king, or queen of Hell,
 Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.

Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd
 40 Eurydice was call'd, and stood reviv'd:
 Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel
 The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.
 Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
 On strict observance of the terms requir'd:
 45 For if, before he reach the realms of air,
 He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
 The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
 And she for ever left a lifeless shade.

Now through the noiseless throng their way they bend,

And both with pain the rugged road ascend;
 Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
 And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
 They well nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
 And just approach'd the margin of the light, 5
 When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,
 And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
 His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast,
 To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last;
 For, instant dying, she again descends, 10
 While he to empty air his arm extends.
 Again she dy'd, nor yet her lord reprov'd;
 What could she say, but that too well he lov'd?
 One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard;
 So soon she dropt, so sudden disappear'd. 15
 All stunn'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd
 By second fate, and double death subdu'd:
 Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,
 Whom Cerberus beholding turn'd to stone;
 Nor Olenus could more astonish'd look, 20
 When on himself Lethea's fault he took,
 His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd
 Her face to vie with goddesses compar'd:
 Once join'd by love, they stand united still,
 Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hill. 25
 Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries:
 Charon averse, his pressing suit denies.
 Sev'n days entire, along th' infernal shores,
 Disconsolate, the bard Eurydice deplores;
 Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears his cheeks, 30
 No sustenance but grief, and cares, he seeks:
 Of rigid fate incessant he complains,
 And Hell's inexorable gods arraigns.
 This ended, to high Rhodope he hastes,
 And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with northern blasts. 35
 And now his yearly race the circling Sun
 Had thrice complete through wat'ry Pisces run,
 Since Orpheus fled the face of womankind,
 And all soft union with the sex declin'd.
 Whether his ill success this change had bred, 40
 Or binding vows made to his former bed;
 Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymphs contest,
 With rival eyes to warm his frozen breast:
 For ev'ry nymph with love his lays inspir'd,
 But ev'ry nymph repuls'd, with grief retir'd. 45

—WILLIAM CONGREVE.



STORIES OF EARLY ROME: LIVY

VALUE OF THE PAST¹

[The Preface]

Titus Livius was born at Padua in 59 B.C., and died there in 17 A.D. For the greater part of his life he lived quietly at Rome, a teacher and a writer. Though in spirit a Republican, he won the favor and friendship of the emperor Augustus. He is the only prominent writer of prose of the Augustan age. Of his general history of Rome from its foundation to his own day only portions have come down to us. The first sections of it furnish us with most of what is known about the early times, and even the literary movements of the period of the Republic before Cicero have to be sketched in from his work. Fortunately, Livy is much more than a mere chronicler of political and military events and institutions; he seeks to narrate also the development of Roman culture. He brings to his task a philosophical training and a mastery of the art of narration.

Livy will not stand comparison with Thucydides, the great Athenian historian, in scientific method or accuracy; but in a clear arrangement of large masses of historic material, in a style that is spirited, and in an appreciation of the glorious past of Republican Rome so vivid that through his pages Rome still lives, he has his reward.

The conception of history as a guide in public morality is characteristic of the point of view of Roman historians and biographers. Their concentration upon this phase of it accounts in part for certain sorts of carelessness in their treatment of history as a record.

Whether I am likely to accomplish anything worthy of the labour, if I record the achievements of the Roman people from the foundation of the city, I do not really know, nor if I knew would I dare to avouch it; perceiving as I do that the theme is not only old but hackneyed, through
 5 the constant succession of new historians, who believe either that in their facts they can produce more authentic information, or that in their style they will prove better than the rude attempts of the ancients. Yet, however this shall be, it will be a satisfaction to have done myself as much as lies in me to commemorate the deeds of the foremost people of the world;
 10 and if in so vast a company of writers my own reputation should be obscure, my consolation would be the fame and greatness of those whose renown will throw mine into the shade. Moreover, my subject involves infinite labour, seeing that it must be traced back above seven hundred years, and that proceeding from slender beginnings it has so increased as
 15 now to be burdened by its own magnitude; and at the same time I doubt not that to most readers the earliest origins and the period immediately succeeding them will give little pleasure, for they will be in haste to reach these modern times, in which the might of a people which has long been very powerful is working its own undoing. I myself, on the contrary, shall
 20 seek in this an additional reward for my toil, that I may avert my gaze

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

from the troubles which our age has been witnessing for so many years, so long at least as I am absorbed in the recollection of the brave days of old, free from every care which, even if it could not divert the historian's mind from the truth, might nevertheless cause it anxiety.

Such traditions as belong to the time before the city was founded, or rather was presently to be founded, and are rather adorned with poetic legends than based upon trustworthy historical proofs, I purpose neither to affirm nor to refute. It is the privilege of antiquity to mingle divine things with human, and so to add dignity to the beginnings of cities; and if any people ought to be allowed to consecrate their origins and refer them to a divine source, so great is the military glory of the Roman People that when they profess that their Father and the Father of their Founder was none other than Mars, the nations of the earth may well submit to this also with as good a grace as they submit to Rome's dominion. But to such legends as these, however they shall be regarded and judged, I shall, for my own part, attach no great importance. Here are the questions to which I would have every reader give his close attention—what life and morals were like; through what men and by what policies, in peace and in war, empire was established and enlarged; then let him note how, with the gradual relaxation of discipline, morals first gave way, as it were, then sank lower and lower, and finally began the downward plunge which has brought us to the present time, when we can endure neither our vices nor their cure.

What chiefly makes the study of history wholesome and profitable is this, that you behold the lessons of every kind of experience set forth as on a conspicuous monument; from these you may choose for yourself and for your own state what to imitate, from these mark for avoidance what is shameful in the conception and shameful in the result. For the rest, either love of the task I have set myself deceives me, or no state was ever greater, none more righteous or richer in good examples, none ever was where avarice and luxury came into the social order so late, or where humble means and thrift were so highly esteemed and held in honour. For true it is that the less men's wealth was, the less was their greed. Of late, riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction.

But complaints are sure to be disagreeable, even when they shall perhaps be necessary; let the beginning, at all events, of so great an enterprise have none. With good omens rather would we begin, and, if historians had the same custom which poets have, with prayers and entreaties to the gods and goddesses, that they might grant us to bring to a successful issue the great task we have undertaken.

—B. O. FOSTER.



THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN¹

[From Book I]

Rome was now strong enough to hold her own in war with any of the adjacent states; but owing to the want of women a single generation was likely to see the end of her greatness, since she had neither prospect of posterity at home nor the right of intermarriage with her neighbours.

5 So, on the advice of the senate, Romulus sent envoys round among all the neighbouring nations to solicit for the new people an alliance and the privilege of intermarrying. Cities, they argued, as well as all other things, take their rise from the lowliest beginnings. As time goes on, those which are aided by their own worth and by the favour of Heaven

10 achieve great power and renown. They said they were well assured that Rome's origin had been blessed with the favour of Heaven, and that worth would not be lacking; their neighbours should not be reluctant to mingle their stock and their blood with the Romans, who were as truly men as they were. Nowhere did the embassy obtain a friendly

15 hearing. In fact men spurned, at the same time that they feared, both for themselves and their descendants, that great power which was then growing up in their midst; and the envoys were frequently asked, on being dismissed, if they had opened a sanctuary for women as well as for men, for in that way only would they obtain suitable wives. This

20 was a bitter insult to the young Romans, and the matter seemed certain to end in violence. Expressly to afford a fitting time and place for this, Romulus, concealing his resentment, made ready solemn games in honour of the equestrian Neptune, which he called Consualia. He then bade proclaim the spectacle to the surrounding peoples, and his subjects pre-

25 pared to celebrate it with all the resources within their knowledge and power, that they might cause the occasion to be noised abroad and eagerly expected. Many people—for they were also eager to see the new city—gathered for the festival, especially those who lived nearest, the inhabitants of Cænina, Crustumium, and Antemnæ. The Sabines, too, came with

30 all their people, including their children and wives. They were hospitably entertained in every house, and when they had looked at the site of the city, its walls, and its numerous buildings, they marvelled that Rome had so rapidly grown great. When the time came for the show, and people's thoughts and eyes were busy with it, the preconcerted attack

35 began. At a given signal the young Romans darted this way and that, to seize and carry off the maidens. In most cases these were taken by the men in whose path they chanced to be. Some, of exceptional beauty, had been marked out for the chief senators, and were carried off to their houses by plebeians to whom the office had been entrusted. One, who

40 far excelled the rest in mien and loveliness, was seized, the story relates, by the gang of a certain Thalassius. Being repeatedly asked for whom they were bearing her off, they kept shouting that no one should touch

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

her, for they were taking her to Thalassius, and this was the origin of the wedding-cry. The sports broke up in a panic, and the parents of the maidens fled sorrowing. They charged the Romans with the crime of violating hospitality, and invoked the gods to whose solemn games they had come, deceived in violation of religion and honour. The stolen maidens 5 were no more hopeful of their plight, nor less indignant. But Romulus himself went amongst them and explained that the pride of their parents had caused this deed, when they had refused their neighbours the right to intermarry; nevertheless the daughters should be wedded and become co-partners in all the possessions of the Romans, in their citizenship and, 10 dearest privilege of all to the human race, in their children; only let them moderate their anger, and give their hearts to those to whom fortune had given their persons. A sense of injury had often given place to affection, and they would find their husbands the kinder for this reason, that every man would earnestly endeavour not only to be a good husband, 15 but also to console his wife for the home and parents she had lost. His arguments were seconded by the wooing of the men, who excused their act on the score of passion and love, the most moving of all pleas to a woman's heart.

The resentment of the brides was already much diminished at the very 20 moment when their parents, in mourning garb and with tears and lamentations, were attempting to rouse their states to action. Nor did they confine their complaints to their home towns, but thronged from every side to the house of Titus Tatius, king of the Sabines; and thither, too, came official embassies, for the name of Tatius was greatest in all that 25 country...

The Romans and the Sabines renewed their battle in the valley that lies between the two hills. But the advantage rested with the Romans. Then the Sabine women, whose wrong had given rise to the war, with loosened hair and torn garments, their woman's timidity lost in a sense 30 of their misfortune, dared to go amongst the flying missiles, and rushing in from the side, to part the hostile forces and disarm them of their anger, beseeching their fathers on this side, on that their husbands, that fathers-in-law and sons-in-law should not stain themselves with impious bloodshed, nor pollute with parricide the suppliants' children, grandsons to 35 one party and sons to the other. "If you regret," they continued, "the relationship that unites you, if you regret the marriage-tie, turn your anger against us; we are the cause of the war, the cause of wounds, and even death to both our husbands and our parents. It will be better for us to perish than to live, lacking either of you, as widows or as orphans." 40 It was a touching plea, not only to the rank and file, but to their leaders as well. A stillness fell on them, and a sudden hush. Then the leaders came forward to make a truce, and not only did they agree on peace but they made one people out of the two. They shared the sovereignty, but all authority was transferred to Rome. 45

—B. O. FOSTER.



THE HORATII¹

[From Book I]

It chanced that there were in each of these armies triplet brothers, not ill-matched either in age or in physical prowess. That they were Horatii and Curiatii is generally allowed, and scarcely any other ancient tradition is better known; yet, in spite of the celebrity of the affair, an
 5 uncertainty persists in regard to the names—to which people, that is, the Horatii belonged, and to which the Curiatii. The writers of history are divided. Still, the majority, I find, call the Roman brothers Horatii, and theirs is the opinion I incline to adopt. To these young men the kings proposed a combat in which each should fight for his own city, the
 10 dominion to belong with the side where the victory should rest. No objection was raised, and time and place were agreed on. Before proceeding with the battle, a treaty was made between the Romans and the Albans, providing that the nation whose citizens should triumph in this contest should hold undisputed sway over the other nation...

15 When the treaty had been established, the brothers armed themselves, in accordance with the agreement. On either side the soldiers urged on their champions. They reminded them that their fathers' gods, their native land, their parents, and all their countrymen, whether at home or with the army, had their eye only on their swords and their right hands. Eager
 20 for the combat, as well owing to their native spirit as to the shouts of encouragement which filled their ears, the brothers advanced into the space between the two lines of battle. The two armies were drawn up, each in front of its own camp, no longer in any immediate danger, but their concern as great as ever; and no wonder, since empire was staked
 25 on those few men's valour and good fortune! Alert, therefore, and in suspense, they concentrated their attention upon this unpleasing spectacle. The signal was given, and with drawn steel, like advancing battle-lines, the six young men rushed to the charge, breathing the courage of great armies. Neither side thought of its own danger, but of the nation's
 30 sovereignty or servitude, and how from that day forward their country must experience the fortune they should themselves create. The instant they encountered, there was a clash of shields and a flash of glittering blades, while a deep shudder ran through the onlookers, who, as long as neither side had the advantage, remained powerless to speak or breathe.
 35 Then, in the hand-to-hand fight which followed, wherein were soon exhibited to men's eyes not only struggling bodies and the play of the sword and shield, but also bloody wounds, two of the Romans fell, fatally wounded, one upon the other, while all three of the Albans were wounded. At the fall of the Romans a shout of joy burst from the Alban
 40 army, while the Roman levies now bade farewell to all their hopes; but not stricken at the plight of the single warrior whom the three Curiatii had surrounded. He happened to have got no hurt, and though no match

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

for his enemies together, was ready to fight them one at a time. So, to divide their attack, he fled, thinking that each of them would pursue him with what speed his wounds permitted. He had already run some little distance from the spot where they had fought, when, looking back, he saw that they were following at wide intervals and that one of them 5 had nearly overtaken him. Facing about, he ran swiftly up to his man, and while the Alban host were calling out to the Curiatii to help their brother, Horatius had already slain him, and was hastening, flushed with victory, to meet his second antagonist. Then with a cheer, such as is often drawn from partisans by a sudden turn in a contest, the Romans 10 encouraged their champion, and he pressed on to end the battle. And so, before the third Curiatius could come up—and he was not far off—Horatius dispatched the second. They were now on even terms, one soldier surviving on each side, but in hope and vigour they were far from equal. The one, unscathed and elated by his double victory, was eager for a 15 third encounter. The other dragged himself along, faint from his wound and exhausted with running! He thought how his brothers had been slaughtered before him, and was a beaten man when he faced his triumphant foe. What followed was no combat. The Roman cried exultantly, “Two victims I have given to the shades of my brothers: the third I will 20 offer up to the cause of this war, that Roman may rule Alban.” His adversary could barely hold up his shield. With a downward thrust Horatius buried his sword in the Alban’s throat, and despoiled him where he lay. The Romans welcomed their hero with jubilations and thanksgivings, and their joy was all the greater that they had come near despairing. 25 The burial of their dead then claimed the attention of the two armies,—with widely different feelings, since one nation was exalted with imperial power, the other made subject to a foreign sway. The graves may still be seen where each soldier fell: two Roman graves in one spot, nearer Alba; those of the three Albans towards Rome, but separated, 30 just as they had fought.

Before they left the field Mettius asked, in pursuance of the compact, what Tullius commanded him to do, and the Roman ordered him to hold his young men under arms, saying that he should employ their services, if war broke out with the Veientes. The armies then marched 35 home. In the van of the Romans came Horatius, displaying his triple spoils. As he drew near the Porta Capena he was met by his unwedded sister, who had been promised in marriage to one of the Curiatii. When she recognized on her brother’s shoulders the military cloak of her betrothed, which she herself had woven, she loosed her hair and, weeping, 40 called on her dead lover’s name. It enraged the fiery youth to hear his sister’s lamentations in the hour of his own victory and the nation’s great rejoicing. And so, drawing his sword and at the same time angrily upbraiding her, he ran her through the body. “Begone,” he cried, “to your betrothed, with your ill-timed love, since you have forgot your brothers, 45 both the dead and the living, and forgot your country! So perish every Roman who mourns a foe!”

Horrid as this deed seemed to the Fathers and the people, his recent

- service was an off-set to it; nevertheless he was seized and brought before the king for trial. The king, that he might not take upon himself the responsibility for so stern and unpopular a judgment, and for the punishment which must follow sentence, called together the council of the
- 5 people and said: "In accordance with the law I appoint duumvirs to pass judgment upon Horatius for treason." The dread formula of the law ran thus: "Let the duumvirs pronounce him guilty of treason; if he shall appeal from the duumvirs, let the appeal be tried; if the duumvirs win, let the lictor veil his head; let him bind him with a rope to a barren tree;
- 10 let him scourge him either within or without the pomerium." By the terms of this law duumvirs were appointed. They considered that they might not acquit, under that act, even one who was innocent, and having given a verdict of guilty, one of them pronounced the words, "Publius Horatius, I adjudge you a traitor; go, lictor, bind his hands." The lictor
- 15 had approached and was about to fit the noose. Then Horatius, at the prompting of Tullus, who put a merciful construction upon the law, cried, "I appeal!" And so the appeal was tried before the people. What influenced men most of all in that trial was the assertion of Publius Horatius, the father, that his daughter had been justly slain; otherwise
- 20 he should have used a father's authority and have punished his son, himself. He then implored them not to make him childless whom they had beheld a little while before surrounded by a goodly offspring. So saying, the old man embraced the youth, and pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii set up in the place which is now called "the Horatian Spears,"
- 25 he exclaimed, "This man you saw but lately advancing decked with spoils and triumphing in his victory; can you bear, Quirites, to see him bound beneath a fork and scourged and tortured? Hardly could Alban eyes endure so hideous a sight. Go, lictor, bind the hands which but now, with sword and shield, brought imperial power to the Roman people! Go,
- 30 veil the head of the liberator of this city! Bind him to a barren tree! Scourge him within the pomerium, if you will—so it be amidst yonder spears and trophies of our enemies—or outside the pomerium—so it be amongst the graves of the Curiatii! For whither can you lead this youth where his own honours will not vindicate him from so foul a punishment?"
- 35 The people could not withstand the father's tears, or the courage of Horatius himself, steadfast in every peril; and they acquitted him, more in admiration of his valour than from the justice of his cause. And so, that the flagrant murder might yet be cleansed away, by some kind of expiatory rite, the father was commanded to make atonement for his
- 40 son at the public cost. He therefore offered certain piacular sacrifices, which were thenceforward handed down in the Horatian family, and, erecting a beam across the street, to typify a yoke, he made his son pass under it, with covered head. It remains to this day, being restored from time to time at the state's expense, and is known as "the Sister's Beam."
- 45 Horatia's tomb, of hewn stone, was built on the place where she had been struck down.

—B. O. FOSTER.



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE¹

[From Book II]

When the enemy appeared, the Romans all, with one accord, withdrew from their fields into the City, which they surrounded with guards. Some parts appeared to be rendered safe by their walls, others by the barrier formed by the river Tiber. The bridge of piles almost afforded an entrance to the enemy, had it not been for one man, Horatius Cocles; 5 he was the bulwark of defence on which that day depended the fortune of the City of Rome. He chanced to be on guard at the bridge when Janiculum was captured by a sudden attack of the enemy. He saw them as they charged down on the run from Janiculum, while his own people behaved like a frightened mob, throwing away their arms and quitting 10 their ranks. Catching hold first of one and then of another, blocking their way and conjuring them to listen, he called on gods and men to witness that if they forsook their post it was vain to flee; once they had left a passage in their rear by the bridge, there would soon be more of the enemy on the Palatine and the Capitol than on Janiculum. He therefore 15 warned and commanded them to break down the bridge with steel, with fire, with any instrument at their disposal; and promised that he would himself receive the onset of the enemy, so far as it could be withstood by a single body. Then, striding to the head of the bridge, conspicuous amongst the fugitives who were clearly seen to be shirking the fight, 20 he covered himself with his sword and buckler and made ready to do battle at close quarters, confounding the Etruscans with amazement at his audacity. Yet were there two who were prevented by shame from leaving him. These were Spurius Larcius and Titus Herminius, both famous for their birth and their deeds. With these he endured the peril 25 of the first rush and the stormiest moment of the battle. But after a while he forced even these two to leave him and save themselves, for there was scarcely anything left of the bridge, and those who were cutting it down called to them to come back. Then, darting glances of defiance around at the Etruscan nobles, he now challenged them in turn to fight, 30 now railed at them collectively as slaves of haughty kings, who, heedless of their own liberty, were come to overthrow the liberty of others. They hesitated for a moment, each looking to his neighbour to begin the fight. Then shame made them attack, and with a shout they cast their javelins from every side against their solitary foe. But he caught them all upon 35 his shield, and, resolute as ever, bestrode the bridge and held his ground; and now they were trying to dislodge him by a charge, when the crash of the falling bridge and the cheer which burst from the throats of the Romans, exulting in the completion of their task, checked them in mid-career with a sudden dismay. Then Cocles cried, "O Father Tiberinus, 40 I solemnly invoke thee; receive these arms and this soldier with propitious stream!" So praying, all armed as he was, he leaped down into the river,

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

and under a shower of missiles swam across unhurt to his fellows, having given proof of valour which was destined to obtain more fame than credence with posterity. The state was grateful for so brave a deed; a statue of Cocles was set up in the comitium, and he was given as much
 5 land as he could plough around in one day. Private citizens showed their gratitude in a striking fashion, in the midst of his official honours, for notwithstanding their great distress everybody made him some gift proportionate to his means, though he robbed himself of his own ration.

—B. O. FOSTER.



VIRGINIA¹

[From Book III]

This outrage was followed by another, committed in Rome, which
 10 was inspired by lust and was no less shocking in its consequences than that which had led, through the rape and the death of Lucretia, to the expulsion of the Tarquini from the City and from their throne; thus not only did the same end befall the decemvirs as had befallen the kings, but the same cause deprived them of their power. Appius Claudius was
 15 seized with the desire to debauch a certain maiden belonging to the plebs. The girl's father, Lucius Virginius, a centurion of rank, was serving on Algidus, a man of exemplary life at home and in the army. His wife had been brought up in the same principles, and his children were being trained in them. He had betrothed his daughter to the former tribune
 20 Lucius Icilius, an active man of proven courage in the cause of the plebeians. She was a grown girl, remarkably beautiful, and Appius, crazed with love, attempted to seduce her with money and promises. But finding that her modesty was proof against everything, he resolved on a course of cruel and tyrannical violence. He commissioned Marcus Claudius, his
 25 client, to claim the girl as his slave, and not to yield to those who demanded her liberation, thinking that the absence of the maiden's father afforded an opportunity for the wrong. As Virginia was entering the Forum—for there, in booths, were the elementary schools—the minister of the decemvir's lust laid his hand upon her, and calling her the daughter of his
 30 bond-woman and herself a slave, commanded her to follow him, and threatened to drag her off by force if she hung back. Terror made the maiden speechless, but the cries of her nurse imploring help of the Quirites quickly brought a crowd about them. The names of Virginius her father and of her betrothed Icilius were known and popular. Their acquaintance
 35 were led to support the girl out of regard for them; the crowd was influenced by the shamelessness of the attempt. She was already safe from

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

violence, when the claimant protested that there was no occasion for the people to become excited; he was proceeding lawfully, not by force. He then summoned the girl to court. She was advised by her supporters to follow him, and they went before the tribunal of Appius. The plaintiff acted out a comedy familiar to the judge, since it was he and no other 5 who had invented the plot: The girl had been born, said Marcus, in his house, and had thence been stealthily conveyed to the home of Virginius and palmed off upon him as his own; he had good evidence for what he said, and would prove it even though Virginius himself were judge, who was more wronged than he was; meanwhile it was right that the 10 hand-maid should follow her master. The friends of the girl said that Virginius was absent on the service of the state; he would be at hand in two days' time if he were given notice of the matter; it was unjust that a man should be involved in litigation about his children when away from home; they therefore requested Appius to leave the case open until 15 the father arrived, and in accordance with the law he had himself proposed, grant the custody of the girl to the defendants, nor suffer a grown maiden's honour to be jeopardized before her freedom should be adjudicated.

Appius prefaced his decision by saying that it was evident how much he favoured liberty from the very law which the friends of Virginius 20 made the pretext for their claim; but the law would afford liberty a sure protection only if it varied neither with causes nor with persons; for in the case of others who were claimed as free, the demand was legal, since any one might bring an action: in the case of one who was under the authority of a father there was no one else to whom the master ought 25 to yield the custody; accordingly he decreed that the father should be summoned, and that meanwhile the claimant should not relinquish his right, but should take the girl in charge and guarantee that she should be produced at the coming of him who was called her father.

Against the injustice of the decree, though many murmured their dis- 30 approval, there was not a single man who dared to stand out; then Publius Numitorius, the girl's great-uncle, and her lover, Icilius, arrived on the scene. When a path had been opened for them through the throng, since the crowd believed that the intervention of Icilius would be particularly effectual in resisting Appius, the lictor cried that the case had 35 been decided, and as Icilius began to protest, attempted to thrust him aside. Even a placid nature would have been incensed by so violent an insult. "You must use iron to rid yourself of me, Appius," he cried, "that you may carry through in silence what you desire should be concealed. This maiden I am going to wed; and I intend that my bride shall 40 be chaste. So call together all your colleagues' lictors too; bid them make ready rods and axes: the promised wife of Icilius shall not pass the night outside her father's house. No! If you have taken from the Roman plebs the assistance of the tribunes and the right of appeal, two citadels for the defence of liberty, it has not therefore been granted to your lust to 45 lord it over our children and our wives as well! Vent your rage upon our backs and our necks: let our chastity at least be safe. If that shall be assailed, I will call on the Quirites here present to protect my bride,

Virginus will invoke the help of the soldiers in behalf of his only daughter, and all of us will implore the protection of gods and men; nor shall you ever make good that threat of yours without shedding our blood. I ask you, Appius, to consider earnestly whither you are going. Let Virginus
5 decide what to do about his daughter, when he comes; but of one thing he may rest assured: if he yields to this man's claim, he will have to seek a husband for her. As for me, in defence of the freedom of my bride I will sooner die than prove disloyal."

The crowd was deeply moved and a conflict appeared to be imminent.
10 The lictors had surrounded Icilius, but had nevertheless gone no further than to threaten him, since Appius declared that it was not a question of Virginia's defence by Icilius, but of a turbulent fellow, who even now breathed the spirit of the tribunate, seeking an opportunity to stir up strife. He would furnish him no excuse for it that day; but that he might
15 know now that the concession had not been made to his own wantonness but to the absent Virginus, to the name of father, and to liberty, he would not pronounce judgment that day nor deliver a decision; he would request Marcus Claudius to waive his right and suffer the girl to remain at large until the morrow; but unless the father should appear the next day, he
20 gave notice to Icilius and to those like Icilius that the proposer of his law would not fail to support it, nor the decemvir be wanting in firmness; and in any case he should not call together his colleagues' lictors to repress the instigators of sedition, but rest content with his own.

The time for accomplishing the wrong having been postponed, the
25 girl's supporters went apart by themselves, and decided that first of all the brother of Icilius and the son of Numitorius, active young men, should proceed straight to the City gate and make all possible haste to the camp, to summon Virginus; for the maiden's safety turned on her protector's being at hand in time. They set out the moment they got
30 their orders, and galloping their horses, carried the message through to the father. When the claimant of the girl pressed Icilius to furnish the sureties required of her guarantor, and Icilius said that it was precisely that which he was considering (though he was doing his best to consume time, that the messengers who had been dispatched to the camp might
35 get a start on the way), the people began on every side to raise their hands, and every man of them to indicate his readiness to go bail for Icilius. And Icilius said, with tears in his eyes, "I am grateful to you; to-morrow I will use your services; of sureties I now have enough." So Virginia was surrendered, on the security of her kinsmen. Appius waited
40 a little while, that he might not appear to have sat for this case only, and when nobody applied to him—for all other matters were forgotten in men's concern over this,—he went to his house and wrote to his colleagues in camp that they should grant no furlough to Virginus, and should even detain him in custody. His base design was too late, as it
45 deserved to be; Virginus had already got his leave, and had set out in the fore-part of the night, nor was it until early the next morning that the letters for detaining him were delivered, to no purpose.

But in the City, as the citizens at break of day were standing in the

Forum, agog with expectation, Virginius, dressed in sordid clothes and leading his daughter, who was also meanly clad and was attended by a number of matrons, came down into the market-place with a vast throng of supporters. He then began to go about and canvass people, and not merely to ask their aid as a favour, but to claim it as his due, saying that he stood daily in the battle-line in defence of their children and their wives; that there was no man of whom more strenuous and courageous deeds in war could be related—to what end, if despite the safety of the City those outrages which were dreaded as the worst that could follow a city's capture must be suffered by their children? Pleading thus, as if in a kind of public appeal, he went about amongst the people. Similar appeals were thrown out by Icilius; but the women who attended them were more moving, as they wept in silence, than any words. In the face of all these things Appius hardened his heart—so violent was the madness, as it may more truly be called than love, that had overthrown his reason—and mounted the tribunal. The plaintiff was actually uttering a few words of complaint, on the score of having been balked of his rights the day before through partiality, when, before he could finish his demand, or Virginius be given an opportunity to answer, Appius interrupted him. The discourse with which he led up to his decree may perhaps be truthfully represented in some one of the old accounts, but since I can nowhere discover one that is plausible, it seems my duty to set forth the naked fact, upon which all agree, that he adjudged Virginia to him who claimed her as his slave. At first everybody was rooted to the spot in amazement at so outrageous a proceeding, and for a little while after the silence was unbroken. Then, when Marcus Claudius was making his way through the group of matrons to lay hold upon the girl, and had been greeted by the women with wails and lamentations, Virginius shook his fist at Appius and cried. "It was to Icilius, Appius, not to you that I betrothed my daughter; and it was for wedlock, not dishonour, that I brought her up. Would you have men imitate the beasts of the field and the forest in promiscuous gratification of their lust? Whether these people propose to tolerate such conduct I do not know: I cannot believe that those who have arms will endure it."

The claimant of the maiden was being forced back by the ring of women and supporters who surrounded her, when silence was commanded by a herald; and the decemvir, crazed with lust, declared that he knew, not only from the abusive words uttered by Icilius the day before and the violence of Virginius, which he could prove by the testimony of the Roman People, but also from definite information, that all through the night meetings had been held in the City to promote sedition. Accordingly, having been aware of the approaching struggle, he had come down into the Forum with armed men, not that he might do violence to any peaceable citizen, but to coerce, conformably to the dignity of his office, those who would disturb the nation's peace. "You will therefore," he cried, "best be quiet! Go, lictor, remove the mob and open a way for the master to seize his slave!" When he had wrathfully thundered out these words, the crowd parted spontaneously and left the girl standing there, a prey

to villainy. Then Virginius, seeing no help anywhere, said, "I ask you, Appius, first to pardon a father's grief if I have somewhat harshly inveighed against you; and then to suffer me to question the nurse here, in the maiden's presence, what all this means, that if I have been falsely
5 called a father, I may go away with a less troubled spirit." Permission being granted, he led his daughter and the nurse apart, to the booths near the shrine of Cloacina, now known as the "New Booths," and there, snatching a knife from a butcher, he exclaimed, "Thus, my daughter, in the only way I can, do I assert your freedom!" He then stabbed her
10 to the heart, and, looking back to the tribunal, cried, "'Tis you, Appius, and your life I devote to destruction with this blood!" The shout which broke forth at the dreadful deed roused Appius, and he ordered Virginius to be seized. But Virginius made a passage for himself with his knife wherever he came, and was also protected by a crowd of men who attached
15 themselves to him, and so reached the City gate. Icilius and Numitorius lifted up the lifeless body and showed it to the people, bemoaning the crime of Appius, the girl's unhappy beauty, and the necessity that had constrained her father. After them came the matrons crying aloud, "Was it on these terms that children were brought into the world? Were these
20 the rewards of chastity?"—with such other complaints as are prompted at a time like this by a woman's anguish, and are so much the more pitiful as their lack of self-control makes them the more give way to grief. The men, and especially Icilius, spoke only of the tribunician power; of the right of appeal to the people which had been taken from them;
25 and of their resentment at the nation's wrongs...

But Virginius begged them rather to pity himself and his daughter, and to hearken, not to the entreaties of the Claudian family, whose province it was to tyrannize over the plebs, but instead to those of Virginia's relations, the three plebeian tribunes, who had been appointed to help
30 the plebs but were themselves imploring the plebs to protect and comfort them. Men found more reason in his tears. And so Appius, cut off from hope, did not wait for the appointed day to come, but killed himself.

Immediately thereafter, Publius Numitorius caused the arrest of Spurius Oppius, who stood next in point of unpopularity, because he had been
35 in the City when the unjust verdict was pronounced by his colleague. Yet a wrong which Oppius committed was more responsible for men's bitterness towards him than the one which he failed to prevent. A witness was produced who, after enumerating his twenty-seven campaigns, during which he had eight times received special decorations, which he wore
40 in full sight of the people, tore open his tunic and exhibited his back, scored by the rods, professing that if the defendant could name any crime of which he had been guilty, he would suffer him without complaining, private citizen though he was, to vent his rage upon him a second time. Oppius too was led to prison, and before the day of trial he there put
45 an end to his life. The property of Claudius and that of Oppius was confiscated by the tribunes. Their colleagues in the decemvirate went into exile, and their possessions were forfeited. Marcus Claudius also, the claimant of Virginia, was cited and condemned, but at the instance

of Virginius himself the extreme penalty was remitted; and being allowed to depart, he went into exile at Tibur. And so the manes of Virginia, who was more fortunate after her death than she had been while alive, after ranging through so many houses in quest of vengeance, were finally at peace; for no guilty man remained.

—B. O. FOSTER.

5



VI. THE LOVER

Elegy is one of the few branches of literature in which the Romans may justly claim to have attained a higher point of excellence than did the Greeks before them. It was of course a Greek invention, and practically all its uses, themes, and motives are to be found in one place or another in the Greek product. But in this case no particular Greek poet was accepted by the Romans as a model and no one Greek employment of the form was taken as defining its scope. Rather, Roman elegy is a combination of all the leading themes and motives appearing in both the elegy of Greek classical times and in that of the Alexandrian period. Yet it is the latter rather than the former which determined the nature of the Roman product, in so far at least as it is mainly the erotic type and is a personal and subjective expression of the poet's own experience. The high quality of excellence attained by the Roman poets was due to their spontaneity, their genuineness of feeling, their ability to picture the actual life of at least one phase of contemporary society. Even when conscious imitation is practiced, as in Propertius, still so true is the poet's emotion, so real is his passion, that he goes far beyond his purpose of imitation.

It is possible to trace a steady development through the works of the canon of elegists listed by Ovid. Gallus, a contemporary and intimate friend of Virgil, seems to have been a close imitator of Alexandrian elegy, confining himself to the erotic and overloading it with learning and mythological allusion. Tibullus sang also of love, but in clear simple style, with genuine feeling, and entirely free from the defects of Alexandrianism. Propertius, the most passionate lover of them all, widened the field of elegy considerably by the addition of the ætiological story and by the introduction of certain new motives later elaborated into types by Ovid. Finally, Ovid perfected the mechanics of the verse, dealt with every conceivable phase of the subject of love—from the personal complaint of the lover to fictitious letters from mythological heroines and a formal didactic exposition of love as an art—made a theme hitherto treated seriously a plaything of his wit, and employed the form on totally new subject matter.

THE LOVER'S DEATH

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* II, 13a]

The thought of death as the final separation of lovers is a commonplace of elegy. To Propertius, however, it seems to have been more than a mere conventional motive. It was no doubt a very real fear to one who was far from robust in health and consequently given to moods of deep depression.

Then, soon as night o'ershades my dying eyes,
Hear my last charge; let no procession trail
Its lengthened pomp, to grace my obsequies,
No trump with empty moan my fate bewail.

5 Let not the ivory stand my bier sustain,
Nor on embroidered vests my corse recline;
Nor odour-breathing censers crowd the train:
The poor-man's mean solemnities be mine.

10 Enough of state—enough, if of my verse
Three slender rolls be borne with pious care:
No greater gift, attendant on my hearse,
Can soothe the breast of hell's imperial fair.

15 But thou, slow-following, beat thy naked breast,
Nor weary faint with calling on the dead:
Be thy last kisses to my cold lips prest,
While alabaster vases unguents shed.

When flames the pyre, and I am embers made,
My relics to an earthen shell convey:
Then plant a laurel, which the tomb may shade,
20 Where my quenched ashes rest, and grave the lay:

“What here a heap of shapeless ashes lies,
Was once the faithful slave of Love alone:”
Then shall my sepulchre renowned arise
As the betrothed Achilles' bloodstained stone.

25 And thou, whene'er thou yieldest thus to fate,
Oh dear one! seek the memorable way
Already trod; the mindful stones await
Thy second coming, and for thee they stay.

30 Meantime, whilst life endures, oh, warned beware
Lest thou the buried lover should'st despise:
Some conscious spark e'en mouldering ashes share:
The senseless clay is touched by injuries.

Ah! would some kinder Fate while yet I lay
In cradled sleep, had bid me breathe my last!
35 What boots the breath of our precarious day?
Nestor is dead, his three long ages past.

On Ilium's rampart had the Phrygian spear
Abridged his age, and sent a swifter doom:
He ne'er had seen his sons' untimely bier,
40 Nor cried, “Oh, death! why art thou slow to come?”

Thou thy lost friend shalt many a time deplore;
 And love may ever last for those who die:
 Witness Adonis, when the ruthless boar
 Smote in the Idalian brake his snowy thigh:

'Tis said, that Venus wept her lover lost,
 Trod the dank soil, and spread her streaming hair:
 Thou too in vain would'st call upon my ghost:
 These mouldered bones are dumb to thy despair.

—JOHN NOTT.



A ROMAN MATRON TO HER HUSBAND

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies IV, 11*]

This has been called the "queen of elegies." It represents a typical Roman matron as wife and mother speaking from her grave to those who remain to mourn her. It reads as if it might have been intended for a sepulchral inscription.

O Paulus! vex my grave with tears no more;
 No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
 When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
 Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
 'Twere vain: deaf shores will drink thy tears the while.
 Prayers move high heaven; but, pay the boatman's fare,
 The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile.

So sang the mournful trumpets when my head
 Sank on the bier before the ruthless fires.
 What then availed me Paulus' bridal bed,
 And cars triumphal of my valiant sires?

What all the pledges of my fair renown?
 Though flowed Rome's noblest blood in all my veins,
 Say, did it mitigate the Parcæ's frown?
 Lo! now five fingers lift my poor remains.

O darkness of the damned! O sullen mere!
 And every wave that clogs my tangled feet!

Though all too young, yet blameless came I here:
My tender shade may Pluto mildly treat.

Or, if as judge an Æacus preside,
With urn before him, in the realms below,
5 His jury let him draw, and then decide
My destiny for endless weal or woe.

The seat of judgment let his brothers share,
And the Eumenides, with hearts of steel,
Stand in the listening court by Minos' chair.
10 Rest Sisyphus; be still Ixion's wheel.

Drink, wave-mocked Tantalus; nor snap to-day
At shade, fell hound! hush, bars and chains of gloom;
I'll plead; if falsely, on my shoulders lay
The urn's eternal toil—the Sister's doom.

15 If e'er ancestral trophies earned renown,
Numantia's realms my father's deeds proclaim;
Like bays my mother's line, the Libos, crown;
Each house on well-won titles rests its fame.

I doffed the maiden's dress: I was a bride;
20 The matron's coif confined my braided hair;
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side;
I was but thine, my tombstone shall declare.

Witness, our sires, whose ashes Rome reveres,
Beneath whose names shorn Afric wails her fall,
25 Who, with the splendor of your conquering spears,
Smote Spain, Antiochus, proud Hannibal,

And Perseus, boasting the vast soul that gushed
In his great sire Achilles, and the might
Of that still greater ancestor, who crushed
30 Thy pride, Avernus, and thy realms of night!

Ne'er censor bent the law to screen my shame;
Your heart was aye the shrine of honor fair;
No slur I brought upon your stainless name;
Your house was noble—I the pattern there.

35 Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent;
From wedlock to its close our fame secure;
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent;
No fears could make my guileless heart more pure.

Though harsh the verdict of the urn, yet ne'er
My presence shall the purest virgin shame;
Not Claudia, crowned Cybebe's priestess rare,
Who with her girdle led the laggard Dame,

Or her whose linen robe—when Vesta sought
The intrusted fires—bade living flames arise. 5
I ne'er to thee, sweet mother, sorrow brought;
What, save my fate, wouldst thou have otherwise?

My meed—a mother's tears, the city's woe;
Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my bier; 10
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored robe I wore;
Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize;
My boys! my solace when I live no more, 15
Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear;
Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but one. 20

With offspring prop our line: the bark's afloat;
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee, 25
Burnt in my bones, still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
Their childish tears; thine all the burden now. 30
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone, 35
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,

My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
5 Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh! learn to watch your father's failing age,
10 And shield his weary, widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

15 My cause is pled. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

—JAMES CRANSTOUN.



LOVE IS THE GOD OF PEACE

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* III, 5]

Love is the God of peace: we lovers know
20 But love's hard combats, and a mistress-foe:
Not gold's devouring want my soul has curst;
Not from a jewelled cup I slake my thirst;
I plough not wide Campania's mellowed soil,
Nor for thy brass in ships, oh Corinth! toil:
25 Ah! hapless clay that erst Prometheus pressed,
Moulding a rash and unforeseeing breast:
The skill, that knit the frame, o'erlooked the heart:
An upright reasoning soul escaped his art.
Nor tost by winds we roam the troubled flood,
30 Link foe to foe, and restless pant for blood.
Fool! not on Acheron thy wealth shall float,

All naked drifting in the infernal boat.
The conqueror with the captive skims the tide,
And chained Jugurtha sits at Marius' side:
Robed Cræsus shares the tattered Irus' doom,
And owns that death the best, which soon shall come. 5
Me in youth's flower could Helicon entrance,
My hands with Muses linked in mazy dance:
Me has it charmed to bathe my soul in wine,
And vernal roses round my temples twine:
When irksome age hath stolen on love's delight, 10
And strewn my sable locks with sprinkled white:
Then may it please to search in Nature's ways,
And learn what God the world's vast fabric sways;
How dawns the rising east and fades again;
How the round moon repairs her crescent wane; 15
How winds the salt sea sweep, and the eastern blast
The billows warps, and clouds their ceaseless waters cast.
Whether a day shall come, when headlong, hurled
Shall fall the tottering pillars of the world;
Why drinks the purpling bow the rainy cloud; 20
Why Pindus' summits reel in earthquake bowed;
Why shines the sun's wheeled orb with umbered light.
His golden coursers palled in morning night;
Why turns Bootes slow his starry wain,
Why sparkling throned the Pleiads' clustered train; 25
Why bounded roll the deepening ocean's tides;
Why the full year in parted seasons glides;
If under earth Gods judge, and giants rave;
Tisiphone's fierce ringlets snaky wave;
Furies Alcæon scourge, and Phineus hungering crave, 30
Thirst burn in streams, wheels whirl, rocks backward leap,
Or hell's dark mouth three-headed Cerberus keep:
If Tityos' straitened limbs nine acres press;
Or fables mock man's credulous wretchedness
Through long tradition's age: nor terror's strife 35
Survive the pyre:—be such my close of life.
Go ye who list, the Parthian overcome,
Bring Crassus' wrested standards back to Rome.

—JOHN NOTT.



TO A JANITOR

OVID

[Amores I, 6]

The note of sincerity in the elegy of Tibullus and Propertius gives place to one of mock seriousness in that of Ovid. The behavior of lovers affords him an excellent opportunity for the free play of his wit and humor. He represents himself as the lover in order to give greater reality to the situations on which he comments. (For Ovid, see above p. 435.)

- O Janitor bound with hard iron—a truly unworthy fate!—
 Turn back on its hinges the portal, and open the stubborn gate!
 A little thing I entreat you; you need not open it wide;
 Grant only a narrow passage, I'll slip through turning my side.
- 5 Long time have I been a good lover, and loving has wasted my frame,
 Has rendered the whole of my body attenuate for such a game.
 And Cupid it is who has taught me with sure and unfaltering feet
 By wardens who watch in the night-time on silent tiptoe to retreat.
 There once was a time, I admit it, when phantoms did fill me with fright,
- 10 A time when I wondered at any who ventured the darkness of night;
 But Venus and mischievous Cupid but mocked me and laughed in my ear,
 And Cupid said, whispering lightly, "You too shall be free from all fear."
 My heart was straight pierced with his arrow—no shades that inhabit the
 night,
 No arms uplifted to slay me can beget any feeling of fright!
- 15 Only thee do I fear now and flatter, so stubborn, unyielding thou art!
 Thou only the thunderbolt wieldest can penetrate into my heart.
 But look!—and the better to see it, unlock the pitiless door—
 Behold how the door has been moistened by tears I can hold back no more!
 Once trembling and naked thou stoodest awaiting the lash of the whip:
- 20 For thee once I plead with thy mistress with earnest and eloquent lip.
 Is therefore the pleading I did then, with power to save even thee,
 Now become unavailing—shame on thee!—to win a slight favor for me?
 A grateful return do thou render! Be not stubborn and hard, I implore.
 The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
- 25 Away with the bar!—so I'll wish thee release from the janitor's chain,
 Nor slave-like to be ever drinking the waters of infinite pain!
 Alas, my pleading is futile! Iron-hearted the janitor hears;
 The door stands solid and rigid, an oak of an hundred years.
 Closed gates belong rather to cities besieged by a merciless foe;
- 30 But this is a peaceful season—what weapons, pray, frighten thee so?
 If a lover is thus to be treated, for a foe what remains there in store?
 The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
 I come unattended by soldiers, I bear neither sword, spear, nor shield:
 If Love, cruel love, were not with me, I'd be all alone in the field.
- 35 And Love, though I fervently wished it, I cannot dismiss from my heart:
 Life itself would I rather surrender than bid cruel Love to depart!

Three comrades are all that attend me—a chaplet of flowers above,
And wine, just a little to warm me, in addition to these only Love.
Would any be fearful to meet them? What are they that thou tremblest
before?

The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
Perchance it is sleep makes thee stubborn, my words gives the unfeeling 5
breeze—

May that sleep which has deafened thy hearing make thee grovel in dust
on thy knees!

Wert wakeful enough, I remember, ev'n late as the stars of midnight,
When first in a former encounter I sought to escape thy keen sight.
Thou holdest perhaps at this moment a mistress confessing her thine—
Alas, have thou pity upon me! Far richer thy lot is than mine! 10

Could I but enjoy thy fortune, I'd welcome thy chains and thy floor!
The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
But hark! Does my hearing deceive me? The creak of the hinge of the gate?
The rattle of doors that are turning? A sign of a happier fate?

Deceived! It was only a fancy, or else but a stirring of wind— 15

Alas, cruel wind, thou hast carried all hope far away from my mind!
If thou, mighty Boreas, remember thy mistress was stolen of yore,
Come hither, I pray thee, come hither, beat down with thy blast this door!
Through all of the city is silence, and glistens with dew the wet floor:

The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door! 20

Else I in a twinkling will arm me, with fire and sword will I come—

Already I carry my torchlight—to humble the pride of this home.

For love and the wine and the darkness urge nothing of self-restraint,
But night is the time for the shameless, nor Love neither Bacchus is faint.

In vain have I all things attempted, entreaty and warnings of fate, 25

But truly art thou moved by nothing. More obdurate thou than thy gate!

Unworthy art thou to watch over the home of my sweet lady fair:

A keeper thou art of a dungeon, the gloom of a prison thy care!

Already the star of the morning is setting in motion his wheels,

The bird of the dawn is now calling each one from the sleep that he steals. 30

But thou, little chaplet of flowers, unhappily torn from my head,

Lie there on this pitiless threshold till morning discover thee dead.

And when on the morrow my lady shall find thee all withered and pale,

Be proof of my long loyal vigil, of pleading and pain sans avail.

To thee, though thou meritest nothing, a word of farewell do I give— 35

Thy fame for refusing a lover I promise in verses shall live.

And ye, fare ye well, cruel doorposts, ye doors of unyielding oak staves,

With him who sits ever to guard you ye are but his own fellowslaves.

—GEORGE HOWE.



EVERY LOVER IS A SOLDIER

OVID

[From *Amores* I, 9]

Here is a new turn given to the usual defence of the lover—not that there are good reasons why he should not be a soldier, but that he is already one, under the standard of Cupid.

- All lovers are campaigners, and Cupid has his wars:
Yes, Atticus, all lovers are genuine sons of Mars.
Your soldier must be youthful, your lover be the same—
Old soldiers are a pity, old lovers are a shame;
5 Your general chooses soldiers ready to do and dare,
Your pretty girl a lover with strength and pluck to spare;
Both spend all night on duty; the soldier stands before
The quarters of his general, the lover guards her door;
The soldier makes long marches, but whereso'er you send
10 A girl, be sure her lover will track her to the end;
No mountain peak can stop him, he'll find a way to go
Through roaring winter torrents, through sleet and drifting snow;
Although he be no sailor you'll never hear him say,
'I see a storm is coming,' "'tis quite too rough today.'
15 A lover or a soldier—what others would you find
Unmoved by cold and darkness, by driving sleet or wind?

.

Who think of Love as slothful will find 'tis otherwise;
Love is the soul of action, the soul of enterprise.

—KIRBY FLOWER SMITH.

Despotism and Suppression

FIRST CENTURY A.D.



The extravagant hopes of the return of a golden age, which enthusiasm for Augustus and his policy had raised, were naturally not possible of fulfillment. The new form of government indeed worked splendidly in Italy and the provinces, and few among the Italians or provincials could have been found to wish for any change, for they learned that peace, prosperity, and protection of life and property were all but guaranteed them. It was in Rome, the capital, that friction developed. There was the emperor and there the senate. The emperor was himself chosen from this class, and set over it. From it of course would come his successor. Hence inevitably an emperor of suspicious disposition might be inclined to see a rival and possible supplanter in any prominent senator. Then, too, because of the exalted position of the emperor, there soon arose a class of people who by a policy of flattery hoped to advance their fortunes under imperial favor. On the other hand, probably partly as a reaction against flattery and partly from an inherited republicanism, a small group of irreconcilables, heart and soul opposed to the imperial regime, developed. There was, no doubt, a class which favored the principate and yet would preserve an independence of thought on questions of policy before the senate; but able and fortunate indeed was the senator who could successfully maintain such a position and his self-respect under the eye of a Caligula or a Nero. And lucky the emperor who was blessed with popularity, tact, and common sense enough to steer a safe course amid conditions always potentially so dangerous.

The conditions of the time were reflected in the literature, which was strongly influenced by them, particularly so because from the senatorial class, or from people associated with it, came many of the writers. Those who wished to present their own ideas tended to confine themselves to topics not at all, or but remotely, connected with politics, while those who would write of state and emperor regularly did so in flattering vein. The publication of independent studies on history and government was rather too hazardous to be popular. In fact, the works of some who indulged in free speech were suppressed and their authors removed by enforced suicide. Under such conditions literature of the first rank could not and did not develop, and therefore it is often necessary to refer to writers of the second century in regard to the history of the first.

I. REALIZATION OF POLITICAL CONDITIONS

THE HISTORIAN: TACITUS

Cornelius Tacitus was born about 55 and died about 120. He entered the senatorial career and advanced through the usual preliminary offices to the consulship, and ultimately to the honorable post of proconsul of Asia. He was a leader of the bar at Rome, and in his legal work was at times associated with Pliny, his intimate friend.

The historical works of Tacitus, the Annals and the Histories, form a continuation of Livy's history, carrying the narrative forward to cover the first century of the empire. Because of the attitude of the tyrannical Domitian, Tacitus was compelled to wait until he was well advanced in years before giving expression to his estimate of the character and deeds of the emperors and to his bitterness over the loss of individual freedom under the Cæsars. His first productions were three short pieces in preparation for the greater works to follow—a dialogue on the decay of oratory, a life of his father-in-law Agricola, and a sketch of Germany and the German tribes.

As Livy was the historian of the Roman Republic, so was Tacitus for the first century of the empire, and there was none to rival him. He had not the scientific accuracy of Thucydides, or the full flowing periods of Livy. He preferred a short sentence, and the biting epigram of which he was a master. He excelled in the presenting of historic scenes with dramatic intensity, and in the psychological study of character. The actors on the stage of history, their thoughts and plans and moods and characters interested him tremendously, more than did the problems and conditions of the times.

THE BEGINNINGS OF DESPOTISM

[From the *Annals*, Book I]

Tacitus traces the beginnings of the despotism that prevailed in the first century back to the establishment of the empire by Augustus, which had been welcomed as the dawn of a golden age.

In the beginning, Rome was ruled by Kings. Lucius Brutus established liberty and the Consulship. The Dictatorship was resorted to in emergencies. The authority of the Decemvirs lasted for only two years; that of the Military Tribunes with Consular Powers for no long period. The tyrannies of Cinna and of Sulla were short-lived; the ascendancy of Pompeius and Crassus passed quickly on to Cæsar, the swords of Lepidus and Antonius made way before Augustus: who under the title of "Prin-

5

ceps" took the whole world, worn out by civil conflict, under Imperial rule. The story of ancient Rome, in her triumphs and reverses, has been related by illustrious writers; nor were men of genius wanting to tell of

Augustus and his times, until the rising spirit of sycophancy bid them beware. The histories of Tiberius and Caius, of Claudius and Nero, were either falsified through fear, if written during their life-time; or composed under feelings of fresh hatred after their fall. I purpose, therefore, to write shortly of Augustus and his end, and then narrate the reigns of Tiberius and his successors; unmoved, as I have no reason to be moved, by either hatred or partiality. 5

When the last army of the Republic had fallen with Brutus and Cassius on the field; when Sextus Pompeius had been crushed in Sicily; and when the deposition of Lepidus, followed by the death of Antonius, had left Augustus sole leader of the Julian party, he laid aside the title of Triumvir, assumed the Consulship, and professed himself content with the Tribunitian Power for the protection of the plebs. But when he had won the soldiery by bounties, the populace by cheap corn, and all classes alike by the sweets of peace, he rose higher and higher by degrees, and drew into his own hands all the functions of the Senate, the magistrates and the laws. And there was no one to oppose; for the most ardent patriots had fallen on the field, or in the proscriptions; and the rest of the nobles, advanced in wealth and place in proportion to their servility, and drawing profit out of the new order of affairs, preferred the security of the present to the hazards of the past. 10 15 20

Nor did the provinces resent the change; for the rule of the Senate and the People had become odious to them from the contests between the great leaders, and the greed of the magistrates, against whom the laws, upset by force, by favour, and, in fine, by bribery, were powerless to protect them. 25

Meanwhile Augustus, as buttresses to his rule, advanced Claudius Marcellus, his sister's son, to the priesthood and Curule Ædileship, while yet a lad; and bestowed the honour of two Consulships on Marcus Agrippa—a man of ignoble birth, but a stout soldier, and partner in his victories. When Marcellus died, he took Agrippa as his son-in-law; and distinguished his two step-sons, Tiberius Nero and Claudius Drusus, with Imperatorial titles, though as yet there was no lack of heirs in his own family. 30

For he had adopted the two sons of Agrippa, Gaius and Lucius, into the family of the Cæsars; and before they assumed the manly gown, had caused them to be styled "Chiefs of the Youth," and to be designated Consuls—honours which he had affected to decline, but had most ardently coveted for them. But first Agrippa died; then the two Cæsars were cut off—whether by an untimely fate, or through the machinations of their step-mother Livia—the younger of them on his way to join the Spanish army, the elder when returning wounded from Armenia. Tiberius was now the sole surviving step-son of Augustus; for his brother Drusus had perished long before. On him therefore all hopes were centred. He was adopted as a son, made colleague in the "Imperium," admitted to share the Tribunitian Power, and exhibited to all the armies: his mother no longer intriguing for him in secret, but affording him open encouragement. 35 40 45

For Livia had acquired such an ascendancy over Augustus in his old age, that he cast out on the island of Planasia his only surviving grandson, Agrippa Postumus: an uncultured youth, no doubt, with nothing but brute bodily strength to recommend him, but one who had never been
 5 found guilty of any open misdemeanour. And yet so anxious was Augustus to strengthen his position that he appointed Germanicus, the son of Drusus, to command of the eight legions on the Rhine, and ordered his adoption by Tiberius, although Tiberius had a young son of his own.

All wars had now ceased except that against the Germans; and even
 10 that was being continued rather to wipe out the disgrace of the loss of Quintilius Varus and his legions, than from the desire to extend the empire, or for any profitable end. Tranquility reigned at home; the magistrates were called by their old names; the younger generation had been born since Actium, the elder, for the most part, during the course of the Civil
 15 Wars: how many were there left who had beheld the Republic?

Thus a revolution had been accomplished. The old order had passed away; everything had suffered change. The days of equality were gone: men looked to the Prince for his commands, having no anxiety for the present, so long as Augustus was of the age, and had the strength, to
 20 keep himself, his house and the public peace secure. But when he advanced in years, when his health and strength failed, and his approaching end gave birth to new hopes, some few discoursed idly on the blessings of liberty; many dreaded war; some longed for it.

But the greater number pulled to pieces the characters of their future
 25 masters with comments such as these:—Agrippa, they said, was a savage, exasperated by contumelious treatment; he had neither the years nor the experience to bear the weight of empire. Tiberius Nero was of ripe age, and a tried warrior: but he had all the old pride of the Claudii in his blood; and, however carefully suppressed, many indications of a cruel
 30 temper had escaped him. He had been brought up from infancy in a reigning house; Consulships and Triumphs had been heaped upon him in his youth: even during the years of exile which he had spent in Rhodes, under pretence of retreat, he had done nothing but brood over his resentments, or practise hypocrisy and solitary debauch. And then there was
 35 his mother, with all the ungovernable passions of her sex: they would have to serve a woman, and two striplings into the bargain, who would begin by oppressing the commonwealth, and end by rending it in sunder.

Amid speculations such as these, the health of Augustus began to fail. Some suspected foul play on the part of his wife. For a rumour had got
 40 abroad that Augustus, some months before, with the privacy of a few special friends, and with Fabius Maximus as sole companion, had journeyed to Planasia to see Agrippa. It was said that many tears had been shed, many signs of affection exchanged, between the two; and hopes were raised that the young man might be restored to his grandfather's
 45 home. The secret of this visit, it was reported, had been betrayed by Maximus to his wife Marcia, and by her to Livia. This had come to the ears of Augustus; and when Maximus died not long after (whether by his own hand or not was a matter of doubt), Marcia had been overheard

lamenting at his funeral, and blaming herself for her husband's death.

Be that as it may, Tiberius had scarcely reached Illyricum when he was recalled in haste by message from his mother. Whether on arriving at Nola he found Augustus still alive, or already dead, was never known. 5 For Livia had placed a strict guard upon the palace and its approaches; favourable bulletins were issued from time to time; until, when every necessary precaution had been taken, it was announced in one and the same breath that Augustus was dead, and that Tiberius was in possession of the government. 10

The opening crime of the new reign was the murder of Agrippa Postumus. He was taken by surprise, and was unarmed; yet the centurion, though a determined man, had some difficulty in despatching him. Tiberius made no communication on the subject to the Senate. His father, he pretended, had left orders with the officer in charge to put Agrippa to 15 death as soon as he himself should breathe his last. Now Augustus, no doubt, had said many harsh things about the young man's character, and had caused the Senate to decree his banishment; but he never hardened himself so far as to put any of his own family to death, nor is it credible that he should have slain his grandson to secure a step-son's safety. It 20 is more probable that this hurried murder of a youth detested equally by Tiberius and by Livia, was the work of both; the former moved by fear, the latter by her hatred as a step-mother.

When the centurion reported, according to military custom, that he had executed the order, Tiberius replied that he had never given any 25 such order; and that the man would have to answer to the Senate for his conduct. When this was known to Sallustius Crispus, who was in the secret—it was he who had sent the written instructions to the Tribune—he was afraid the charge would be shifted on to his own shoulders, in which case, whether he should tell the truth or not, he would be in equal peril. 30 He therefore warned Livia that the secrets of the palace, the private advice of friends, and the services of the soldiery, were things not to be published abroad:—Tiberius must not weaken the powers of the Principate by referring everything to the Senate. The condition of Imperial rule was this: that every one should be accountable to one man, and to one only. 35

Meanwhile all at Rome—Consuls, Senators, and Knights—were plunging into servitude. Men bearing the most illustrious names were the foremost with false professions; composing their features so as not to show too much pleasure at the death of the one prince, or too little at the accession of the other; blending tears with their smiles, and flattery 40 with their lamentations. The Consuls, Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Appuleius, were the first to take the oath of allegiance, which they in turn administered to Seius Strabo and Gaius Turranius—the former Commandant of the Prætorian Cohorts, the latter, Superintendent of the corn-market. Then came the Senate, the soldiers, and the people. 45 For Tiberius left all initiative with the Consuls, as though the old Republic were still standing, and as if he himself had not made up his mind to assume the Empire: even the edict by which he summoned the Senate

he only put forth in virtue of the Tribunitian authority conferred on him in the lifetime of Augustus.

The edict itself was short, and moderate in tone:—He desired to take their advice as to the honours to be paid his father; he himself would
 5 not leave the body, nor undertake any other public duty. And yet, no sooner was Augustus dead, than he had given the password to the Prætorians as their commander; he had surrounded himself with guards and sentinels and all the paraphernalia of a court; he was escorted by soldiers to the Forum and to the Senate-house, and he had issued a proclamation
 10 to the army as though he were already Emperor: nowhere did he show hesitation save in his language to the Senate.

His chief reason for this attitude was his fear of Germanicus. That prince had many legions under his command, and a vast force of allies; he was the darling of the people; and it might be that he would prefer
 15 possession to expectation. Tiberius had regard also to public opinion. He wanted men to believe that he had been chosen and called to power by his countrymen, rather than that he had crept into it through the intrigues of a wife, or as the adopted son of a dotard. It transpired afterward that this air of hesitation was assumed deliberately, for the purpose
 20 of fathoming the feelings of the leading men; for Tiberius would distort a word or a look into an offence, and treasure it up in his memory.

At the first meeting of the Senate, Tiberius permitted no business to be transacted except that relating to the obsequies of Augustus. The testament was carried in by the Vestal Virgins. Tiberius and Livia were
 25 appointed heirs. Livia was to be adopted into the Julian house, and to receive the title of "Augusta." His grandsons and great-grandsons came next in the succession; in the third rank were many names of distinction, mostly those of personal enemies, inserted in a spirit of vain-glory, with an eye to the approbation of posterity. The amount bequeathed was not
 30 above the scale of a private fortune; but a sum of forty-three and a half million sesterces was left to the people and to the plebs. Each soldier of the Prætorian Cohorts was to receive one thousand sesterces; the soldiers of the Urban Cohorts five hundred; the legionaries, and the members of the Cohorts raised from Roman citizens, three hundred sesterces apiece.

The question of funeral honours was then considered. The most outstanding proposals were that of Gallus Asinius, that the procession should pass through the Triumphal Gate; and that of Lucius Arruntius, that the titles of the laws passed by the deceased, and the names of nations which he had conquered, should be borne before the body. To these
 35 Messalla Valerius added that the oath of allegiance to Tiberius should be renewed every year; and when challenged by Tiberius to say whether that motion had been made at his instigation, he replied that no man had prompted him: nor would he follow any counsel but his own in public matters, even though he might give offence thereby. Such was
 40 the only form of flattery still left untried!

It was carried by acclamation that the body should be borne to the pyre by Senators; an honour which Tiberius waived, in a tone of arrogant condescension. And to the people he issued a proclamation, praying

them not to think of burning the body in the Forum, rather than at its appointed resting-place in the Campus Martius, nor to repeat the disturbances caused by excess of affection at the obsequies of the Immortal Julius.

On the funeral day, the troops were drawn up on guard, amid the derision 5 of those who had themselves beheld or had heard their elders describe the day when Rome, unripe as yet for slavery, had struck that ill-fated blow for freedom—the day when some regarded the assassination of Cæsar as a foul crime, others as a most glorious achievement: whereas now an aged emperor, after a long lease of power, and after providing 10 his heirs with resources against the Commonwealth, had need of a guard of soldiers to keep order over his grave!

There followed much talk about Augustus. People idly marvelled that he had died upon the same day as that on which he had first entered on power; in the same house, in the very room, at Nola, in which his 15 father Octavius had breathed his last. They dwelt upon the number of his consulships, equal to those of Valerius Corvus and Gaius Marius put together; they recounted how the Tribunitian Power had been continued to him for thirty-seven years; how the title of “Imperator” had been conferred upon him one-and-twenty times: how other distinctions 20 had been heaped on him, or invented in his honour.

Reflecting men discussed his career in various tones of praise or blame. Some maintained:—That he had been forced into civil war by regard for his father’s memory, and by the exigencies of public affairs, which left no room for law: and civil war was a thing which none could bring 25 about or carry on clean-handed. He had made many concessions to Antonius, many also to Lepidus, in order to secure vengeance on his father’s murderers; but when the latter became old and lethargic, and the former lost himself in debauch, no resource was left for the distracted country but the rule of one man. Yet even so, Augustus had not set up 30 his government as King or Dictator, but under the name of “Princeps.” Under his rule, the frontiers had been pushed forward to the Ocean or to distant rivers; the provinces, the armies, and the fleets of the Empire had been brought into communication with one another. Justice had been dispensed at home; consideration had been shown to the allies; 35 the city itself had been sumptuously adorned: and, if some few acts of violence had been committed, it had been in order to secure the general tranquillity.

On the other side it was said:—The pleas of filial duty and political necessity were but pretexts. It was lust of power which had prompted 40 Augustus to attract the veterans by bribes, to collect an army while he was still a stripling and without office, to tamper with the troops of the Consul, and to affect sympathy with the Pompeian party. After that, by virtue of a decree of the Senate, he had usurped the Prætorship, with its military and judicial powers; and when Hirtius and Pansa were slain 45 in battle—whether or no those generals were so slain: or had died, the latter, of a poisoned wound, the former, at the hands of his own soldiers treacherously set on by Octavianus—he had assumed command of both

armies; he had forced the Senate to make him Consul against its will, and having received an army to oppose Antonius, had turned it against his own country: the proscriptions, the confiscations, were measures which not even their perpetrators could approve. The deaths of Brutus
 5 and Cassius, indeed, might be deemed a tribute of vengeance to his father; though even so it were right for private hatred to give way before the public good. But he had tricked Sextus Pompeius by a pretence of peace, and Lepidus under the guise of friendship; later on, he had en-
 10 trapped Antonius by the treaties of Tarentum and Brundisium, and by giving him his own sister in marriage—a treacherous alliance which An-
 tonius had paid for with his blood. Peace, no doubt, had followed, but it was a peace stained with blood: there had been the disasters of Lollius and Varus abroad; at home, the executions of a Varro, an Egnatius, and a Iulus.

15 Nor was his private life spared:—He had torn Livia, when pregnant, from her husband, going through the farce of consulting the augurs whether she could rightfully marry without waiting for the child to be born; he had permitted the extravagance of a Quintus Tedi-
 20 us and a Vedius Pollio. And lastly, there was Livia: a very scourge to the Common-wealth as a mother, no less a scourge to the house of the Cæsars as a step-mother. What honours were left for the Gods, when Augustus or-
 25 dained temples and images to be set up to himself as to a Deity, with Flamens and Priests to worship him? Even in adopting Tiberius as his successor, he had not been moved by affection, or by care for the public
 25 good; but having sounded the depths of that proud and cruel nature, he had sought to win glory for himself by contrast with an execrable successor.

For many years before, when Augustus was asking the Senate to confer anew the Tribunitian Power on Tiberius, though he spoke of him in
 30 terms of compliment, he had let fall some observations about his bearing, his manners and style of living, which under guise of apology bore all the character of a reproach.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



MUTINY ON THE RHINE

[From the *Annals*, Book I]

The government of the provinces continued under the empire to be a serious problem. Such a revolt as that pictured here from the early part of the reign of Tiberius led on more than one occasion to the overthrow of the prince and the seating on the throne of a new emperor chosen by the armies.

About the same time, and from identical causes, disturbances broke out in the armies of the Rhine; and with all the greater violence, in pro-
 35 portion to their greater numbers. They indulged the hope also that Ger-

manicus Cæsar, unable to brook a master over him, would lend himself to the legions: they were strong enough, they thought, to carry all before them. There were two armies on the banks of the Rhine. The Upper army, as it was called, was under the Legate Gaius Silius; Aulus Cæcina had command of the Lower: both alike were under the supreme command of Germanicus, who was at that time occupied in taking the census in the provinces of Gaul. 5

The army of Silius hesitated, watching the result of the movement elsewhere; but the Lower army broke out in open mutiny. The movement began with the men of the 21st and 5th legions, who carried along with them the 1st and the 20th; all these four being at that time encamped together in the territory of the Ubii, with little or no work to occupy them. No sooner had the news of the death of Augustus arrived, than the town-bred recruits who had been raised in the city not long before, accustomed to license, and impatient of all labour, filled the simple minds of their comrades with the idea that the time had now come for the veterans to press for an early discharge, the younger soldiers for more pay, for all alike to demand some relief from their irksome duties, and wreak vengeance on the centurions for their brutality. And such talk was not confined to single agitators, like Percennius in the Pannonian army, nor addressed to trembling soldiers, looking anxiously around to armies more powerful than themselves. The spirit of sedition found many tongues and many voices:—The fortunes of Rome were in their own hands; it was by their victories that the Empire was extended, it was from their name that Emperors derived their titles. 10 15 20 25

Unnerved by the general frenzy, the Legate made no attempt at resistance. In one moment, an infuriated mob rushed with drawn swords upon the centurions—the objects, from time immemorial, of the soldiers' hatred, and the first victims of their violence. The men threw them down and beat them, sixty of them setting upon each centurion, so as to match the number of the centuries; then having belaboured and mangled them, they cast them out, many already dead, upon the entrenchments, or into the river. One of them called Septimius took refuge on the tribunal, and threw himself down before Cæcina's feet; but so determined was the demand made for him, that he was given up to death. One young man of spirit, called Cassius Chærea, who afterwards acquired notoriety as one of the murderers of Gaius Cæsar, cut his way, sword in hand, through the armed mob which blocked his path. 30 35

The Tribunes, and the Commandant of the camp, now lost all authority. The men distributed among themselves all sentry and picket duty, and other matters of immediate urgency. To those who best understood the temper of the soldiery, nothing showed more clearly the serious and uncompromising character of the movement than this, that everything was done in concert, nothing at the prompting of a few; all rose to fury, or sunk into silence, like one man: with such uniformity and regularity that it seemed to be at the word of command. 40 45

Meantime Germanicus, as we have said, was taking the census in Gaul when he heard of the death of Augustus. He was the son of Drusus,

brother of Tiberius; the grandson of Augusta; and his wife Agrippina, by whom he had several children, was the granddaughter of Augustus. But he was disquieted by the secret hatred which both his uncle and his grandmother bore him: a hatred which was all the more bitter that
5 it sprang from unworthy reasons. For the memory of his father Drusus was much cherished by the Roman people; and it was the popular belief that if he had succeeded to power, he would have restored the Republic. Germanicus had become the object of the same favour, and the same hopes; for his unassuming character, and his rare affability of manner,
10 presented a strong contrast to the haughty looks and dark language of Tiberius. And besides all this, feminine rancours were at work. For Livia regarded Agrippina with a true step-mother's hatred; and Agrippina herself was somewhat passionate and imperious in temper, though her faults were all redeemed by her chastity and her devotion to her husband.
15 But the fact that Germanicus stood near to the succession only caused him to exert himself all the more strenuously for Tiberius. He took the oath of allegiance himself, and then administered it to the neighbouring tribes, and to the communities of Belgium. On hearing of the mutiny, he hurried back at once. The men met him outside the camp, their eyes
20 cast down to the ground as if in penitence. As he passed within the lines, a babel of murmurs might be heard. Some seized his hand as if to kiss it, and then thrust his fingers into their mouths to let him feel their toothless gums; others pointed to their bodies bowed down with age. Perceiving the crowd about him to be without order, he bid them form
25 up in maniples; they replied that they could hear him better as they were. Next, he ordered the standards, to the front, so that the cohorts at least might be distinguished from one another; reluctantly they obeyed. Beginning with expressions of reverence to Augustus, he passed on to speak of the victories and triumphs of Tiberius, dwelling especially upon his
30 splendid achievements in Germany, along with those same legions; he extolled the unanimity of Italy, the loyalty of the Gallic provinces:—Nowhere was there disturbance or disaffection. He was listened to in silence, or with slight murmurs of dissent.

He then touched on the mutiny:—Where was now their military subordination? he asked, where their old pride in discipline? Whither had
35 they driven forth their Tribunes and their centurions? At this, with one consent, they bared their bodies, and pointed reproachfully to the marks of wounds and stripes. With a confused roar, they denounced the cost of exemptions, the smallness of their pay, the severity of their labours:
40 naming one by one the making of earthworks and ditches, the collecting of fodder, timber and firewood, and every other kind of necessary work, or work devised to keep the camp from idleness. Fiercest of all was the clamour of the veterans. Counting up their thirty or more years of service, they implored him to find some remedy for their troubles: not to let
45 them perish in the same round of toil, but to vouchsafe to them some limit to so arduous a service, and with repose, a competence.

Some even demanded of Germanicus the money bequeathed by Augustus, adding words of happy augury towards himself, signifying that, if

he aimed at empire, they would back him up in the attempt. At this he leaped down headlong from the tribunal, as though himself infected with their crime; but the men thrust their arms in his way, threatening him with violence unless he returned. At that he drew his sword, raised it in the air, and exclaiming that he would rather die than play the traitor, he was in the act of plunging it into his breast, when the bystanders seized his arm, and held it back by force. Some voices from the densely packed crowd behind, and even, what almost passes belief, individual men coming close up to him, urged him to strike on; and one soldier called Calusidius offered him a drawn sword, adding:—It was sharper than his own. In-furiated as the men were, they thought this a cruel and inhuman speech; and during the pause which followed, Germanicus was hurried off by his friends into his tent.

A consultation was now held as to what should be done. Word came that the men were preparing to send envoys to bring over the Upper Army to the movement; that the town of the Ubii had been marked out for destruction; and that the troops, having once tasted plunder, would make a raid into Gaul. The alarm was heightened by the fact that the enemy were aware of the mutiny, and by the likelihood that they would make an incursion into Gaul if the river-bank were left unguarded; yet if they called out the auxiliary and allied forces against the seceding legions, they would be embarking on civil war. An unbending attitude was hazardous; to give way was ignominious: whether all or nothing were conceded, the Commonwealth would be in equal jeopardy. After all due consideration, it was resolved to write a letter in the Emperor's name granting discharge after twenty years' service; partial release to men of sixteen years' service, who should be kept under a standard of their own, and relieved of all duty except that of fighting; the sum claimed as legacies to be paid in full, and to twice the amount.

The soldiers felt that these terms were concocted for the emergency, and demanded their instant fulfilment. Accordingly the discharges were made out by the Tribunes at once; the payments in cash were to be deferred till the troops should return to their respective winter quarters. But as the men of the 5th and 21st legions refused to move till the money was paid in their present summer quarters, Germanicus had to make up the amount from the privy purses of himself and his staff. The 1st and 20th legions were conducted back to the country of the Ubii by the Legate Cæcina; when might be seen the disgraceful spectacle of the treasure-chests taken from Germanicus being conveyed among the standards and the eagles. Germanicus himself proceeded to the Upper Army, where the oath of allegiance was taken without hesitation by the 2nd, 13th, and 16th legions. The 14th hesitated for a moment; so the money and the discharge was granted to them unasked.

Meantime, in the country of the Chauci, a movement had begun among the veterans of the disaffected legions stationed there on outpost duty; but it was suppressed for the moment by the summary execution of two soldiers, on the order of Manius Ennius, Prefect of the camp. Salutory as this example was, the Prefect had exceeded his authority in ordering

it; and as the trouble grew worse, he took to flight. Discovered and dragged from his hiding-place, he drew upon audacity for his protection:—To do violence to him, he declared, would be to lay hands, not on the Prefect of the camp, but on their General Germanicus—nay, upon the
 5 Emperor Tiberius himself. Having thus overawed the men who stood in his way, he seized the standard, headed with it towards the river, and proclaiming that all who left the ranks should be treated as deserters, he brought the force back to their winter quarters, disaffected indeed, but not in open mutiny.

10 Meanwhile the envoys from the Senate reached Germanicus on his return to the altar of the Ubii. Two legions were wintering there, the 1st and 20th, together with the recently discharged veterans under a standard of their own. Uneasy and conscience-stricken, a terror seized upon them that the envoys had come with orders from the Senate to
 15 cancel the concessions extorted by the mutiny; and with the usual tendency of a mob to fasten a charge, however false, on some one's shoulders, they laid the blame of the decree on Munatius Plancus, a Consular, who was at the head of the embassy. In the dead of night, they called for their standard, which was in the house of Germanicus. Mobbing the door of
 20 the house, they forced it open, dragged Germanicus from his bed, and compelled him to give up the standard under fear of death.

Later on, as they were parading along the camp-roads, they encountered the envoys, who having heard the uproar were on their way to the quarters of Germanicus. They loaded them with insults, and were on the point
 25 of murdering them—more particularly Plancus, who thought it beneath his dignity to take flight. The only refuge open to him was the camp of the 1st legion. Embracing the standards and the eagle, he sought to protect himself by their sacred character; but had not the standard-bearer Calpurnius prevented the men from proceeding to extremities, there would
 30 have been witnessed in a Roman camp a sight scarce ever seen even among our enemies—that of a Legate of the Roman people staining the altars of the Gods with his blood. At last, when day dawned, and it became impossible to distinguish soldiers from officers, and to discover what had happened, Germanicus ordered Plancus to be brought to him, and
 35 took him up on to the tribunal. Upbraiding the soldiers for their infatuation—now reviving, he declared, not so much from their own passions as through the wrath of the Gods—he explained to them the purpose of the mission; spoke with eloquence and sorrow of the rights of envoys, of the grievous and undeserved peril of Plancus, and of the disgrace
 40 thereby brought upon the legion; and having thus cowed rather than quieted the assemblage, he sent off the envoys under an escort of auxiliary cavalry.

At this perilous juncture, Germanicus was much blamed for not proceeding to the army of the Upper Rhine, which was still loyal, and would
 45 have afforded aid against the mutineers:—Mischief enough, and more than enough, had been done by discharges and bounties and other weak concessions. If he had no regard for his own life, why leave his little son and his wife, and his yet unborn child, among an infuriated soldiery,

who had violated every human right? He should send these, at least, back in safety to their grandfather and their country. For a while he hesitated; and Agrippina would not listen to such counsels, protesting that she was of the blood of Augustus, and could face danger like the rest of her race. At last, tearfully embracing his wife, now great with child, and the son she had borne him, he prevailed on her to depart. And now the long sad line of women moved away; the General's wife a fugitive, carrying her little boy in her arms; her friends' wives dragging themselves after her, and weeping as they went: not less sorrowful were the friends that were left behind.

This spectacle, these wailings, more like those of a captured city than of a camp commanded by a Cæsar, drew towards them the eyes and the ears of even the common soldiers. Coming forth from their tents, What are these sounds of weeping? they ask; What this dismal procession? A company of high-born ladies—with no centurion, not even a soldier, for an escort; with none of the state or retinue that befit the wife of an Emperor—going forth to the Treveri, to seek protection at the hand of strangers!

A feeling of shame and pity came over them at the sight. They remembered her father Agrippa, her grandfather Augustus, and her father-in-law Drusus; they thought of her notable fertility, her incomparable purity; then of her infant son, born in camp, and brought up in the soldiers' quarters, to whom, in soldier fashion, they had given the name of "Little Boots" because to please the men he used to wear boots like those of the legionaries. But what moved them most of all was a feeling of jealousy towards the Treveri; so they threw themselves in the way, and implored her to come back and remain with them; some going after Agrippina herself, the greater number turning back to Germanicus. Stung to the quick with grief and indignation, he thus addressed the throng around him: Neither wife nor son are dearer to me than my father and my country; but my father is safe in his Imperial Majesty, and the other armies of Rome will protect the Empire. My wife and children, whom I would freely offer up to death for your glory, I am now removing from your rage; that whatever crime you may yet be meditating may be wiped out by my blood alone, and that you may not add to your guilt by the slaughter of the great-grand-son of Augustus, the murder of the daughter-in-law of Tiberius. For of what insolence, of what impiety, have you not been guilty, during these past days? What name shall I give to this concourse? Am I to call you soldiers?—you who have besieged the son of your Emperor with arms and entrenchments? Or citizens—you who have trampled under foot the authority of the Senate; who have disregarded rights accorded even to enemies; who have done violence to the sacred person of an envoy, and the law of nations? The Divine Julius quelled a mutiny by one word: styling those who broke their oath of fealty "Quirites." The Divine Augustus, by one look, made the legions at Actium quail before him. Though I be not such as they, yet am I sprung from them; and it were a strange and unworthy thing if soldiers from Spain, or Syria, were to scorn my commands. And will you, the men

of the 1st legion, who received your standard from Tiberius; and you of the 20th—you who shared in his many battles, whom he enriched with so many rewards—will you thus notably repay your General? Is this the word I am to carry to my father, at a time when he is receiving from
 5 other provincès no news but what is good? How his own recruits, his own veterans, are not content with discharge and bounties; how here, and here alone, centurions are being murdered, Tribunes cast out, envoys beleaguered, camp and river stained with blood? And that I am in the midst of enemies, holding my life at their mercy!

10 Why, O why, did you, unthinking friends, on that first day of assembling, hold back the steel which I was ready to plunge into my breast? A better and kindlier act was his who offered to me this sword! For I should have fallen then with no guilty knowledge of outrages by my army; and you would have chosen for yourselves a General, to leave my death
 15 indeed unpunished, but to avenge Varus and his three legions. For may the Gods grant that the Belgians—ready as they are to offer themselves—may not have the honour and glory of restoring the Roman name, and of conquering the tribes of Germany! O! may thy spirit, Divine Augustus, that has now been received into Heaven; may thy image, O my father
 20 Drusus, and thy memory, in the hearts of these same soldiers, alive once more to a sense of shame and honour, wash out this stain, and turn this fury between fellow-citizens to the destruction of our foes! And you also: you whose looks, whose hearts, I see to be other than they were: if you would render obedience to your General; if you would restore to the
 25 Senate their envoys, to me my wife and child: withdraw from the contagion! Put forth from you the breeders of sedition! Thus only will you make fast your penitence, thus firmly bind your loyalty.

This speech turned the soldiers into suppliants. Humbly acknowledging the justice of these reproaches, they implored Germanicus to punish the
 30 guilty, to forgive those who had been led astray, and to lead them out against the enemy; they entreated him to recall his wife, and to let the legions have their foster-child back again, rather than hand him over as a hostage to the Gauls. Germanicus excused Agrippina from returning because of her lying-in, now near at hand, and the wintry season; but
 35 he would let his son come back: the rest they must do themselves.

At this they hurried away like new men, and dragged the ring-leaders in chains before Gaius Cætroniùs, the Legate of the 1st legion, who judged the culprits and passed sentence upon them one by one in the following fashion. In front stood the legions, with swords drawn; the
 40 accused was put up to view by the Tribune on a raised platform. If the men shouted "Guilty," he was thrown headlong down, and cut to pieces. The troops delighted in the slaughter, as though they were thereby absolving themselves; and Cæsar allowed it to go on, since in this way, without any order from him, the severity and odium alike were laid
 45 upon the same shoulders. The example thus set was followed by the veterans, who were despatched soon afterwards to Rætia, under pretence of protecting that province from an attack threatened by the Suevi; but in reality, to remove them from a camp whose grim associations reminded

them not only of their crime, but also of the rigour with which it had been repressed. Germanicus then revised the list of centurions. Each was called up in turn, and stated his name, rank, and country; his period of service; his acts of gallantry, and his decorations, if he had any. If men and officers commended him for energy and integrity, he was permitted to retain his rank. If they agreed in declaring him corrupt or cruel, he was discharged from the service. 5

Things having thus been settled for the moment, a trouble no less formidable remained because of the defiant attitude of the 5th and 21st legions, who were in camp at a place called Vetera, sixty miles away. These men had been the first to mutiny; they had committed the worst excesses; and now, neither awed by the punishment of their comrades, nor moved by their repentance, they remained as intractable as ever. Germanicus accordingly prepared to despatch a flotilla down the Rhine with a force of legionaries and allied troops, determined to fight it out if his authority were disputed. 10 15

At Rome, meanwhile, the news of the outbreak in the German army had arrived before the issue of the troubles in Illyricum was known. The city was in a panic; and men censured Tiberius in this fashion:—He was befooling the poor helpless Senate and people with his pretences of hesitation, at the moment when the legions were in revolt, and needed something more than the authority of two youths, new to command, to put them down. He should have gone himself, and confronted them with the Imperial presence: they would have given way before a prince of ripe experience, himself the final arbiter of rewards and punishments. Augustus, in extreme old age, had been able to pay repeated visits to Germany; was Tiberius, in the prime of life, to sit still in the Senate-house, carping at the speeches of the Fathers? Precautions enough had been taken to secure the servility of the capital: it was time that something was done to soothe the army, and reconcile it to a state of peace. 20 25 30

Talk like this made no impression upon Tiberius; he was resolved not to quit the capital, nor to expose himself and the Commonwealth to risk. He was distracted by many opposing considerations:—Of the two armies the German was the more powerful, the Pannonian the nearer to Rome the former had the resources of Gaul behind it, Italy lay at the mercy of the latter. Which of the two should he visit first? Whichever he put last, would be a-flame at the indignity. In sending a son to each, he put both on an equality; yet without compromising his own dignity, which gained in reverence from the distance. Then again, the young men might be excused for referring some points to their father, and if the troops resisted Drusus or Germanicus, they might be crushed or conciliated by himself: but if they were to flout their Emperor, what resource was left? 35 40

For all that, however, he made as though he were always on the point of starting; he selected his staff, collected his baggage, and had ships made ready; then pleading various excuses of weather, business, and what not, he hoodwinked the shrewdest for a time; the populace for a while longer; longest of all, the Provinces. 45

Meantime Germanicus had collected his army, and had everything ready for taking vengeance upon the rebels. Thinking, nevertheless, that he should still give them time to take the matter into their own hands, according to the example lately set, he sent on a letter to Cæcina, informing
5 him of his approach with a strong force, and announcing that unless the guilty were punished before he came, he would put all indiscriminately to the sword. This despatch Cæcina read privately to the eagle- and standard-bearers, and to the best affected among the men, urging them to save the honour of the corps as well as their own lives. In time of peace,
10 he remarked, cases are judged upon their merits; when it comes to fighting, innocent and guilty fall alike.

These men sounded those whom they thought the likeliest; and having satisfied themselves that the majority were loyal, fixed a time, at the suggestion of the Legate, for falling upon the most obnoxious and prominent agitators. At a given signal, they burst into their tents, and cut
15 them down unawares, none but those in the secret knowing how the slaughter had begun, or where it was to end.

Never was there a conflict in any civil war like to this. There was no battle; there were no opposing camps: men who had messed together
20 by day, and slept together by night, rose out of the same beds, divided themselves into sides, and fell upon each other. The shouts, the wounds, and the blood, every one could see or hear; but no cause for it could be seen: chance ruled all. Some loyal men were slain with the rest; for the worst offenders had taken up their arms on discovering against whom
25 the attack was aimed. There was no Legate, no Tribune, to control; every man had free license to glut his vengeance to the full. Germanicus entered the camp soon afterwards; and declaring, with many tears, that this was a massacre, and no remedy, he ordered the bodies to be burned.

The minds of the soldiers being still set on blood, a longing seized them
30 to march against the enemy as an atonement for their madness; as though there were no other way to appease the spirits of their comrades than to expose their guilty breasts to honourable wounds. Falling in with their ardour, Germanicus threw a bridge across the Rhine, and passed a force of twelve thousand legionaries over the river, together with twenty-
35 six cohorts and eight squadrons of the allies, who had never wavered in their allegiance.

The Germans were not far off. They had rejoiced to see our attention taken up, first by the holiday on the death of Augustus, and afterwards by the mutiny. A rapid march brought Germanicus to the Cæsian forest,
40 where he crossed the lines laid out by Tiberius and encamped upon the works, his front and his rear protected by entrenchments, his flanks by barricades of trees. He had next to traverse a dense forest country, having two routes to choose from—one the shorter and usual route, the other more difficult and unfrequented, and for that reason unguarded
45 by the enemy. Selecting the longer of the two, he pushed on with all speed; for his scouts had brought word that the Germans were to hold a festival that night, with games and banqueting. Cæcina was sent on with some light cohorts to clear a way through the forest; the legions

followed at some little distance. A bright starry night favoured the enterprise. On reaching the Marsian villages, he drew his posts all round them. The enemy were already in bed, or sprawling upon the tables, suspecting no danger; there were no sentries set in front; all was carelessness and confusion: for they had no thought of battle, and even such quiet as 5 they were enjoying was but the feeble and relaxed repose of drunkenness.

To extend the area of his ravages, Germanicus divided his eager troops into four columns, and laid waste fifty miles of country with fire and sword. No pity was shown to either age or sex. Things sacred and profane alike—even the most famous temple of the tribe, that of the Goddess 10 called Tanfana—were levelled to the ground; and as our men had fallen on the enemy when half-asleep, unarmed or dispersed, they had sustained no loss.

The news of this massacre roused the Bructeri, the Tubantes, and the Usipetes, who beset the forest passes by which the army had to return. 15 Apprised of this, Germanicus arranged his retreat alike for marching and for fighting. The auxiliary cohorts, with part of the cavalry, led the way; then came the 1st legion. In the middle was the baggage, guarded on the left flank by the 21st, on the right by the 5th legions; the 20th protected the rear, and behind came the rest of the allies. 20

The enemy bided their time till the force was stretching out through the pass; then making feint attacks upon the front and flanks, they fell with their full force upon the rear. The light cohorts were being thrown into confusion by the dense masses of the Germans, when Germanicus rode up to the 20th:—"Now is the time," he shouted, "to wipe out all 25 memory of the mutiny! Forward! quick forward! and turn your shame into glory!" Inflamed by these words, the 20th burst through the enemy's line with one dash, and drove them back with great slaughter into the open; at the same moment the van emerged from the pass, and threw up entrenchments for a camp. From this point onward the march was 30 undisturbed. Rendered confident by their recent successes, and forgetting past occurrences, the troops settled down into their winter quarters.

The news of these events caused Tiberius no less anxiety than satisfaction. He was pleased that the mutiny had been got under; but he was annoyed that Germanicus should have gained the goodwill of the soldiers 35 by gifts of money, and by shortening the term of service. He was jealous also of his military success. Nevertheless, he brought his exploits before the notice of the Senate, and said much in his praise, though in language too carefully studied for effect to create an impression of sincerity. His satisfaction with Drusus, and at the ending of the movement in Illyricum, 40 he expressed in fewer words; but they were more earnest and sincere. And he extended to the Pannonian army all the concessions which Germanicus had granted to the other.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



THE PURPOSE OF HISTORY

[From the *Annals*, Book III]

✦ *Tacitus has the same conception of the ethical function of history as his predecessor Livy.*

It is no part of my purpose to set forth every motion that was made in the Senate, but only such as were either very honourable or specially disgraceful in their character. For I deem it to be the chief function of history to rescue merit from oblivion, and to hold up before evil words and evil deeds the terror of the reprobation of posterity. And in those days, so deep, so foul, was the taint of flattery, that not only men of leading in the state—men who could only maintain their illustrious position by subserviency—but also the whole body of Consulars, many of prætorian rank, and even many ordinary senators, would rise in the Senate and outbid one another in making fulsome and extravagant proposals. Tradition tells how Tiberius, every time that he left the Senate-house, would exclaim in Greek, “O men meet for slavery!” For even he, enemy of public freedom as he was, felt disgust at such abject and all-enduring servility.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH

[From the *Annals*, Book IV]

The genuine freedom of oral and written speech enjoyed under the Republic had given place to specious flattery and degrading servility under the empire. Tacitus himself under the tyrant Domitian preferred silence.

15 The writer of ancient history finds few to criticise him; it concerns no one if he praise too warmly the armies of Carthage or of Rome. But there are many living now whose ancestors suffered punishment, or incurred disgrace, under Tiberius; and even if the families concerned have died out, there are those who deem an attack upon vices akin to their own to be an attack upon themselves. Even glory and virtue have their enemies; for when placed too close to their opposites they wear an aspect of rebuke. But I must return from this digression.

25 In this year Cremutius Cordus was impeached upon a novel charge, now heard for the first time—that he had commended Marcus Brutus in his History, and called Gaius Cassius “The last of the Romans.” The accusers, Satrius Secundus and Pinarius Natta, were both clients of Sejanus; which fact, as well as the evident displeasure with which Tiberius listened to the defence, proved fatal to the accused. Having made up

his mind to die, Cremutius spoke as follows: "My words, Conscript Fathers, are arraigned; so innocent am I of any evil deed. Yet these words were not uttered against the Emperor, or his father, the persons to whom the law of Majesty applies: my offence is that I have praised Brutus and Cassius, men whose deeds have been recorded by many, 5 whom none have named without respect. Titus Livius, a writer pre-eminent for eloquence and candour, eulogised Gnæus Pompeius so warmly that Augustus called him 'a Pompeian': but this caused no interruption in their friendship. He speaks of Scipio and Afranius, of this same Cassius, 10 this Brutus, never as raiders and parricides—the names men give them now—but often as distinguished men. Asinius Pollio gives a noble account of them in his history; Messalla Corvinus used to call Cassius 'his own Imperator'; and yet both lived on wealthy and honoured to the end. When Marcus Cicero wrote a book in which he lauded Cato to the skies, 15 what else did the Dictator Cæsar do but write a speech in answer, as though he were pleading before a judge? The letters of Antonius, the speeches of Brutus, contain the most bitter abuse of Augustus, as false as it is foul; men read the poems of Bibaculus and Catullus, which are full of insults to the Cæsars; yet the Divine Julius, the Divine Augustus, bore these things and passed them by. Whether in this more to praise 20 their forbearance, or their wisdom, I know not: for the insult which goes unnoticed dies; to resent it, is to accord it recognition.

I say nothing of the Greeks, who tolerated not liberty only, but license, or at the most, paid back words with words; and men have always been free to speak uncensured of those whom Death has placed beyond the reach of hate or favour. Am I, forsooth, in arms, with Cassius and Brutus, 25 upon the plains of Philippi, or inflaming the people to civil war by my harangues? Is the case not rather this: that just as these men are known to us by their statues—statues respected even by their conqueror—so in like manner, though dead for more than seventy years, they still hold 30 their place upon the page of history? For posterity awards to every man the honour that is his due; and if I be now condemned, men will remember not Cassius and Brutus only, but me also."

Cremutius then left the Senate-house, and put an end to himself by starvation. His books, by order of the Senate, were burned by the Ædiles. 35 And yet they were saved; hidden away for a time, they were again put forth. Hence one cannot but smile at the dulness of those who believe that the authority of to-day can extinguish men's memories tomorrow. Nay rather, they who penalise genius do but extend its power: whether they be foreign tyrants, or imitators of foreign tyranny, they do but reap 40 dishonour for themselves, and glory for their victims.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



TYRANNY BEGETS TYRANTS

[From the *Annals*, Book VI]

Tyranny is not necessarily the result of a ruler's character. It is often forced upon the ruler by the very system of government which he heads.

At Rome, meanwhile, the seeds of future blood-shed were being sown. Lælius Balbus had brought a charge of treason against Acutia, formerly wife of Publius Vitellius; but when she was convicted, and it was proposed to vote a reward to the accuser, Junius Otho, a tribune of the Plebs, interposed his veto: the quarrel thus raised between the two resulting in Otho's banishment. Next, Albucilla, who was notorious for her amours, and had been the wife of Satrius Secundus, one of the informers against Sejanus, was accused of impiety towards Tiberius: Gnæus Domitius, Vibius Marsus, and Lucius Arruntius being named as her lovers and accomplices. Of the noble birth of Domitius, I have already spoken; Marsus also belonged to an ancient and illustrious family, and was a man of high attainments. It appeared from the papers laid before the Senate that Macro had himself presided at the examination of the witnesses, and the torture of the slaves; but as Tiberius wrote no letter against the accused persons, the suspicion arose that Macro, taking advantage of the Emperor's weakness, and perhaps even without his knowledge, had trumped up a series of false charges to gratify his well-known hatred of Arruntius.

So the lives of Domitius and Marsus were prolonged; the former set about preparing for his defence, the latter made as though he had resolved upon starvation. But when the friends of Arruntius implored him to delay and temporise, he replied as follows:—The rule of honour, he said, was not the same for all. He had had enough of life: the one thing he had to repent of was that he had endured to live on to old age amid perils and mockeries, always in anxiety, always the object of some great man's hatred. It had been Sejanus for a time, it was now Macro; and his crime was that he could not tolerate iniquity. He might doubtless live through the few remaining days of Tiberius: but how could he escape from the stripling who was to come after? If the possession of power had perforce deranged and transformed Tiberius, with all his experience of affairs, was it likely that Gaius Cæsar would do better, with Macro to point the way? The lad was scarce out of his teens, ignorant of everything, or instructed only in what was evil; and Macro had been chosen to crush Sejanus as the greater villain of the two, having committed crimes more numerous, more disastrous to the State than he. He could foresee days of still grosser servitude; and he was making his escape from future as well as from present evils.

Uttering these words in the manner of an inspired prophet, he opened his veins. What follows will show how well Arruntius did to die.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



THE DEATH OF SENECA

[From the *Annals*, Book XV]

To believers in Stoicism suicide seemed a proper means of escape from a life which had nothing further to offer. Scenes like that here described were frequently enacted under the regime of the early Cæsars.

Then came the death of Annæus Seneca, which gave great joy to Nero; not that he had any clear evidence of his guilt, but because he could now do by the sword what he had failed to do by poison. The sole witness against him was Natalis, and his evidence only came to this, that he had been sent to see Seneca when he was ill, and to complain of his refusing to see Piso:—It would be better, he had said, for such old friends to keep up their habits of intercourse. To this Seneca had replied!—Frequent meetings and conversations would do neither of them any good, but his own welfare depended on Piso's safety.

Gavius Silvanus, Tribune of a Prætorian Cohort, was ordered to take the report of this incident to Seneca, and to ask him, Whether he admitted the correctness of the question of Natalis, and of his own answer to it? Either by chance or purposely, it happened that Seneca was returning on that day from Campania, and had halted at a suburban villa four miles from Rome. Thither, towards evening the Tribune proceeded; and having surrounded the house with soldiers, he delivered the Emperor's message to Seneca when he was at table with his wife Pompeia Paulina and two friends.

Seneca's reply was:—Natalis had been sent to complain on behalf of Piso that he was not permitted to visit him; and he had tendered in excuse the state of his health and his love of quiet. As to his reason for regarding the welfare of a private individual as of more value than his own safety, he had had none. He was not a man addicted to flattery; and that no one knew better than Nero himself, who had more often found him too free than too servile in his utterances.

On receiving this report from the Tribune in the presence of Poppæa and Tigellinus, who formed the Emperor's inner council of cruelty, Nero asked, Was Seneca preparing to put an end to himself? The Tribune declared that, He had observed no sign of alarm or dejection in Seneca's face or language. He was therefore ordered to go back and tell him he must die.

Fabius Rusticus states that the Tribune did not return by the same road by which he came, but that he went out of his way to see Fænius the Prefect; and having shown him Cæsar's order, asked him, Should he obey it? and that Fænius, with that fatal weakness which had come over them all, told him to execute his orders. For Silvanus himself was one of the conspirators, and he was now adding one more crime to those which he had conspired to avenge. But he spared his own eyes and tongue, sending in one of the centurions to announce to Seneca that his last hour was come.

Seneca, undismayed, asked for his will; but this the centurion refused. Then turning to his friends, he called them to witness that, Being forbidden to requite them for their services, he was leaving to them the sole, and yet the noblest, possession that remained to him—the pattern of his life.

5 If they bore that in mind, they would win for themselves a name for virtue as the reward of their devoted friendship. At one moment he would check their tears with conversation; at another he would brace up their courage by high-strung language of rebuke, asking, Where was now their philosophy? Where was that attitude towards the future which they had
10 rehearsed for so many years? To whom was Nero's cruelty unknown? What was left for one who had murdered his mother and his brother but to slay his guardian and teacher also?

Having discoursed thus as if to the whole company, he embraced his wife, and abating somewhat of his tone of high courage, he implored
15 her to moderate her grief, and not cling to it for ever:—Let contemplation of her husband's life of virtue afford her noble solace in her bereavement.

She, however, announced her resolve to die with him; and called on the operator to do his part. Seneca would not thwart her noble ambition; and he loved her too dearly to expose her to insult after he was gone.
20 "I have pointed out to thee," he said "how thou mayest soothe thy life; but if thou prefer a noble death, I will not begrudge thee the example. Let us both share the fortitude of thus nobly dying: but thine shall be the nobler end."

A single incision with the knife opened the arm of each; but as Seneca's
25 aged body, reduced by spare living, would scarcely let the blood escape, he opened the veins of his knees and ankles also. Worn out at last by the pain, and fearing to break down his wife's courage by his suffering, or to lose his own self-command at the sight of hers, he begged her to move into another chamber. But even in his last moment his eloquence
30 did not fail; he called his secretaries to his side, and dictated to them many things which being published in his own words I deem it needless to reproduce.

Nero however had no personal dislike to Paulina; and not wishing to add to his character for cruelty, he ordered her death to be stayed.
35 So at the bidding of the soldiers, the slaves and freedmen tied up her arms, and stopped the flow of blood; perhaps she was unconscious. But with that alacrity to accept the worst version of a thing which marks the vulgar, some believed that so long as she thought Nero would be implacable, she clutched at the glory of sharing her husband's death; but that
40 when the hope of a reprieve presented itself, the attractions of life proved too strong for her. She lived on for a few years more, worthily cherishing her husband's memory; but the pallor of her face and limbs showed how much vitality had gone out of her.

Meanwhile Seneca, in the agonies of a slow and lingering death, im-
45 plored Statius Annæus, his tried and trusted friend and physician, to produce a poison with which he had long provided himself, being the same as that used for public executions at Athens. The draught was brought and administered, but to no purpose; the limbs were too cold,

the body too numb, to let the poison act. At last, he was put into a warm bath; and as he sprinkled the slaves about him he added—This libation is to Jupiter the Liberator! He was then carried into the hot vapour-bath, and perished of suffocation. His body was burnt without any funeral ceremony, in accordance with instructions about his end which he had inserted in his will in the heyday of his wealth and power. 5

Report had it that Subrius Flavus had made a secret plot with some centurions, not unknown to Seneca, to slay Piso himself as soon as he should have assisted in the assassination of Nero, and offer the Empire to Seneca, as though selected for the sovereignty by men innocent of the murder, on the score of his eminent virtues. And indeed a saying of Flavus got abroad that as for the disgrace of the thing, it would make but little difference to remove a lyrist and put a tragedian in his place: for as Nero sang to the lyre, so did Piso sing in tragic character. 10

—G. G. RAMSAY.



THE RESULTS OF DESPOTISM

[From the *Histories*, Book I]

The beginning of the Histories offered the author an opportunity to summarize the tendencies of half a century of monarchy. Tacitus afterward added the Annals in order to treat the history of that period in greater detail.

I propose to begin my narrative with the second consulship of Servius Galba, in which Titus Vinius was his colleague. Many historians have dealt with the 820 years of the earlier period beginning with the foundation of Rome, and the story of the Roman Republic has been told with no less ability than truth. After the battle of Actium, when the interests of peace were served by the centralization of all authority in the hands of one man, there followed a dearth of literary ability, and at the same time truth suffered more and more, partly from ignorance of politics, which were no longer a citizen's concern, partly from the growing taste for flattery or from hatred of the ruling house. So between malice on one side and servility on the other the interests of posterity were neglected. But historians find that a tone of flattery soon incurs the stigma of servility and earns for them the contempt of their readers, whereas people readily open their ears to the criticisms of envy, since malice makes a show of independence. Of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, I have known nothing either to my advantage or my hurt. I cannot deny that I originally owed my position to Vespasian, or that I was advanced by Titus and still further promoted by Domitian; but professing, as I do, unbiassed honesty, I must speak of no man either with hatred or affection. I have reserved for my old age, if life is spared to me, the reigns of the sainted Nerva 15 20 25 30

and of the Emperor Trajan, which afford a richer and withal a safer theme: for it is the rare fortune of these days that a man may think what he likes and say what he thinks.

The story I now commence is rich in vicissitudes, grim with warfare,
 5 torn by civil strife, a tale of horror even during times of peace. It tells of four emperors slain by the sword, three civil wars, an even larger number of foreign wars and some that were both at once: successes in the East, disaster in the West, disturbance in Illyricum; disaffection in the provinces of Gaul, the conquest of Britain and its immediate loss,
 10 the rising of the Sarmatian and Suebic tribes. It tells how Dacia had the privilege of exchanging blows with Rome, and how a pretender claiming to be Nero almost deluded the Parthians into declaring war. Now too Italy was smitten with new disasters, or disasters it had not witnessed for a long period of years. Towns along the rich coast of Campania were
 15 submerged or buried. The city was devastated by fires, ancient temples were destroyed, and the Capitol itself was fired by Roman hands. Sacred rites were grossly profaned, and there were scandals in high places. The sea swarmed with exiles and the island cliffs were red with blood. Worse horrors reigned in the city. To be rich or well-born was a crime: men
 20 were prosecuted for holding or refusing office: merit of any kind meant certain ruin. Nor were the informers more hated for their crimes than for their prizes: some carried off a priesthood or the consulship as their spoil, others won offices and influence in the imperial household: the hatred and fear they inspired worked universal havoc. Slaves were bribed
 25 against their masters, freedmen against their patrons, and, if a man had no enemies, he was ruined by his friends.

However the period was not so utterly barren as to yield no examples of heroism. There were mothers who followed their sons, and wives their husbands into exile: one saw here a kinsman's courage and there a son-
 30 in-law's devotion: slaves obstinately faithful even on the rack: distinguished men bravely facing the utmost straits and matching in their end the famous deaths of older times. Besides these manifold disasters to mankind there were portents in the sky and on the earth, thunderbolts and other premonitions of good and evil, some doubtful, some obvious.
 35 Indeed never has it been proved by such terrible disasters to Rome or by such clear evidence that Providence is concerned not with our peace of mind but rather with vengeance for our sin.

—W. H. FYFE.



IMPERIAL SUCCESSION

[From the *Histories*, Book I]

No policy for the choice of the successor to the throne had ever been definitely formulated; but the practice of the early emperors had led to the general acceptance of the principle of dynastic succession. The method

which the author credits Galba with having proposed was that actually in effect at the time Tacitus was writing, and with such happy results that there can be no doubt that it met with his approval.

Galba is said to have taken Piso's hand and addressed him as follows: "Were I a private citizen, and were I to adopt you in the presence of the Priests by the usual formality of a curial statute, it would be an honour for me to introduce into my family a descendant of Cnæus Pompeius and of Marcus Crassus, and for you it would be a distinction to all to add to your noble ancestry the glories of the Sulpician and Lutatian houses. As it is, I have been called by the consent of gods and men to be an emperor. Your distinguished qualities and your patriotism have persuaded me to offer to you peacefully and quietly the throne for which our ancestors fought on the field of battle, and which I too won by war. In so doing I am following the precedent set by the sainted Augustus, who raised to the rank next himself first his nephew Marcellus, then his son-in-law Agrippa, then his daughter's sons, and finally his stepson Tiberius Nero. However, while Augustus looked for a successor in his own family, I have searched throughout the country. Not that I lack either kinsmen or supporters, but it was by no favour of birth that I myself came to the throne, and, to prove my policy in this matter, consider how I have passed over not only my own relatives but yours...

"If the vast bulk of this empire could stand and keep its balance without a guiding hand, the Republic might well have dated its birth from me. As it is, things have long ago come to such a pass that neither I in my old age can give the Roman people any better gift than a good successor, nor you in your prime anything better than a good emperor. Under Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius, Rome was the heirloom of a single family. There is a kind of liberty in the free choice we have begun to exercise. Now that the Julian and Claudian houses are extinct, by the plan of adoption the best man will always be discovered. Royal birth is the gift of fortune, and is but valued as such. In adoption we can use a free judgment, and if we wish to choose well, the voice of the country points the way. Think of Nero, swollen with the pride of his long line of royal ancestry. It was not Vindex with a powerless province at his back, nor I with a single legion that freed Rome's shoulders of that burden: it was his own cruelty and profligacy. And that was before there was any precedent for the conviction of an emperor.

"We have been called to the throne by the swords of those who thought us worthy. Our high state will not escape the eye of envy. You may be sure of that. But there is no reason for you to feel alarm because in this world-wide upheaval a couple of legions have not yet settled down. I myself did not succeed to a safe and peaceful throne, and, when once the news of your adoption is spread, I shall cease to be charged with my advanced age, which is now the only fault they find in me. The rascals will always miss Nero: you and I have got to see that good citizens do not miss him too.

"A longer sermon would ill befit the time and I have fulfilled my

purpose, if I have done right in choosing you. The soundest and easiest criterion of right and wrong policy is to consider what you would have approved or condemned in another emperor. For Rome is not like the nations which are ruled by kings, where one house is supreme and the rest are slaves. Your future subjects are men who cannot endure the extremes either of bondage or of freedom."

Galba spoke these words and more to the same effect in the tone of one creating an emperor: the rest addressed Piso as though he were emperor already.

—W. H. FYFE.



THE EMPIRE AND THE PROVINCES

[From the *Histories*, Book IV]

The idea that Rome confers a benefit upon the provinces for which they should be willing to pay is in harmony with Cicero's conception of the proper relation of Rome and her provinces. But the century that had elapsed since Cicero had brought about great changes in the extent to which provincials might take part in the governing of the empire.

- 10 Cerialis next summoned the Treviri and Lingones, and addressed them as follows: "Unpractised as I am in public speaking, for it is only on the field that I have asserted the superiority of Rome, yet since words have so much weight with you, and since you distinguish good and bad not by the light of facts but by what agitators tell you, I have decided to
- 15 make a few remarks, which, as the war is practically over, are likely to be more profitable to the audience than to ourselves. Roman generals and officers originally set foot in your country and the rest of Gaul from no motives of ambition, but at the call of your ancestors, who were worn almost to ruin by dissension. The Germans whom one party summoned
- 20 to their aid had forced the yoke of slavery on allies and enemies alike. You know how often we fought against the Cimbri and the Teutons, with what infinite pains and with what striking success our armies have undertaken German wars. All that is notorious. And to-day it is not to protect Italy that we have occupied the Rhine, but to prevent some second
- 25 Ariovistus making himself master of All Gaul. Do you imagine that Civilis and his Batavi and the other tribes across the Rhine care any more about you than their ancestors cared about your fathers and grandfathers? The Germans have always had the same motives for trespassing into Gaul—their greed for gain and their desire to change homes with
- 30 you. They wanted to leave their marshes and deserts, and to make themselves masters of this magnificently fertile soil and of you who live on it. Of course they use specious pretexts and talk about liberty. No one has ever wanted to enslave others and play the tyrant without making use of the very same phrases.

"Tyranny and warfare were always rife throughout the length and breadth of Gaul, until you accepted Roman government. Often as we have been provoked, we have never imposed upon you any burden by right of conquest, except what was necessary to maintain peace. Tribes cannot be kept quiet without troops. You cannot have troops without pay; and you cannot raise pay without taxation. In every other respect you are treated as our equals. You frequently command our legions yourselves: you govern this and other provinces yourselves. We have no exclusive privileges. Though you live so far away, you enjoy the blessings of a good emperor no less than we do, whereas the tyrant only oppresses his nearest neighbours. You must put up with luxury and greed in your masters, just as you put up with bad crops or excessive rain, or any other natural disaster. Vice will last as long as mankind. But these evils are not continual. There are intervals of good government, which make up for them. You cannot surely hope that the tyranny of Tutor and Classicus would mean milder government, or that they will need less taxation for the armies they will have to raise to keep the Germans and Britons at bay. For if the Romans were driven out—which Heaven forbid—what could ensue save a universal state of intertribal warfare? During eight hundred years, by good fortune and good organization, the structure of empire has been consolidated. It cannot be pulled down without destroying those who do it. And it is you who would run the greatest risk of all, since you have gold and rich resources, which are the prime causes of war. You must learn, then, to love and foster peace and the city of Rome in which you, the vanquished, have the same rights as your conquerors. You have tried both conditions. Take, warning, then, that submission and safety are better than rebellion and ruin."

—W. H. FYFE.



THE DRAMATIST

OCTAVIA¹

Pseudo-Seneca

The Octavia is the only tragedy on a Roman subject that has come down to us. Although tradition credits Seneca with its authorship, there are a number of considerations which have led to the conclusion now generally accepted that the play should be assigned to some other poet of the same period. The dramatist transfers the tyranny of the times from the public to the domestic stage. The contemporaneous conflict of opinion on monarchical government is represented not only in plot and counterplot, but also in the debates between the emperor and the philosopher on the duties and responsibilities of a king.

¹ From *The Tragedies of Seneca* by F. J. Miller, copyright by The University of Chicago Press. Reprinted by permission.

Dramatis Personæ

OCTAVIA, <i>stepsister and wife of NERO</i>	SENECA, <i>former tutor of NERO, and later one of his chief counselors</i>
NURSE of OCTAVIA	
POPPEA, <i>mistress and afterward wife of NERO</i>	PREFECT OF ROMAN SOLDIERS
	MESSENGER
GHOST OF AGRIPPINA, <i>mother of NERO, slain by him</i>	CHORUS OF ROMANS, <i>sympathetic with OCTAVIA</i>
NERO, <i>Emperor of Rome</i>	CHORUS <i>attached to the interests of the court</i>

The scene is laid throughout in different apartments of the palace of Nero, and is concerned with the events of the year 62 A.D.

ACT I

- OCTAVIA: Now doth the flushing dawn from heaven drive
 The wandering stars; the sun mounts into sight
 With radiant beams, and brings the world once more
 The light of day. Up, then, my heavy soul,
 5 With grievous cares o'erburdened, and resume
 Thy woe; out-wail the sea-bred Halcyons,
 And those sad birds of old Pandion's house;
 For this thy lot is heavier far than theirs.
 O mother, constant source of tears to me,
 10 Hear now thy woeful daughter's sad complaints,
 If aught of sense remains among the shades.
 Oh, that the grizzly Clotho long ago,
 With her own hand had clipt my thread of life!
 Through blinding tears I saw thy bleeding wounds,
 15 Thy features sprinkled with defiling blood.
 Oh, light of day, abhorrent to my eyes!
 From that dread hour I hate the day's pure light
 More than the night's dark gloom; for daily now
 Must I endure a cruel stepdame's rule,
 20 Must daily bear her hateful looks and words.
 She, she the baleful fury fiend it was
 Who at my marriage rites bore torches lit
 With hellish fires; 'twas she who wrought thy death,
 O wretched father, whom but yesterday
 25 The whole world owned as lord on land and sea;
 To whom the Briton bowed, though ne'er before
 Had he a Roman master known or owned.
 Alas, my father, by thy wife's fell plots
 Thou liest low, and I and all thy house
 30 Like captives groan beneath the tyrant's sway.

(Exit to her chamber.)

NURSE (*entering*). Who stands in wonder, smitten by the gloss
 And splendor of a princely court, amazed
 At sight of easy-won prosperity,
 Let him behold how, at the stroke of fate,
 The house of Claudius is overthrown, 5
 To whose control the world was subjugate,
 Whose rule an ocean, long to sway unknown,
 Obeyed, and bore our ships with subject will.
 Lo, he, who first the savage Britons curbed,
 And filled an unknown ocean with his fleet, 10
 And passed in safety 'mid barbaric tribes—
 By his own wife's impiety was slain.
 And she is destined by her son to fall,
 Whose hapless brother lies already slain
 By poison's hand, whose sister-wife alone 15
 Is left to mourn. Nor may she hide her grief,
 By bitter wrath impelled to speak. She shuns
 Her cruel lord's society, and, fired
 With equal hate, with mutual loathing burns.
 Our pious faithfulness in vain consoles 20
 Her grieving heart; her cruel woes reject
 Our aid; the noble passion of her soul
 Will not be ruled, but grows on ills renewed.
 Alas, my fears forebode some desperate deed,
 Which may the gods forbid! 25

OCTAVIA (*heard speaking from within her chamber*). O fate of mine, that
 can no equal know!

Thy woes, Electra, were no match for these;
 For thou couldst soothe with tears the grief thou hadst
 For thy dear father's fall; thou couldst avenge 30
 The murder by thy brother's ready hand,
 Who by thy piety was saved from death,
 And whom thy faith concealed. But me base fear
 Forbids to weep my parents reft away
 By cruel fate; forbids to weep the death 35
 Of him, my brother, who my sole hope was,
 My fleeting comfort of so many woes.
 And now, surviving but to suffer still,
 I live, the shadow of a noble name. 40

NURSE. Behold, the voice of my sad foster-child
 Falls on my list'ning ears. Slow steps of age,
 Why haste ye not within her chamber there?

(Starts to enter the chamber, but is met by OCTAVIA coming forth.)

OCTAVIA. Within thy bosom let me weep, dear nurse,
 Thou ever trusty witness of my grief.

NURSE. What day shall free thee from thy woes, poor child? 45

OCTAVIA. The day that sends me to the Stygian shades.

NURSE. May heaven keep such dark omens far away!

OCTAVIA. 'Tis not thy prayers, but fate that shapes my life.

NURSE. But God will bring thy life to better days.

- 5 Do thou but be appeased, and win thy lord
With mild obedience.

OCTAVIA. I'll sooner tame

The savage lion's heart, the tiger's rage,
Than curb that brutal tyrant's cruel soul.

- 10 He hates all sons of noble blood, and gods
And men he sets at naught; nor can he bear
That high estate to which along the paths
Of shameful crime his impious mother led;
For though it shames him now, ungrateful one,
15 To hold the scepter which his mother gave
And though by death he has requited her:
Still will the glory of the empire won
Belong to her for centuries to come.

NURSE. Restrain these words that voice thy raging heart,

- 20 And check thy tongue's too rash and thoughtless speech.

OCTAVIA. Though I should bear what may be borne, my woes,
Save by a cruel death, could not be ended.

- For, since my mother was by murder slain,
And my father taken off by crime most foul,
25 Robbed of my brother, overwhelmed with woe,
Oppressed with sadness, by my husband scorned,
Degraded to the level of my slave,
I find this life no more endurable.

- My heart doth tremble, not with fear of death,
30 But slander base, employed to work my death.
Far from my name and fate be that foul blot.
For death itself—Oh, 'twould be sweet to die;
For 'tis a punishment far worse than death,
To live in contact with the man I loathe,
35 To see the tyrant's face all passion puffed,
And fierce with rage, to kiss my deadliest foe.
That I should fear his nod, obey his will,
My grief, resentful, will not suffer me,
Since by his hand my brother was destroyed,
40 Whose kingdom he usurps, and boasts himself
The author of that shameful deed. How oft
Before my eyes does that sad image come,
My brother's ghost, when I have gone to rest,
And sleep has closed my eyelids faint with tears!
45 Now in his weakling hand he brandishes
The smoking torch, and violently assails
His brother to his face; now, trembling sore,
He flees for refuge to my sheltering arms.

His foe pursues, and, as his victim clings
 Convulsively to me, he thrusts his sword
 With murderous intent through both our sides.
 Then, all a-tremble, do I start awake,
 And in my waking sense renew my fear. 5
 Add to these cares a rival, arrogant,
 Who queens it in the spoils of this our house;
 At whose behest the mother was enticed
 To that fell ship which should have carried her
 To Orcus' depths; but when o'er ocean's waves 10
 She triumphed, he, than ocean's waves more harsh
 And pitiless, despatched her with the sword.
 Amid such deeds, what hopes of peace have I?
 O'erblown with hate, triumphant, doth my rival
 Within my very chamber's hold defy me; 15
 With deadly malice doth she blaze against me,
 And as the price of her adulterous sweets,
 Doth she demand that he, my husband, give
 My life, his lawful wife's, in sacrifice.
 Oh, rise thou, father, from the gloomy shades, 20
 And help thy daughter who invokes thine aid;
 Or else cleave wide the earth to Stygian depths,
 And let me plunge at last to shelter there.

NURSE. In vain dost thou invoke thy father's soul,
 Poor child, in vain; for there among the shades 25
 He little thinks upon his offspring here;
 Who, when in life, unto his own true son
 Preferred the offspring of another's blood,
 And to himself in most incestuous bonds
 And rites unhallowed joined his brother's child. 30
 From this foul source has flowed a stream of crime:
 Of murder, treachery, the lust of power,
 The thirst for blood. Thy promised husband fell,
 A victim slain to grace that wedding feast,
 Lest, joined with thee, he should too mighty grow. 35
 Oh, monstrous deed! Silanus, charged with crime,
 Was slain to make a bridal offering,
 And stained the household gods with guiltless blood.
 And then this alien comes. Oh, woe is me,
 And by his mother's wiles usurps the house, 40
 Made son-in-law and son to the emperor,
 A youth of temper most unnatural,
 To impious crime inclined, whose passion's flame
 His mother fanned, and forced thee at the last
 In hated wedlock into his embrace. 45
 Emboldened by this notable success,
 She dared to dream of wider sovereignty.
 What tongue can tell the changing forms of crime,

- Her impious hopes, her cozening treacheries,
Who seeks the throne along the ways of sin?
Then Piety with trembling haste withdrew,
And Fury through the empty palace halls
5 With baleful tread resounded, and defiled
The sacred images with Stygian brands.
All holy laws of nature and of heaven
In mad abandon did she set at naught.
She mingled deadly poison for her lord,
10 And she herself by the impious mandate fell
Of her own son. Thou too dost lifeless lie,
Poor youth, forever to be mourned by us,
Ill-starred Britannicus, so late, in life,
The brightest star of this our firmament,
15 The prop and stay of our imperial house;
But now, Oh, woe is me, a heap of dust,
Of unsubstantial dust, a flitting shade.
Nay, even thy stepmother's cruel cheeks
Were wet with tears, when on the funeral pyre
20 She placed thy form and saw the flames consume
Thy limbs and face fair as the winged god's.
OCTAVIA. Me, too, he must destroy—or fall by me.
NURSE. But nature has not given thee strength to slay.
OCTAVIA. Yet anger, anguish, pain, distress of soul,
25 The ecstasy of grief will give me strength.
NURSE. Nay, by compliance, rather, win thy lord.
OCTAVIA. That thus he may restore my brother slain?
NURSE. That thou thyself mayst go unscathed of death;
That thou by thine own offspring mayst restore
30 Thy father's falling house.
OCTAVIA. This princely house
Expects an heir, 'tis true; but not from me,
For I am doomed to meet my brother's fate.
NURSE. Console thy heart with this, that thou art dear
35 Unto the populace, who love thee well.
OCTAVIA. That thought doth soothe, but cannot cure my grief.
NURSE. Their power availeth much.
OCTAVIA. The prince's more.
NURSE. He will regard his wife.
40 OCTAVIA. My foe forbids.
NURSE. But she is scorned by all.
OCTAVIA. Yet loved by him.
NURSE. She is not yet his wife.
OCTAVIA. But soon will be,
45 And mother of his child, his kingdom's heir.
NURSE. The fire of youthful passion glows at first
With heat impetuous; but soon abates,
And vanishes like flickering tongues of flame.

Unhallowed love cannot for long endure;
 But pure and lasting is the love inspired
 By chaste and wifely faith. She who has dared
 To violate thy bed, and hold so long
 Thy husband's heart in thrall, herself a slave,
 Already trembles lest his fickle love
 Shall thrust her forth and set a rival there.
 Subdued and humble, even now she shows
 How deep and real her fear; for her, indeed,
 Shall wingèd Cupid, false and fickle god,
 Abandon and betray. Though face and form
 Be passing fair, though beauty vaunt herself,
 And boast her power, still are her triumphs brief,
 Her joys a passing dream.

5

10

Nay, Juno's self,

15

Though queen of heaven, endured such grief as thine,
 When he, her lord, and father of the gods,
 Stole from her side to seek in mortal forms
 The love of mortal maids. Now, in his need,
 He dons the snowy plumage of a swan;
 Now hornèd seems, like a Sidonian bull;
 And now a glorious, golden shower falls,
 And rests within the arms of Danae.

20

Nor yet is Juno's sum of woe complete:
 The sons of Leda glitter in the sky
 In starry splendor; Bacchus proudly stands
 Beside his father on Olympus' height;
 Divine Alcides hath to Hebe's charms
 Attained, and fears stern Juno's wrath no more.

25

Her very son-in-law hath he become
 Whom once she hated most. Yet in her heart
 Deep down she pressed her grief, and wisely won,
 By mild compliance to his wayward will,
 Her husband's love again. And now the queen,
 Secure at last from rivalry, holds sway
 Alone, within the Thunderer's heart. No more,
 By mortal beauty smitten, does he leave
 His royal chambers in the vaulted sky.
 Thou, too, on earth, another Juno art,
 The wife and sister of our mighty lord.
 Then be thou wise as she, make show of love,
 And hide thy crushing sorrows with a smile.

30

35

40

OCTAVIA. The savage seas shall sooner mate with stars,
 And fire with water, heav'n with gloomy hell,
 Glad light with shades, and day with dewy night,
 Than shall my soul in amity consort
 With his black heart, most foul and impious:
 Too mindful I of my poor brother's ghost.

45

And Oh, that he who guides the heavenly worlds,
 Who shakes the realms of earth with deadly bolts,
 And with his dreadful thunders awes our minds,
 Would whelm in fiery death this murderous prince.

- 5 Strange portents have we seen: the comet dire,
 Shining with baleful light, his glowing train
 Far gleaming in the distant northern sky,
 Where slow Bootes, numb with arctic frosts,
 Directs his ponderous wagon's endless rounds.
- 10 The very air is tainted by the breath
 Of this destructive prince; and for his sake
 The stars, resentful, threaten to destroy
 The nations which so dire a tyrant rules.
 Not such a pest was impious Typhon huge,
- 15 Whom earth, in wrath and scorn of heaven, produced.
 This scourge is more destructive far than he.
 He is the bitter foe of gods and men,
 Who drives the heavenly beings from their shrines,
 And from their native land the citizens;
- 20 Who from his brother took the breath of life,
 And drained his mother's blood.

And does he live,
 This guilty wretch, and draw his tainted breath?

- O Jove, thou high-exalted father, why
- 25 Dost thou so oft with thy imperial hand
 Thy darts invincible at random hurl?
 Why from his guilty head dost thou withhold
 Thy hand of vengeance? Oh, that he might pay
 For all his crimes the fitting penalty,
- 30 This son of deified Domitius,
 This Nero, heartless tyrant of the world,
 Which he beneath the yoke of bondage holds,
 This moral blot upon a noble name!

NURSE. Unworthy he to be thy mate, I know;

- 35 But, dearest child, to fate and fortune yield,
 Lest thou excite thy savage husband's wrath.
 Perchance some god will come to right thy wrongs,
 And on thy life some happier day will dawn.

OCTAVIA. That may not be. Long since, our ill-starred house

- 40 Has groaned beneath the heavy wrath of heaven.
 That wrath at first my hapless mother felt,
 Whom Venus cursed with lust insatiate;
 For she, with heedless, impious passion fired,
 Unmindful of her absent lord, of us
- 45 Her guiltless children, and the law's restraints,
 In open day another husband wed.
 To that fell couch avenging Fury came
 With streaming locks and serpents intertwined,

And quenched those stolen wedding fires in blood.
 For with destructive rage, on murder bent,
 She fired the prince's heart; and at his word,
 Ah, woe is me, my ill-starred mother fell,
 And, dying, doomed me to perpetual grief.
 For after her in quick succession came
 Her husband and her son; and this our house,
 Already falling, was to ruin plunged.

5

NURSE. Forbear with pious tears to renew thy grief,
 And do not so disturb thy father's shade,
 Who for his rage has bitterly atoned.

10

CHORUS (*sympathetic with OCTAVIA*). False prove the rumor that of late
 To our ears has come! May its vaunted threats

Fall fruitless out and of no avail!
 May no new wife invade the bed
 Of our royal prince; may Octavia, born
 Of the Claudian race, maintain her right
 And bear us a son, the pledge of peace,
 In which the joyful world shall rest,
 And Rome preserve her glorious name.
 Most mighty Juno holds the lot

15

By fate assigned—her brother's mate;
 But this our Juno, sister, wife
 Of our august prince, why is she driven
 From her father's court? Of what avail
 Her faith, her father deified,
 Her love and spotless chastity?

20

We, too, of our former master's fame
 Have been unmindful, and his child
 At the hest of cringing fear betrayed.
 Not so of old: then Rome could boast
 Of manly virtue, manly blood.

25

There lived a race of heroes then
 Who curbed the power of haughty kings
 And drove them forth from Rome; and thee,
 O maiden, slain by thy father's hand,
 Lest thou shouldst in slavery's bonds be held,
 And lest foul lust its victorious will
 Should work on thee, did well avenge.

30

Thee, too, a bloody war avenged,
 O chaste Lucretia; for thou,
 By the lust of an impious tyrant stained,
 With wretched hand didst seek to cleanse
 Those stains by thy innocent blood.

40

Then Tullia with her guilty lord,
 Base Tarquin, dared an impious deed,
 Whose penalty they paid; for she
 Over the limbs of her murdered sire,

45

- A heartless child, drove cruel wheels,
And left his corpse unburied there.
Such deeds of dire impiety
Our age has known, our eyes have seen,
5 When the prince on the mighty Tyrrhene deep
In a fatal bark his mother sent,
By guile ensnared.
The sailors at his bidding haste
To leave the peaceful harbor's arms;
10 And soon the rougher waves resound
Beneath their oars, and far away
Upon the deep the vessel glides;
When suddenly the reeling bark
With loosened beams yawns open wide,
15 And drinks the briny sea.
A mighty shout to heaven goes,
With women's lamentations filled,
And death stalks dire before the eyes
Of all. Each seeks to save himself.
20 Some naked cling upon the planks
Of the broken ships and fight the floods,
While others swimming seek the shore.
But most, alas! a watery death
By fate awaits. Then did the queen
25 In mad despair her garments rend;
Her comely locks she tore, and tears
Fell streaming down her grieving cheeks.
At last, with hope of safety gone,
With wrath inflamed, by woes o'ercome,
30 "Dost thou, O son, make this return,"
She cried, "for that great boon I gave?
Such death I merit, I confess,
Who bore such monstrous child as thou,
Who gave to thee the light of day,
35 And in my madness raised thee high
To Cæsar's name and Cæsar's throne.
Oh, rise from deepest Acheron,
My murdered husband, feast thine eyes
Upon my righteous punishment;
40 For I brought death to thee, poor soul,
And to thy son. See, see, I come,
Deep down to meet thy grieving shade;
And there, as I have merited,
Shall I unburied lie, o'erwhelmed
45 By the raging sea." E'en as she spoke,
The lapping waves broke o'er her lips,
And deep she plunged below. Anon
She rises from the briny depths,

And, stung by fear of death, she strives
 With frenzied hands to conquer fate;
 But, spent with fruitless toil at last,
 She yields and waits the end. But lo,
 In hearts which in trembling silence watch, 5
 Faith triumphs over deadly fear,
 And to their mistress, spent and wan
 With fruitless buffetings, they dare
 To lend their aid with cheering words
 And helping hands. 10

But what avails
 To escape the grasp of the savage sea?
 By the sword of the son is she doomed to die,
 Whose monstrous deed posterity
 Will scarce believe. With rage and grief 15
 Inflamed, he raves that still she lives,
 His mother, snatched from the wild sea's jaws,
 And doubles crime on impious crime.
 Bent on his wretched mother's death,
 He brooks no tarrying of fate. 20
 His willing creatures work his will,
 And in the hapless woman's breast
 The fatal sword is plunged; but she
 To that fell minister of death
 Appeals with dying tongue: "Nay here, 25
 Here rather strike the murderous blow,
 Here sheathe thy sword, deep in the womb
 Which such a monster bore."
 So spake the dying queen, her words
 And groans commingling. So at last 30
 Through gaping wounds her spirit fled
 In grief and agony.

ACT II

SENECA (*alone*). Why hast thou, potent Fate, with flattering looks,
 Exalted me, contented with my lot,
 That so from this great height I might descend 35
 With heavier fall, and wider prospect see
 Of deadly fears? Ah, better was I, hid
 Far from the stinging lash of envy's tongue,
 Amid the lonely crags of Corsica.
 There was my spirit free to act at will, 40
 Was master of itself, had time to think
 And meditate at length each favorite theme.
 Oh, what delight, than which none greater is,
 Of all that mother nature hath produced,

To watch the heavens, the bright sun's sacred rounds,
The heavenly movements and the changing night,
The moon's full orb with wandering stars begirt,
The far-effulgent glory of the sky!

5 And is it growing old, this structure vast,
Doomed to return to groping nothingness?
Then must that final doomsday be at hand,
That shall by heaven's fall o'erwhelm a race
So impious, that thus the world may see

10 A newer race of men, a better stock,
Which once the golden reign of Saturn knew.
Then virgin Justice, holy child of heaven,
In mercy ruled the world; the race of men
Knew naught of war, the trumpet's savage blare,
15 The clang of arms; not yet were cities hedged
With ponderous walls; the way was free to all,
And free to all the use of everything.
The earth, untilled, spread wide her fertile lap,
The happy mother of a pious stock.

20 Then rose another race of sterner mold;
Another yet to curious arts inclined,
But pious still; a fourth of restless mood,
Which lusted to pursue the savage beasts,
To draw the fishes from their sheltering waves
25 With net or slender pole, to snare the birds,
To force the headstrong bullocks to endure
The bondage of the yoke, to plow the earth
Which never yet had felt the share's deep wound,
And which in pain and grief now hid her fruits
30 Within her sacred bosom's safer hold.

Now deep within the bowels of the earth
Did that debased, unfilial age intrude;
And thence it dug the deadly iron and gold,
And soon it armed its savage hands for war.
35 It fixed the bounds of realms, constructed towns,
Fought for its own abodes, or threat'ning strove
To plunder those of others as a prize.

Then did abandoned Justice, heavenly maid,
In terror flee the earth, the bestial ways
40 Of men, their hands with bloody slaughter stained,
And, fixed in heaven, now shines among the stars.
Then lust of war increased, and greed for gold,
Throughout the world; and luxury arose,
That deadliest of evils, luring pest,
45 To whose fell powers new strength and force were given
By custom long observed, and precedent
Of evil into worser evil led.

This flood of vice, through many ages dammed,

In ours has burst its bounds and overflowed.
 By this dire age we're fairly overwhelmed—
 An age when crime sits regnant on the throne,
 Impiety stalks raging, unrestrained;
 Foul lust, with all unbridled power, is queen,
 And luxury long since with greedy hands
 Has snatched the boundless riches of the world,
 That she with equal greed may squander them.

5

(Enter NERO, followed by a PREFECT.)

But see, with frenzied step and savage mien,
 The prince approaches. How I fear his will.

10

NERO (to PREFECT). Speed my commands: send forth a messenger
 Who straight shall bring me here the severed heads
 Of Plautus and of Sulla.

PREFECT. Good, my lord;

Without delay I'll speed me to the camp. (*Exit.*)

15

SENECA. One should not rashly judge against his friends.

NERO. Let him be just whose heart is free from fear.

SENECA. But mercy is a sovereign cure for fear.

NERO. A ruler's part is to destroy his foes.

SENECA. A ruler's better part, to save his friends.

20

NERO. A mild old man's advice is fit for boys.

SENECA. Still more does hot young manhood need the rein—

NERO. I deem that at this age we're wise enough.

SENECA. That on thy deed the heavenly gods may smile.

NERO. Thou fool, shall I fear gods myself can make?

25

SENECA. Fear this the more, that so great power is thine.

NERO. My royal fortune grants all things to me.

SENECA. But trust her cautiously; she may deceive.

NERO. A fool is he who does not what he may.

SENECA. To do, not what he may, but ought, wins praise.

30

NERO. The crowd spurns sluggish men.

SENECA. The hated, slays.

NERO. Yet swords protect a prince.

SENECA. Still better, faith.

NERO. A Cæsar should be feared.

35

SENECA. And more be loved.

NERO. But men must fear.

SENECA. Enforced commands are hard.

NERO. Let them obey our laws.

SENECA. Make better laws—

40

NERO. I'll be the judge.

SENECA. Which all men may approve.

NERO. The sword shall force respect.

SENECA. May heaven forbid!

NERO. Shall I then tamely let them seek my blood,

45

That suddenly despised and unavenged,

I may be taken off? Though exiled far,
The stubborn spirits are not broken yet
Of Plautus and of Sulla. Still their rage
Persistent spurs their friends to seek my death;
5 For still have they the people's love in Rome,
Which ever nourishes the exile's hopes.
Then let the sword remove my enemies;
My hateful wife shall die and follow him,
That brother whom she loves. The high must fall.

- 10 SENECA. How fair a thing it is to be the first
Among great men, to think for fatherland,
To spare the weak, to hold the hand of power
From deeds of blood, to give wrath time to think,
Give rest to a weary world, peace to the age.
15 This is the noblest part; by this high path
Is heaven sought. So did Augustus first,
The father of his country, gain the stars,
And as a god is worshiped at the shrines.
Yet he was long by adverse fortune tossed
20 On land and sea, in battle's deadly chance,
Until his father's foes he recompensed.
But fortune hath to thee in peaceful guise
Bent her divinity; with unstained hand
Hath she the reins of government bestowed,
25 And given world-dominion to thy nod.
Sour hate is overcome, and in its stead
Is filial harmony; the senate, knights,
All orders yield obedience to thy will;
For in the father's judgment and the prayers
30 Of humbler folk, thou art the arbiter
Of peace, the god of human destinies,
Ordained to rule the world by right divine.
Thy country's father thou. This sacred name
Doth suppliant Rome beseech thee to preserve,
35 And doth commend her citizens to thee.

- NERO. It is the gift of heaven that haughty Rome,
Her people, and her senate bow to me,
And that my terror doth extort those prayers
And servile words from their unwilling lips.
40 To save the citizens! seditious men,
Who ever 'gainst their land and price conspire,
Puffed up with pride of race—sheer madness that,
When all my enemies one word of mine
Can doom to death. Base Brutus raised his hand
45 To slay that prince from whom he had his all;
And he, who never 'mid the shock of arms
Had been overcome, the world's great conqueror,
Who trod, a very Jove, the lofty paths

Of honor, he was slain by impious hands—
 Of *citizens*! What streams of blood hath Rome,
 So often rent by civil strife, beheld!
 That very saint of thine, Augustus' self,
 Who, as thou said'st but now, did merit heaven 5
 By piety—how many noble men
 Did he destroy, in lusty youth, in age,
 At home, abroad, when, spurred by mortal fear,
 They fled their household gods and that fell sword
 Of the Triumvirate, consigned to death 10
 Upon those mindful tablets' fatal lists.
 The grieving parents saw their severed heads
 Upon the rostra set, but dared not weep
 Their hapless sons; the forum reeked with blood,
 And gore down all those rotting faces dripped. 15
 Nor this the end of slaughter and of death:
 Long did the plains of grim Philippi feed
 The ravenous birds and prowling beasts of prey;
 While ships and men, in deadly conflict met,
 Beneath Sicilia's waters were engulfed. 20
 The whole world trembled with the shock of arms;
 And now, when all was lost, with fleeing ships,
 That mighty leader sought the distant Nile,
 Doomed soon himself to perish there. And thus,
 Once more incestuous Egypt drank the blood 25
 Of Rome's great captains. Now his flitting shade
 Is hovering there; and there is civil strife,
 So long and impious, at last interred.
 Now did the weary victor sheathe his sword,
 All blunted with the savage blows he gave, 30
 And held his empire with the rein of fear.
 He lived in safety 'neath the ample shield
 Of loyal guards; and when his end was come,
 The pious mandate of his son proclaimed
 Him god, and at the temples' sacred shrines 35
 Was he adored. So shall the stars expect
 My godhead too, if first I seize and slay
 With sword relentless all who bear me hate,
 And on a worthy offspring found my house. 40

SENECA. But she will fill thy house with noble sons,
 That heaven-born glory of the Claudian stock,
 Who by the will of fate was wed to thee,
 As Juno to her brother Jove was given.

NERO. A child of hers would stain my noble line,
 For she herself was of a harlot born; 45
 And more—her heart was never linked to me.

SENECA. In tender years is faith not manifest,
 When love, by shame o'ercome, conceals its fires.

NERO. This I myself long trusted, but in vain,
 Through she was clearly of unloving heart,
 And every look betrayed her hate of me.
 At length, in angry grief, I sought revenge;
 5 And I have now a worthy wife obtained,
 In race and beauty blessed, before whose charms
 Minerva, Venus, Juno—all would bow.

SENECA. But honor, wifely faith, and modesty—
 These should the husband seek, for these alone,
 10 The priceless treasures of the heart and soul,
 Remain perpetual; but beauty's flower
 Doth fade and languish with each passing day.

NERO. On her has heaven all its charms bestowed,
 And fate has given her from her birth to me.

15 SENECA. But love will fail; do not too rashly trust.

NERO. Shall he give way, that tyrant of the skies,
 Whom Jove, the Thunderer, cannot remove,
 Who lords it over savage seas, the realms
 Of gloomy Dis, and draws the gods to earth?

20 SENECA. 'Tis by our human error that we paint
 Love as a god, wingèd, implacable,
 And arm his sacred hands with dart and bow,
 Assign him blazing torches, count him son
 Of fostering Venus and of Vulcan. Nay,
 25 But love is of the heart's compelling power,
 A fond and cozening passion of the soul;
 Of hot youth is it born, and in the lap
 Of ease and luxury, 'midst fortune's joys,
 Is fostered. But it sickens straight and dies
 30 When you no longer feed and fondle it.

NERO. I deem the primal source of life is this,
 The joy of love; and it can never die,
 Since by sweet love, which soothes e'en savage breasts,
 The human race is evermore renewed.

35 This god shall bear for me the wedding torch,
 And join me with Poppæa in his bonds.

SENECA. The people's grief could scarce endure to see
 That marriage, nor would piety permit.

NERO. Shall I alone avoid what all may do?

40 SENECA. The state from loftiest souls expects the best.

NERO. I fain would see if, broken by my power,
 This rashly cherished favor will not yield.

SENECA. 'Tis best calmly to obey the state.

NERO. Ill fares the state, when commons govern kings.

45 SENECA. They justly chafe who pray without avail.

NERO. When prayers do not avail, should force be sought?

SENECA. Rebuffs are hard.

NERO. 'Tis wrong to force a prince.

SENECA. He should give way.

NERO. Then rumor counts him forced.

SENECA. Rumor's an empty thing.

NERO. But harmful too.

SENECA. She fears the strong.

5

NERO. But none the less maligns.

SENECA. She soon can be o'ercome. But let the youth,

The faith and chastity of this thy wife,

The merits of her sainted sire prevail

To turn thee from thy will.

10

NERO. Have done at last,

For wearisome has thy insistence grown;

One still may do what Seneca condemns.

And I myself have now too long delayed

The people's prayers for offspring to the throne.

15

Tomorrow's morn her wedding day shall prove,

Who bears within her womb my pledge of love.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III

GHOST OF AGRIPPINA (*bearing a flaming torch*). Through cloven earth
from Tartarus I come,

To bring in bloody hands this torch of hell

To light these cursed rites; with such dire flames

20

Let this Poppæa wed my son, which soon

His mother's grief and vengeful hand shall turn

To funeral fires. And ever 'mid the shades

My impious murder in my memory dwells,

A heavy weight upon my grieving soul

25

Still unavenged; for, Oh, ingratitude

He gave me in return for all my gifts,

E'en for the gift of empire did he give

A murderous ship designed to work my death.

I would have wept my comrades' plight, and more,

30

My son's most cruel deed: no time for tears

Was given, but even higher did he heap

His sum of crime. Though I escaped the sea,

I felt the keen sword's thrust, and with my blood

The very gods defiling, poured my soul

35

In anguish forth. But even yet his hate

Was not appeased. Against my very name

The tyrant raged; my merits he obscured;

My statues, my inscriptions, honors—all,

On pain of death he bade to be destroyed

40

Throughout the world—that world my hapless love,

To my own direful punishment, had given

- To be by him, an untried boy, controlled.
 And now my murdered husband's angry ghost
 Shakes vengeful torches in my guilty face,
 Insistent, threat'ning; blames his death on me,
 5 His murdered son, and loud demands that now
 The guilty cause be given up. Have done:
 He shall be given, and that right speedily.
 Avenging furies for his impious head
 Are planning even now a worthy fate:
 10 Base flight and blows, and fearful sufferings,
 By which the raging thirst of Tantalus
 He shall surpass; the cruel, endless toil
 Of Sisyphus; the pain that Tityus feels,
 And the dread, racking anguish of the wheel
 15 On which Ixion's whirling limbs are stretched.
 Let gold and marble deck his palace walls;
 Let armed guards protect him; let the world
 Be beggared that its treasures vast may flow
 Into his lap; let suppliant Parthians bend
 20 To kiss his hands, and bring rich offerings:
 The day and hour will come when for his crimes
 His guilty soul shall full atonement make,
 When to his enemies he shall be given,
 Deserted and destroyed and stripped of all.
 25 Oh, to what end my labors and my prayers?
 Why did thy frenzied madness, O my son,
 And fate impel thee to such depths of crime
 That e'en thy mother's wrath, whom thou didst slay,
 Is all too small to match her sufferings?
 30 Oh, would that, ere I brought thee forth to light,
 And suckled thee, my vitals had been rent
 By savage beasts! Then senseless, innocent,
 And mine wouldst thou have perished; joined to me
 Wouldst thou forever see the quiet seats
 35 Of this abode of souls, thy mighty sire,
 And grandsires too, those men of glorious name,
 Whom now perpetual shame and grief await
 Because of thee, thou monster, and of me.
 But why delay in hell to hide my face,
 40 Since I have proved a curse to all my race? (*Vanishes.*)
- OCTAVIA (*to the CHORUS in deprecation of their grief because of her divorce*).
 Restrain your tears; put on a face of joy,
 As on a festal day, lest this your love
 And care for me should stir the royal wrath,
 45 And I be cause of suffering to you.
 This wound is not the first my heart has felt;
 Far worse have I endured; but all shall end,
 Perchance in death, before this day is done.

No more upon my brutal husband's face
 Shall I be forced to look; that hateful couch,
 Long since consigned to slavish uses, base,
 I shall behold no more.

For now Augustus' sister shall I be,
 And not his wife. But Oh, be far from me
 All cruel punishments and fear of death.
 Poor, foolish girl! and canst thou hope for this?
 Bethink thee of his former sins—and hope.
 Nay, he has spared thy wretched life till now,
 That thou mayst at his marriage altars fall.
 But why so often turn thy streaming eyes
 Upon thy home? Now speed thy steps away,
 And leave this bloody prince's hall for aye.

CHORUS. Now dawns at last the day we long have feared

And talked of. Lo, our Claudia, driven forth
 By cruel Nero's threats, leaves that abode
 Which even now Poppæa calls her own;
 While we must sit and grieve with sluggish woe,
 By heavy fear oppressed.

Where is that Roman people's manhood now,
 Which once the pride of mighty leaders crushed,
 Gave righteous laws to an unconquered land,
 Gave powers at will to worthy citizens,
 Made peace and war, fierce nations overcame,
 And held in dungeons dark their captive kings?

Behold, on every side our eyes are grieved
 By this Poppæa's gleaming statues joined
 With Nero's images—a shameful sight.

Come, overturn them with indignant hands,
 Too like in feature to her living face.
 And her we'll drag from off that royal couch;
 And then, with flaming brand and deadly sword,
 Attack the princely palace of her lord.

ACT IV

NURSE (*to POPPÆA, who appears, distraught, coming out of her chamber*). 35

Why dost thou from thy husband's chamber come,
 Dear child, with hurried step and troubled face?

Why dost thou seek a lonely place to weep?

For surely has the day we long have sought
 With prayers and promised victims come at last.

Thou hast thy Cæsar, firmly joined to thee
 By ties of marriage, whom thy beauty won,
 Whom Venus gave to thee in bonds of love,
 Though Seneca despised and flouted her.

- How beautiful, upon the banquet couch
 Reclining in the palace, didst thou seem!
 The senate viewed thy beauty in amaze
 When thou didst offer incense to the gods,
 5 And sprinkle wine upon the sacred shrines,
 Thy head the while with gauzy purple veiled.
 And close beside thee was thy lord himself;
 Amid the favoring plaudits of the crowd
 He walked majestic, in his look and mien
 10 Proclaiming all his pride and joy in thee.
 So did the noble Peleus lead his bride
 Emerging from the ocean's snowy foam,
 Whose wedding feast the heavenly gods adorned,
 With equal joy the sea divinities.
- 15 What sudden cause has clouded o'er thy face?
 Tell me, what mean thy pallor and thy tears!
- POPPEA. Dear nurse, this night I had a dreadful dream;
 And even now, as I remember it,
 My mind is troubled and my senses fail.
- 20 For when the joyful day had sunk to rest,
 And in the darkened sky the stars appeared,
 I lay asleep within my Nero's arms.
 But that sweet sleep I could not long enjoy;
 For suddenly a grieving crowd appeared
- 25 To throng my chamber—Roman matrons they,
 With hair disheveled and loud cries of woe.
 Then 'midst the oft-repeated, strident blasts
 Of trumpets, there appeared my husband's mother,
 And shook before my face with threat'ning mien
- 30 A bloody torch. Compelled by present fear,
 I followed her; when suddenly the earth
 Seemed rent asunder to its lowest depths.
 Headlong to these I plunged, and even there
 In wonder I beheld my wedding couch,
- 35 Whereon I sank in utter weariness.
 Then with a throng of followers I saw
 My son and former husband drawing near.
 Straightway Crispinus hastened to my arms,
 And on my lips his eager kisses fell:
- 40 When suddenly within that chamber burst
 My lord the king with frantic, hurrying steps,
 And plunged his sword into that other's throat.
 A mighty terror seized me, and at last
 It roused me from my sleep. I started up
- 45 With trembling limbs and wildly beating heart.
 Long was I speechless from that haunting fear,
 Until thy fond affection gave me tongue.
 Why do the ghosts of Hades threaten me?

Or why did I behold my husband's blood?

NURSE. All things which occupy the waking mind,
 Some subtle power, swift working, weaves again
 Into our web of dreams. Small wonder then,
 Thy sleeping thoughts were filled with marriage beds 5
 And husbands, when thy neww mated lord
 Held thee in his embrace. Does it seem strange
 That thou shouldst dream tonight of sounds of woe,
 Of breasts hard beaten and of streaming hair?
 Octavia's departure did they mourn 10
 Within her brother's and her father's house.
 The torch which thou didst follow, borne aloft
 By Agrippina's hand, is but a sign
 That hate shall win for thee a mighty name.
 Thy marriage couch, in realms infernal seen, 15
 Portends a lasting state of wedded joy.
 Since in Crispinus' neck the sword was sheathed,
 Believe that no more wars thy lord shall wage,
 But hide his sword within the breast of peace.
 Take heart again, recall thy joys, I pray, 20
 Throw off thy fears, and to thy couch return.

POPPÆA. Nay, rather will I seek the sacred shrines,
 And there make sacrifice unto the gods,
 That they avert these threats of night and sleep,
 And turn my terrors all upon my foes. 25
 Do thou pray for me and the gods implore
 That in this happy state I may endure.

(*Exeunt POPPÆA and NURSE.*)

CHORUS (*of Roman women in sympathy with POPPÆA*). If babbling rumor's
 tales of Jove,

His secret joys in mortal love,
 Are true, he once, in plumage dressed; 30
 Was to the lovely Leda pressed;
 And as a savage bull he bore
 Europa from her native shore:
 But should he once thy form, Poppæa, see,
 He would leave his shining stars to dwell with thee. 35
 For thou than Leda many fold
 Art fairer, or that maid of old
 Whom Jove embraced in showers of gold.
 Let Sparta boast her lovely dame,
 Who, as his prize, to Paris came: 40
 Though Helen's beauty drove the world to arms,
 She still must yield to our Poppæa's charms.

(*Enter MESSENGER.*)

But who comes here with hurried step and wild?

What tidings bears he in his heaving breast?

MESSENGER. Whoever guards our noble prince's house,
Let him defend it from the people's rage.

Behold, the prefects lead their men in haste,
5 To save the city from the furious mob
Whose reckless passion grows, unchecked by fear.

CHORUS. What is the madness that inflames their hearts?

MESSENGER. The people for their loved Octavia
Are wild with rage and grief; and now in throngs
10 Are rushing forth in mood for any deed.

CHORUS. What are they bent to do, or with what plan?

MESSENGER. To give Octavia back her father's house,
Her brother's bed, and her due share of empire.

CHORUS. But these Poppæa holds as Nero's wife.

15 MESSENGER. 'Tis even she 'gainst whom the people's rage
Burns persistent, and to reckless deeds
Is driven headlong on. Whate'er they see,
Of noble marble wrought, or gleaming bronze,
The hated image of Poppæ's face,

20 They cast it to the earth with wanton hands
And crushing bars. The shattered parts they drag
Along the streets, and with insulting heel
Deep in the filthy mud they trample them.

These savage deeds are mingled with such words
25 As I should fear to utter in your ears.

Soon will they hedge the royal house with flames,
Unless the prince his new-made wife give up
To sate the people's wrath, and then restore
To noble Claudia her father's house.

30 That he himself may know these threatened deeds,
I'll haste to tell him as the prefect bade. (*Exit.*)

CHORUS. Why vainly strive against the powers above?
For Cupid's weapons are invincible.

Your puny fires by those fierce flames he'll dim
35 By which he oft has quenched the bolts of Jove,
And brought the Thunderer captive from the sky.

For this offense you shall dire forfeit pay,
E'en with your blood; for hot of wrath is he,
And may not be o'ercome. At his command
40 Did fierce Achilles strike the peaceful lyre;
He forced the Greeks and Agamemnon proud
To do his will. Illustrious cities, too,
And Priam's realm he utterly destroyed.

And now my mind in fear awaits to see
45 What Cupid's cruel penalties will be.

ACT V

NERO (*seated in a room of his palace*). Too slow my soldiers' hands,
too mild my wrath,

When citizens have dared such crimes as these.

Those torches that they kindled 'gainst their prince

Their blood shall quench; and Rome, who bore such men,

5

Shall be bespattered with her people's gore.

Yet death is far too light a punishment

For such atrocities; this impious mob

Shall suffer worse than death. But she, my wife

And sister, whom I hate with deadly fear,

10

For whose sole sake the people rage at me,

Shall give her life at last to sate my grief,

And quench my anger in her flowing blood.

Soon shall my flames enwrap the city's walls,

And in the ruins of her falling homes

15

The people shall be buried; squalid want,

Dire hunger, grief—all these shall they endure.

Too fat upon the blessings of our age

Has this vile mob become, and know not how

To bear our clemency and relish peace;

20

But, rash and reckless, are they ever borne

By shifting tides of passion to their hurt.

They must be held in check by suffering,

Be ever pressed beneath the heavy yoke,

Lest once gain they dare assail the throne,

25

And to the august features of my wife

Dare lift again their vulgar eyes. O'er-awed

By fear of punishment must they be taught

To yield obedience to their prince's nod.

But here I see the man whose loyalty

30

Has made him captain of my royal guards.

(*Enter PREFECT.*)

PREFECT. The people's rage by slaughter of a few,

Who most resistance made, is overcome.

NERO. Is that enough? Was that my word to thee?

"Is overcome?" Where then is my revenge?

35

PREFECT. The guilty leaders of the mob are dead.

NERO. Nay, but the mob itself, which dared to assail

My house with flames, to dictate laws to me,

To drag my noble wife from off my bed,

And with unhallowed hands and angry threats

40

To affront her majesty—are they unscathed?

PREFECT. Shall angry grief decide their punishment?

NERO. It shall—whose fame no future age shall dim.

PREFECT. Which neither wrath nor fear shall moderate?

NERO. She first shall feel my wrath who merits it.

PREFECT. Tell whom thou mean'st. My hand shall spare her not.

NERO. My wrath demands my guilty sister's death.

PREFECT. Benumbing horror holds me in its grasp.

5 NERO. Wilt not obey my word?

PREFECT. Why question that?

NERO. Because thou spar'st my foe.

PREFECT. A woman, foe?

NERO. If she be criminal.

10 PREFECT. But what her crime?

NERO. The people's rage.

PREFECT. But who can check their rage?

NERO. The one who fanned its flame.

PREFECT. But who that one?

15 NERO. A woman she, to whom an evil heart

Hath nature given, a soul to fraud inclined.

PREFECT. But not the power to act.

NERO. That she may be

Without the power to act, that present fear

20 May break her strength, let punishment at once,

Too long delayed, crush out her guilty life.

Have done at once with argument and prayers,

And do my royal bidding: let her sail

To some far distant shore and there be slain,

25 That thus at last my fears may be at rest.

(*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS (*attached to OCTAVIA*). Oh, dire and deadly has the people's love

To many proved, which fills their swelling sails

With favoring breeze, and bears them out to sea;

But soon its vigor languishes and dies,

30 And leaves them to the mercy of the deep.

The wretched mother of the Gracchi wept

Her murdered sons, who, though of noble blood,

Far famed for eloquence and piety,

Stout-hearted, learned in defense of law,

35 Were brought to ruin by the people's love

And popular renown. And Livius, thee

To equal fate did fickle fortune give,

Who found no safety in thy lictors' rods,

No refuge in thy home. But grief forbids

40 To tell more instances. This hapless girl,

To whom but now the citizens decreed

The restoration of her fatherland,

Her home, her brother's couch, is dragged away

In tears and misery to punishment,

45 With citizens consenting to her death!

Oh, blessed poverty, content to hide

Beneath the refuge of a lowly roof!
 For lofty homes, to fame and fortune known,
 By storms are blasted and by fate o'er-thrown!

(Enter OCTAVIA in the custody of the palace guards, who are dragging her roughly out into the street.)

OCTAVIA. Oh, whither do ye hurry me? What fate
 Has that vile tyrant or his queen ordained? 5
 Does she, subdued and softened by my woes,
 Grant me to live in exile? Or, if not,
 If she intends to crown my sufferings
 With death, why does her savage heart begrudge
 That I should die at home? But now, alas, 10
 I can no longer hope for life; behold,
 My brother's bark, within whose treacherous hold
 His mother once was borne; and now for me,
 Poor wretch, his slighted sister-wife, it waits.
 No more has right a place upon the earth, 15
 Nor heavenly gods. Grim Fury reigns supreme.
 Oh, who can fitly weep my evil plight?
 What nightingale has tongue to sing my woes?
 Would that the fates would grant her wings to me!
 Then would I speed away on pinions swift, 20
 And leave my grievous troubles far behind,
 Leave these unholy haunts of savage men,
 There, all alone, within some forest wide,
 Among the swaying branches would I sit,
 And let my grieving spirit weep its fill. 25

CHORUS. The race of men is by the fates controlled,
 And none may hope to make his own secure;
 And o'er the ever-shifting ways of life
 The day which most we fear shall come to us.
 But comfort now thy heart with thought of those 30
 Of thine own house who suffered ill, and ask:
 In what has fortune been more harsh to thee?
 Thee first I name, Agrippa's noble child,
 The famous mother of so many sons,
 Great Cæsar's wife, whose name throughout the world 35
 In flaming glory shone, whose teeming womb
 Brought forth so many hostages of peace:
 E'en thee did exile wait, and cruel chains,
 Blows, bitter anguish, and at last a death
 Of lingering agony. And Livia, thou, 40
 Though fortunate in husband and in sons,
 Didst walk the way of sin—and punishment.
 And Julia, too, endured her mother's fate;
 For, though no evil deed was charged to her,
 She fell a victim to the sword at last. 45

- What could not once thy mighty mother do
Who ruled supreme the house of Claudius,
By him beloved, and in her son secure?
Yet she at last was subject to a slave,
5 And fell beneath a brutal soldier's sword.
For what exalted heights of royalty
Might not our Nero's mother once have hoped?
Mishandled first by vulgar sailors' hands,
Then slain and mangled by the bungling sword,
10 She lay the victim of her cruel son.
- OCTAVIA. Me, too, the tyrant to the world of shades
Is sending. Why delay? Then speed my death.
For fate hath made me subject to your power.
I pray the heavenly gods—what wouldst thou, fool?
15 Pray not to gods who show their scorn of thee.
But, O ye gods of hell, ye furies dire,
Who work your vengeance on the crimes of men,
And thou, my father's restless spirit, come
And bring this tyrant fitting punishment.

(To her guards)

- 20 The death you threaten has no terrors now
For me. Go, set your ship in readiness,
Unfurl your sails, and let your pilot seek
The barren shores of Pandataria.

(Exit OCTAVIA with guards.)

- CHORUS. Ye gentle breezes and ye zephyrs mild,
25 Which once from savage Dian's altar bore
Atrides' daughter in a cloud concealed,
This child of ours, Octavia, too, we pray,
Bear far away from these too cruel woes,
And set her in the fane of Trivia.
30 For Aulis is more merciful than Rome,
The savage Taurian land more mild than this:
There hapless strangers to their gods they feed,
But Rome delights to see her children bleed.

—F. J. MILLER.



THE COURT GOSSIP

AN ECCENTRIC EMPEROR¹

SUETONIUS

[From the *Deified Claudius*]

Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus was born about 75 and died about 160. Suetonius, secretary to the emperor Hadrian, was a voluminous writer in the field of biography, the history of culture, and language and literature. His chief interest lay in biography, a branch in which he produced several series of lives. Except for fragments, some of them of considerable length, we possess only the Lives of the Twelve Cæsars, a work of primary importance for the history of the first century of the Empire. So great was Suetonius' popularity and influence that his form and method, including even its tendency to preserve the trivial gossip as of equal value with the historical and with the interpretation of character, determined the course of historical writing for some time to come.

The peculiarities of Claudius, who ruled the empire from 41 to 54, are set forth by means of a succession of anecdotes illustrating certain generally accepted qualities of the man. Suetonius as a rule contents himself with this method, seldom making a serious attempt to read the secrets of character beneath the anecdotes. In this way he often loses sight of contemporaneous circumstances impelling a character to action, and frequently assigns motives of a personal sort to deeds which may have been dictated by public policy.

He gave frequent and grand dinner parties, as a rule in spacious places, where six hundred guests were often entertained at one time. He even gave a banquet close to the outlet of the Fucine Lake and was well-nigh drowned, when the water was let out with a rush and deluged the place. He always invited his own children to dinner along with the sons and daughters of distinguished men, having them sit at the arms of the couches as they ate, after the old time custom. When a guest was suspected of having stolen a golden bowl the day before, he invited him again the next day, but set before him an earthenware cup.

He was eager for food and drink at all times and in all places. Once when he was holding court in the forum of Augustus and had caught the savour of a meal which was preparing for the Salii in the temple of Mars hard by, he left the tribunal, went up where the priests were, and took his place at their table. He hardly ever left the dining-room until he was stuffed and soaked; then he went to sleep at once, lying on his back with his mouth open, and a feather was put down his throat to relieve his stomach. He slept but a little at a time, for he was usually awake before midnight; but he would sometimes drop off in the daytime while holding court and could hardly be roused when the advocates raised their voices for the purpose. He was immoderate in his passion for women, but wholly free from unnatural vice. He was greatly devoted to gaming, even publishing a book on the art, and he actually used to

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

play while driving, having the board so fitted to his carriage as to prevent his game from being disturbed.

That he was of a cruel and blood-thirsty disposition was shown in matters great and small. He always exacted examination by torture and
5 the punishment of parricides at once and in his presence. When he was at Tibur and wished to see an execution in the ancient fashion, no executioner could be found after the criminals were bound to the stake. Whereupon he sent to fetch one from the city and continued to wait for him until nightfall. At any gladiatorial show, either his own or another's,
10 he gave orders that even those who fell accidentally should be slain, in particular the net-fighters, so that he could watch their faces as they died. When a pair of gladiators had fallen by mutually inflicted wounds, he at once had some little knives made from both their swords for his use. He took such pleasure in the combats with wild beasts and of those
15 that fought at noonday, that he would go down to the arena at daybreak and after dismissing the people for luncheon at midday, he would keep his seat and in addition to the appointed combatants, he would for trivial and hasty reasons match others, even of the carpenters, the assistants, and men of that class, if any automatic device, or pageant, or anything
20 else of the kind, had not worked well. He even forced one of his pages to enter the arena just as he was, in his toga.

But there was nothing for which he was so notorious as timidity and suspicion. Although in the early days of his reign, as we have said, he made a display of simplicity, he never ventured to go to a banquet without
25 being surrounded by guards with lances and having his soldiers wait upon him in place of the servants; and he never visited a man who was ill without having the patient's room examined beforehand and his pillows and bed-clothing felt over and shaken out. Afterwards he even subjected those who came to pay their morning call to search, sparing none of
30 the strictest examination. Indeed, it was not until late, and then reluctantly, that he gave up having women and young boys and girls grossly mishandled, and the cases for pens and styles taken from every man's attendant or scribe. When Camillus began his revolution, he felt sure that Claudius could be intimidated without resorting to war; and in fact
35 when he ordered the emperor in an insulting, threatening, and impudent letter to give up his throne and betake himself to a life of privacy and retirement, Claudius called together the leading men and asked their advice about complying.

He was so terror-stricken by unfounded reports of conspiracies that
40 he had tried to abdicate. When, as I have mentioned before, a man with a dagger was caught near him as he was sacrificing, he summoned the senate in haste by cries and loudly and tearfully bewailed his lot, saying that there was no safety for him anywhere; and for a long time he would not appear in public. His ardent love for Messalina too was cooled, not
45 so much by her unseemly and insulting conduct, as through fear of danger, since he believed that her paramour Silius aspired to the throne. On that occasion he made a shameful and cowardly flight to the camp, doing nothing all the way but ask whether his throne was secure.

No suspicion was too trivial, nor the inspirer of it too insignificant, to drive him on to precaution and vengeance, once a slight uneasiness entered his mind. One of two parties to a suit, when he made his morning call, took Claudius aside, and said that he had dreamed that he was murdered by someone; then a little later pretending to recognize the assassin, he pointed out his opponent, as he was handing his petition. The latter was immediately seized, as if caught red-handed, and hurried off to execution. It was in a similar way, they say, that Appius Silanus met his downfall. When Messalina and Narcissus had put their heads together to destroy him, they agreed on their parts and the latter rushed into his patron's bed-chamber before day-break in pretended consternation, declaring that he had dreamed that Appius had made an attack on the emperor. Then Messalina, with assumed surprise, declared that she had had the same dream for several successive nights. A little later, as had been arranged, Appius, who had received orders the day before to come at that time, was reported to be forcing his way in, and as if this were proof positive of the truth of the dream, his immediate accusation and death were ordered. And Claudius did not hesitate to recount the whole affair to the senate next day and to thank the freedman for watching over his emperor's safety even in his sleep.

He was conscious of his tendency to wrath and resentment and excused both in an edict; he also drew a distinction between them, promising that the former would be short and harmless and the latter not without cause. After sharply rebuking the people of Ostia, because they had sent no boats to meet him when he entered the Tiber, and in such bitter terms that he wrote that they had reduced him to the rank of a commoner, he suddenly forgave them and all but apologised. He repulsed with his own hand men who approached him in public at unseasonable times. He also banished a quæstor's clerk without a hearing, as well as a senator of prætorian rank, although they were blameless: the former for going too far in pleading a suit against him before he became emperor; the latter, because he had fined the tenants of Claudius's estates for violating the law forbidding the selling of cooked victuals, and had whipped his bailiff when he remonstrated. And with the same motive he took from the ædiles the regulation of the cook-shops.

He did not even keep quiet about his own stupidity, but in certain brief speeches he declared that he had purposely feigned it under Gaius, because otherwise he could not have escaped alive and attained his present station. But he convinced no one, and within a short time a book was published, the title of which was "The Elevation of Fools" and its thesis, that no one feigned folly.

Among other things men have marvelled at his absent-mindedness and blindness. When he had put Messalina to death, he asked shortly after taking his place at the table why the empress did not come. He caused many of those whom he had condemned to death to be summoned the very next day to consult with him or game with him, and sent a messenger to upbraid them for sleepy-heads when they delayed to appear. When he was planing his unlawful marriage with Agrippina, in every speech

that he made he constantly called her his daughter and nursling, born and brought up in his arms. Just before his adoption of Nero, as if it were not bad enough to adopt a stepson when he had a grown-up son of his own, he publicly declared more than once that no one had ever

5 been taken into the Claudian family by adoption.

In short, he often showed such heedlessness in word and act that one would suppose that he did not know or care to whom, with whom, when, or where he was speaking. When a debate was going on about the butchers and vintners, he cried out in the House: "Now, pray, who can live without

10 a snack," and then went on to describe the abundance of the old taverns to which he himself used to go for wine in earlier days. He gave as one of his reasons for supporting a candidate for the quæstorship, that the man's father had once given him cold water when he was ill and needed it. Once when a witness had been brought before the senate, he said:

15 "This woman was my mother's freedwoman and tirewoman, but she always regarded me as her patron; I mention this because there are still some in my household now who do not look on me as patron." When the people of Ostia made a public petition to him, he flew into a rage on the very tribunal and bawled out that he had no reason for obliging
20 them; that he was surely free if anyone was. In fact every day, and almost every hour and minute, he would make such remarks as these: "What! do you take me for a Telegenius?" "Scold me, but hands off!" and many others of the same kind which would be unbecoming even in private citizens, not to mention a prince who lacked neither eloquence nor culture,
25 but on the contrary constantly devoted himself to liberal pursuits.

He began to write history in his youth with the encouragement of Titus Livius and the direct help of Sulpicius Flavius. But when he gave his first reading to a large audience, he had difficulty in finishing, since he more than once threw cold water on his own performance. For at

30 the beginning of the reading the breaking down of several benches by a fat man raised a laugh, and even after the disturbance was quieted, Claudius could not keep from recalling the incident and renewing his guffaws. Even while he was emperor he wrote a good deal and gave constant recitals through a professional reader. He began his history

35 with the death of the dictator Cæsar, but passed to a later period and took a fresh start at the end of the civil war, realising that he was not allowed to give a frank or true account of the earlier times, since he was often taken to task both by his mother and his grandmother. He left two books of the earlier history, but forty-one of the later. He also com-

40 posed an autobiography in eight books, lacking rather in good taste than in style, as well as a "Defence of Cicero against the Writings of Asinius Gallus," a work of little learning. Besides this he invented three new letters and added them to the alphabet, maintaining that they were greatly needed; he published a book on their theory when he was still in private
45 life, and when he became emperor had no difficulty in bringing about their general use. These characters may still be seen in numerous books, in the daily gazette, and in inscriptions on public buildings.

AN IMPERIAL ARTIST¹

SUETONIUS

[From the *Nero*]

It will probably never be possible to form a fair judgment of Nero as an artist. It may be that he possessed unusual abilities; but all accounts of his activities are so colored by the Roman prejudice against participation by a gentleman in public performances of all sorts that a true estimate is out of the question. The Romans never wholly outgrew the notion that the making of art products, including even poetry itself, was but a form of manual labor belittling to the dignity of a man of high station.

Having gained some knowledge of music in addition to the rest of his early education, as soon as he became emperor he sent for Terpnus, the greatest master of the lyre in those days, and after listening to him sing after dinner for many successive days until late at night, he little by little began to practice himself, neglecting none of the exercises which artists of that kind are in the habit of following, to preserve or strengthen their voices. For he used to lie upon his back and hold a leaden plate on his chest, purge himself by the syringe and by vomiting, and deny himself fruits and all foods injurious to the voice. Finally encouraged by his progress, although his voice was weak and husky, he began to long to appear on the stage, and every now and then in the presence of his intimate friends he would quote a Greek proverb meaning "Hidden music counts for nothing." And he made his debut at Naples, where he did not cease singing until he had finished the number which he had begun, even though the theatre was shaken by a sudden earth-quake shock. In the same city he sang frequently and for several successive days. Even when he took a short time to rest his voice, he could not keep out of sight but went to the theatre after bathing and dined in the orchestra with the people all about him, promising them in Greek, that when he had wetted his whistle a bit, he would ring out something good and loud. He was greatly taken too with the rhythmic applause of some Alexandrians who had flocked to Naples from a fleet that had lately arrived, and summoned more men from Alexandria. Not content with that, he selected some young men of the order of the knights and more than five thousand sturdy young commoners, to be divided into groups and learn the Alexandrian styles of applause (they called them "the bees," "the roof-tiles," and "the bricks"), and to ply them vigorously whenever he sang. These men were noticeable for their thick hair and fine apparel; their left hands were bare and without rings, and the leaders were paid four hundred thousand sesterces each.

Considering it of great importance to appear in Rome as well, he repeated the contest of the Neronia before the appointed time, and when there was a general call for his "divine voice," he replied that if any

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

wished to hear him, he would favour them in the gardens; but when the guard of soldiers which was then on duty seconded the entreaties of the people, he gladly agreed to appear at once. So without delay he had his name added to the list of the lyre-players who entered the contest, and
5 casting his own lot into the urn with the rest, he came forward in his turn, attended by the prefects of the Guard carrying his lyre, and followed by the tribunes of the soldiers and his intimate friends. Having taken his place and finished his preliminary speech, he announced through the ex-consul Cluvius Rufus that "he would sing Niobe"; and he kept at it
10 until late in the afternoon, putting off the award of the prize for that event and postponing the rest of the contest to the next year, to have an excuse for singing oftener. But since even that seemed too long to wait, he did not cease to appear in public from time to time. He even thought of taking part in private performances among the professional actors, when one of
15 the prætors offered him a million sesterces. He also put on the mask and sang tragedies representing gods and heroes and even heroines and goddesses, having the masks fashioned in the likeness of his own features or those of the women of whom he chanced to be enamoured. Among other themes he sang "Canace in Labor," "Orestes the Matricide," "The Blinding of Ædipus" and the "Frenzy of Hercules." At the last named
20 performance they say that a young recruit, seeing the emperor in mean attire and bound with chains, as the subject required, rushed forward to lend him aid.

From his earliest years he had a special passion for horses and talked
25 constantly about the games in the Circus, though he was forbidden to do so. Once when he was lamenting with his fellow pupils the fate of a charioteer of the "Greens," who was dragged by his horses, and his preceptor scolded him, he told a lie and pretended that he was talking of Hector. At the beginning of his reign he used to play every day with ivory chariots
30 on a board, and he came from the country to all the games, even the most insignificant, at first secretly, and then so openly that no one doubted that he would be in Rome on that particular day. He made no secret of his wish to have the number of the prizes increased, and in consequence more races were added and the performance was continued to a late hour,
35 while the managers of the troupes no longer thought it worth while to produce their drivers at all except for a full day's racing. He soon longed to drive a chariot himself and even to show himself frequently in public; so after a trial exhibition in his gardens before his slaves and the dregs of the populace, he gave all an opportunity of seeing him in the Circus
40 Maximus, one of his freedmen dropping the napkin from the place usually occupied by the magistrates.

Not content with showing his proficiency in these arts at Rome, he went to Achaia, as I have said, influenced especially by the following consideration. The cities in which it was the custom to hold contests in music
45 had adopted the rule of sending all the lyric prizes to him. These he received with the greatest delight, not only giving audience before all others to the envoys who brought them, but even inviting them to his private table. When some of them begged him to sing after dinner and greeted his per-

formance with extravagant applause, he declared that "the Greeks were the only ones who had an ear for music and that they alone were worthy of his efforts." So he took ship without delay and immediately on arriving at Cassiope made a preliminary appearance as a singer at the altar of Jupiter Cassius, and then went the round of all the contests.

To make this possible, he gave orders that even those which were widely separated in time should be brought together in a single year, so that some had even to be given twice, and he introduced a musical competition at Olympia also, contrary to custom. To avoid being distracted or hindered in any way while busy with these contests, he replied to his freedman Helliuss, who reminded him that the affairs of the city required his presence, in these words: "However much it may be your advice and your wish that I should return speedily, yet you ought rather to counsel me and to hope that I may return worthy of Nero"

While he was singing no one was allowed to leave the theatre for the most urgent reasons. And so it is said that some women gave birth to children there, while many who were worn out with listening and applauding, secretly leaped from the wall, since the gates at the entrance were closed, or feigned death and were carried out as if for burial. The trepidation and anxiety with which he took part in the contests, his keen rivalry of his opponents and his awe of the judges, can hardly be credited. As if his rivals were of quite the same station as himself, he used to show respect to them and try to gain their favour, while he slandered them behind their backs, sometimes assailed them with abuse when he met them, and even bribed those who were especially proficient.

Before beginning, he would address the judges in the most deferential terms, saying that he had done all that could be done, but the issue was in the hands of Fortune; they however, being men of wisdom and experience, ought to exclude what was fortuitous. When they bade him take heart, he withdrew with greater confidence, but not even then without anxiety, interpreting the silence and modesty of some as sullenness and ill-nature, and declaring that he had his suspicions of them.

In competition he observed the rules most scrupulously, never daring to clear his throat and even wiping the sweat from his brow with his arm. Once indeed, during the performance of a tragedy, when he had dropped his sceptre but quickly recovered it, he was terribly afraid that he might be excluded from the competition because of his slip, and his confidence was restored only when his accompanist swore that it had passed unnoticed amid the delight and applause of the people. When the victory was won, he made the announcement himself; and for that reason he always took part in the contests of the heralds. To obliterate the memory of all other victors in the games and leave no trace of them, their statues and busts were all thrown down by his order, dragged off with hooks, and cast into privies.

He also drove a chariot in many places, at Olympia even a ten-horse team, although in one of his own poems he had criticised Mithridates for just that thing. But after he had been thrown from the car and put back in it, he was unable to hold out and gave up before the end of the course; but

he received the crown just the same. On his departure he presented the entire province with freedom and at the same time gave the judges Roman citizenship and a large sum of money. These favours he announced in person on the day of the Isthmian Games, standing in the middle of the
5 stadium.

Returning from Greece, since it was at Naples that he had made his first appearance, he entered the city with white horses through a part of the wall which had been thrown down, as is customary with victors in the sacred games. In like manner he entered Antium, then Albanum, and
10 finally Rome; but at Rome he rode in the chariot which Augustus had used in his triumphs in days gone by, and wore the purple robe and a Greek cloak adorned with stars of gold, bearing on his head the Olympic crown and in his right hand the Pythian, while the rest were carried before him with inscriptions telling where he had won them and against what
15 competitors, and giving the titles of the songs or the subject of the plays. His car was followed by his claque as by the escort of a triumphal procession, who shouted that they were the attendants of Augustus and the soldiers of his triumph. Then through the arch of the Circus Maximus, which was thrown down, he made his way across the Velabrum and the
20 Forum to the Palatine and the temple of Apollo. All along the route victims were slain, the streets were sprinkled from time to time with perfume, while birds, ribbons, and sweetmeats were showered upon him. He placed the sacred crowns in his bedchambers around his couches, as well as statues representing him in the guise of a lyre-player; and he had
25 a coin too struck with the same device. So far from neglecting or relaxing his practice of the art after this, he never addressed the soldiers except by letter or in a speech delivered by another, to save his voice; and he never did anything for amusement or in earnest without an elocutionist by his side, to warn him to spare his vocal organs and hold a handkerchief to his
30 mouth. To many men he offered his friendship or announced his hostility, according as they applauded him lavishly or grudgingly.

—J. C. ROLFE.



II. SALVATION THROUGH STOICISM

The times of Nero witnessed a revival of interest in philosophy, and nearly all the writers of that day were carefully trained in the doctrines of Stoicism. That system of ethics seemed to offer the intellectuals an escape from the extravagances and suppressions to which they were subjected under despotic rulers. With its doctrine that freedom springs from within and is not dependent upon the outward circumstances of life, it held out a peculiarly effective consolation to those who were suffering from the loss of political liberty. Harmony with nature and nature's law could be achieved even by men out of harmony with the conditions in which their lives were cast. No power could thwart ambition if the highest ambition was to be realized in personal character.

EPISTLES TO LUCILIUS

SENECA

Lucius Annæus Seneca, often called Seneca the Younger to distinguish him from his father of the same name who was also a man of letters, was born at Corduba in Spain about 4 B.C. As tutor of the young Nero he gained an ascendancy over him which later assured Seneca the practical control of the government during the first part of Nero's administration. Later, accused of participation in a conspiracy against the emperor, he fell into disfavor and was finally forced to commit suicide in the year 65. His philosophical writings took the form of moral essays, some of them in the guise of letters, on Stoic themes. He wrote also a number of tragedies based directly upon the material used by the Greek tragedians, but altered so as to become the vehicle of his own philosophical views. They exerted a powerful influence, both in respect of technique and of matter, on the English dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period.

Seneca, like Cicero, found in philosophy a refuge from public life. The experience of both of them was such as to beget an appreciation of the delights of such withdrawal. The thought, however, is a commonplace of philosophical literature.

EPISTLE I

Reclaim yourself for yourself, my Lucilius, and collect and preserve the time which up until now has been either wrested or filched from you, or has just been allowed to slip away. Convince yourself that what I am saying is so. Part of your time is wrested from us, some is subtly stolen from us, and some just allowed to slip away. Moreover, a loss incurred 5 through neglect is the most disgraceful of all.

If you will examine the matter closely, the greatest part of life glides away while we are botching something, a great part while we are doing nothing, and our whole life while we are engaged in something different from what we should be. Whom can you show me who puts any value on his time, who evaluates a day, or perceives that he is dying little 10 by little each day? For we err in thinking that death is in the future. A large part of our death has already taken place. Death holds all our past life. Therefore, make sure, my Lucilius, that you embrace every hour, just as you write you are doing. You will be less dependent on to-morrow, if you will claim today as your own. 15

While we delay, life sails by us. Time alone is our own, Lucilius. Everything else belongs in some measure to another. Nature has put us in possession of this one fleeting and slippery gift from which just any one who wants to may evict us. So great is the folly of mortals that they permit the least and cheapest things, which can most certainly be replaced, to be entered into their accounts, when they have obtained them; and yet, no one who takes your time thinks that he owes you anything, when as a matter of fact that is the one thing which not even a grateful person can repay. 20

Perhaps you ask what I do, I who am giving you this advice. I will tell you frankly. With regard to what is immoderate but thrifty my account stands balanced. I can't say that I never lose anything. But what I lose, both where and how, I will tell you. I will account for my moderate
 5 circumstances. That happens to me which happens to most people who are reduced to want through no fault of their own. Every one pities them but no one helps them.

What then is the sum of the matter? I do not regard him as straitened in circumstances for whom the little that he has is sufficient. I prefer that
 10 you preserve that which is your own, and you will begin in good time. For, as seemed true to our forefathers, it is too late to begin saving when the bottom has been reached; for it is not only the least but also the worst that stays at the bottom. Goodbye.

—P. H. EPPS.



EPISTLE II

From what you write and what I hear I am beginning to be hopeful
 15 about you. You are not running here and yonder, nor are you disquieting yourself through changing from one place to another. For this is the agitation of a troubled mind. In my judgment, the first proof of a well-ordered mind is the ability to live with itself and refrain from gadding about.

Take care, however, that your reading of many authors and books of
 20 all sorts does not produce in you a tendency to restlessness and wandering. You must linger over and nourish yourself on proved authors of real ability, if you want to secure for yourself something which will stay steadfastly in your mind. He who is everywhere is nowhere. Those who spend
 25 their lives gadding about find that they have many acquaintances but no real friends.

The same thing necessarily happens to those who never apply themselves intimately to the mind and character of any one author but rush hurriedly in a cursory manner to any and all writers. Food which is ejected as soon
 30 as it is eaten is of no help and does not even reach the body. Nothing so impedes good health as a continual changing of remedies. No wound heals on which various medicines are constantly tried out. No plant which is frequently transplanted ever grows strong. Nothing is so useful that it can help one on the run. A multitude of books distracts. Consequently,
 35 since you cannot read all the books you can possess, it is enough to have as many as you can read.

"But," you say, "I like to read now this and now that author." It is a fastidious stomach which wants to be always tasting a lot of things. And when these are varied and different, they create disorder rather than
 40 nourishment. Therefore, always read approved authors, and if a desire comes over you to read a different one, reread those you read earlier.

Prepare for yourself daily something to help you face straitened circumstances, death and other destructive forces. When you have gone through many books, choose something which you will ponder well that day. That is what I do. I seize on some one of the many things I read. Today it was this which I chanced on in Epicurus (for I am accustomed to go over into the enemy's camp, not as a deserter but as an explorer). "Straitened circumstances," he says, "is an honorable and even a joyful thing." But it isn't straitened circumstances, if it is joyful. It is not he who has too little who is poor, but he who wants more. For what difference does it make how much one has in his strong box, or how much he has in granaries, or how much cattle he pastures, or how much he has out at interest, if he dotes on the property of some one else, or if he makes his calculations not on the basis of what he has acquired but on what he still plans to get? You are asking perhaps what one is to use as the measure of wealth. The first is to have what is needed, and the next is to have what is sufficient. Goodbye.

—P. H. EPPS.



EPISTLE VIII¹

"Do you bid me," you say, "shun the throng, and withdraw from men, and be content with my own conscience? Where are the counsels of your school, which order a man to die in the midst of active work?" As to the course which I seem to you to be urging on you now and then, my object in shutting myself up and locking the door is to be able to help a greater number. I never spend a day in idleness; I appropriate even a part of the night for study. I do not allow time for sleep but yield to it when I must, and when my eyes are wearied with waking and ready to fall shut, I keep them at their task. I have withdrawn not only from men, but from affairs, especially from my own affairs; I am working for later generations, writing down some ideas that may be of assistance to them. There are certain wholesome counsels, which may be compared to prescriptions of useful drugs; these I am putting into writing; for I have found them helpful in ministering to my own sores, which, if not wholly cured, have at any rate ceased to spread.

I point other men to the right path, which I have found late in life, when wearied with wandering. I cry out to them: "Avoid whatever pleases the throng: avoid the gifts of Chance! Halt before every good which Chance brings to you, in a spirit of doubt and fear; for it is the dumb animals and fish that are deceived by tempting hopes. Do you call these things the 'gifts' of Fortune? They are snares. And any man among you who wishes to live a life of safety will avoid, to the utmost of his power, these limed twigs of her favour, by which we mortals, most wretched in this respect also, are deceived; for we think that we hold them in our grasp, but they

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

hold us in theirs. Such a career leads us into precipitous ways, and life on such heights ends in a fall. Moreover, we cannot even stand up against prosperity when she begins to drive us to leeward; nor can we go down, either, 'with the ship at least on her course,' or once for all; Fortune does
 5 not capsize us,—she plunges our bows under and dashes us on the rocks.

"Hold fast, then, to this sound and wholesome rule of life; that you indulge the body only as far as is needful for good health. The body should be treated more rigorously, that it may not be disobedient to the mind. Eat merely to relieve your hunger; drink merely to quench your thirst;
 10 dress merely to keep out the cold; house yourself merely as a protection against personal discomfort. It matters little whether the house be built of turf, or of variously coloured imported marble; understand that a man is sheltered just as well by a thatch as by a roof of gold. Despise everything that useless toil creates as an ornament and an object of beauty. And
 15 reflect that nothing except the soul is worthy of wonder; for to the soul, if it be great, naught is great."

When I commune in such terms with myself and with future generations, do you not think that I am doing more good than when I appear as counsel in court, or stamp my seal upon a will, or lend my assistance in the senate,
 20 by word or action, to a candidate? Believe me, those who seem too busied with nothing are busied with the greater tasks; they are dealing at the same time with things mortal and things immortal.

But I must stop, and pay my customary contribution, to balance this letter. The payment shall not be made from my own property; for I am still
 25 conning Epicurus. I read to-day, in his works, the following sentence: "If you would enjoy real freedom, you must be the slave of Philosophy." The man who submits and surrenders himself to her is not kept waiting; he is emancipated on the spot. For the very service of Philosophy is freedom.

It is likely that you will ask me why I quote so many of Epicurus's noble words instead of words taken from our own school. But is there any reason why you should regard them as sayings of Epicurus and not common property? How many poets give forth ideas that have been uttered, or may be uttered, by philosophers! I need not touch upon the tragedians and
 30 our writers of national drama; for these last are also somewhat serious, and stand half-way between comedy and tragedy. What a quantity of sagacious verses lie buried in the mime! How many of Publilius's lines are worthy of being spoken by buskin-clad actors, as well as by wearers of the slipper! I shall quote one verse of his, which concerns philosophy,
 40 and particularly that phase of it which we were discussing a moment ago, wherein he says that the gifts of Chance are not to be regarded as part of our possessions:

"Still alien is whatever you have gained
 By coveting."

I recall that you yourself expressed this idea much more happily and concisely:

"What Chance has made yours is not really yours."

And a third, spoken by you still more happily, shall not be omitted:

"The good that could be given, can be removed."

I shall not charge this up to the expense account, because I have given it to you from your own stock. Farewell.

—R. M. GUMMERE.



EPISTLE IX

You want to know whether Epicurus is right in censuring in one of his letters those who say that the wise man is content in and of himself 5 and consequently does not need a friend. This statement by Epicurus was aimed at Stilbo and at those to whom the *summum bonum* seems to be a mind impervious to feeling. It is highly uncertain whether it is satisfactory to translate glibly the Greek word *apatheia* by a single Latin word and call it *impatientia*, i.e., insensibility. For this word can have just the opposite 10 meaning from what we intend it to have here. We want it to designate the man who rejects all the claims of evil. But this can be interpreted also as the man who cannot bear any evil. Consider, therefore, whether it would not be more satisfactory to use the expression an invulnerable mind, or a mind superior to all suffering. 15

This is the difference between us and the other schools of philosophy. Our wise man conquers all misfortunes, even though he feels them, whereas their wise man does not even feel them. But we do have this in common with them: our wise men find their contentment within themselves. But even so, the wise man wishes to have friends and neighbors and companions, no matter how sufficient he is for himself. Consider the situations in which he is contented. Sometimes it is with less than his whole body. If disease or an enemy deprives him of a hand, or if through some accident he loses one eye or both, the rest of his body will be sufficient for him, and he will live just as contentedly with his diminished and maimed body as he 25 would if it were whole. He does not yearn for what is lacking. He would merely prefer that it not be lacking. Now the wise man is sufficient for himself in just the same way. He does not wish to be without a friend. He wants only to be able to be. And by "being able" I mean that he bears the loss with equanimity. 30

And he will never be without a friend; for he has within his power the means for procuring friends readily. Just as Phidias, if he should lose one statue, would immediately make another, so our wise man, a master craftsman at making friendships, will substitute another in the place of a lost friend. You may ask how he will make a friend so quickly. I will 35 tell you, if you will agree that I will thereby pay my debt to you and that our accounts will be balanced as far as this epistle is concerned.

Hecaton says: "I will show you a love potion made without drugs, herbs, or the incantation of any sorceress. If you want to be loved, love." More-

over, great joy can be had not only from the exercise of old and tried friendships but from the beginning and procuring of new ones also. The difference between a person who is already enjoying a friendship and the person just beginning one is the same as the difference between a reaping
 5 and a sowing farmer. Attalus the philosopher used to say that making a friend afforded greater joy than having one, just as painting a picture affords the painter more joy than to have painted one. The care exerted in accomplishing one's work brings greater delight than the possession of a completed work. The one who has finished a work of art does not feel an
 10 equal amount of joy. In the latter case, he is enjoying the product of his art, whereas, when he was painting, for instance, he was enjoying the art itself. Young manhood is a more productive period for children, but infancy is more pleasant.

Now back to our subject. Even if the wise man finds his contentment
 15 within himself, he nevertheless desires friends, if for no other reason, so that he may practice friendship and that so great a virtue may not lie idle. He does not want friends for the reason that Epicurus gives in his letter—that he may have some one to sit at his side when he is sick, some one to succor him when he has been put in chains, or is in need. The
 20 wise man wants a friend rather than he may have some one beside whom he himself may sit when he is sick, some one whom he himself may set free when he has been surrounded by hostile guards. Whoever enters into a friendship with an eye to his own advantage is making a mistake; for whatever causes a friendship may also break it. A friendship sought to keep
 25 one out of chains will slink away at the first rattle of a chain. Such friendships are called fair-weather friendships. Any one accepted as a friend because he is useful will be acceptable only so long as he is useful. That is why "friends" crowd around those who are prosperous, while solitude surrounds those who are ruined in fortune. Such "friends" flee in any
 30 situation which puts them to the test. This accounts for the great number of cowardly examples of those who desert and others who betray their friends through fear. The beginning and the end of a friendship necessarily agree. The one who enters into a friendship because it is expedient will desert it for the same reason. Any friendship entered into for any reason, except
 35 for friendship itself, will be sold for a price.

Why do I seek a friend? That I may have some one to die for, some one to follow into exile, in the preventing of whose death I may expend myself. The friendship you describe, the one which looks to convenience and consequences, is not friendship but business. There is no doubt but that the
 40 feeling of lovers is somewhat similar to that of friendship. You could, in fact, call love insane friendship.

Now does any one ever love for the sake of gain, or advancement or glory? Pure and unsullied love disregards everything else and inflames the minds of lovers with a desire for beauty, not without hope of mutual
 45 affection. What? Does an ignoble feeling arise from a more honorable origin? You are doubtless now saying that I am no longer discussing whether friendship ought to be sought for its own sake. But that is exactly what is to be proved; for if friendship must be sought for its own sake, then

the man who finds his contentment within himself can seek it. "But how will he seek it?" In the same manner in which he seeks any other very beautiful thing: neither captivated by gain nor terrified by the vagaries of fortune. He who seeks friendship for his days of good fortune is appropriating the special glory of friendship.

The wise man finds his contentment within himself. Many people, my dear Lucilius, interpret that wrongly. They delimit the wise man in every way and reduce him to their own limitations. Yet what this expression means and up to what limit it is true must be carefully determined. The wise man finds his contentment within himself, not for mere living but for living blessedly. For the purpose of mere living he needs many things. But for living blessedly he has to have only a sane and upright mind, one which scorns fortune....

The wise man finds his contentment within himself. Yet he would not be living, if he were destined to live without a friend. He is drawn to friendship, not by any personal advantage but by a natural desire. For men are born with an innate delight in friendship, just as in other things. Just as there is a natural detestation of solitude and a seeking of companionship, and just as nature draws man to man, so there is an inborn urge which makes us all seekers of friendship.... Goodbye.

—P. H. EPPS.



EPISTLE XLI

You are doing an excellent and a healthful thing for yourself, if as you write, you are still striving towards a good mind, a thing which it is foolish to wish for, when you can obtain it yourself. We do not have to lift our hands to heaven or implore priests for access to the ear of some statue, as though that would enable us to be heard any better. God is near us; he is with us; he is within us. I even declare this: there dwells in us a sacred spirit, a guardian and detector of the evil and the good. This spirit treats us just as he has been treated. Indeed, no man is good without the help of God. Is any one able to rise above the power of fortune without the help of God? He gives noble and upright counsel. In each good man a god resides—what god, it is not certain.

If there meets your view a grove crowded with old trees grown to their accustomed height and obstructing your view of the heaven by the thrust of branches covering branches, the height of that forest, the hidden nature of the place, and wonder at shade clearly so dense and extensive will create in you belief in a divine power. If any cave in deeply corroded rocks overhangs a mountain, a cave not made with hands but hollowed into such extensive spaciousness by natural causes, it arouses a feeling of sacredness in your mind. We venerate sources of great rivers. The sudden outburst of a large stream from a hidden source produces altars. We pay reverence to springs of warm water, and certain still waters are

consecrated because of their shade or unusual depth. If you see a man unterrified in dangers, immune to greed, happy in the midst of adversity, calm in the midst of storms, viewing gods from an equal plane and men from a superior one, does not veneration for such a one steal over you?

- 5 Will you not exclaim: "That sort of spirit is too great and too high to be considered similar to the body in which it dwells!" Some power divine has come to earth in that body. It is a heavenly power that urges on an excelling mind, one heeding moderation, transcending everything as inferior and smiling at our petty wants and fears. So great a thing as
10 that cannot continue standing unless supported by a power divine.

- Therefore, the greater part of such a mind dwells chiefly in that place from which it came. Just as rays of the sun, even though they touch the earth, are also in that place from which they emanate, even so a spirit, great and sacred and sent down in this person that we might view more
15 closely things divine, although it dwells with us, clings to its origin. From heaven it is let down; to heaven it turns its gaze and struggles to return; it is interested in our affairs as some superior being.

- What therefore is this spirit? One which thrives on no good except what is its very own. For what is more foolish than to praise in a man
20 those things which are external to him? What is more stupid than the person who marvels at those things which can be transferred immediately to some one else? Golden reins do not make a better horse. A lion with gilded mane let into an arena is regarded in one way while he is being handled and, when worn down, forced to submit to this golden orna-
25 mentation, but in quite another way when he is unadorned and whole in spirit. The latter, you know, fierce in attack just as nature wants him to be, beautiful in the horror he inspires, whose special adornment is not to be looked upon without fear, is preferred to that languid and gilded beast.

- No one ought to glory in anything except what is peculiarly his own.
30 We praise a vine if it loads its branches with fruit, if it brings to the ground with the weight of what it bears the very props themselves. Would any person prefer to that vine one which had golden grapes and golden leaves? Fruitfulness in a vine is its own peculiar virtue. In man also that is to be praised which is his very own. Perhaps he has a lovely family,
35 a beautiful home, plants large crops, and has much money out at interest. But none of these is of the inner man; they are external to him. Praise in this man that which can neither be taken from him nor given to him, that which is peculiar to a man.

- Do you ask what this is? Spirit, and reason brought to perfection in
40 that spirit; for man is a reasoning animal. Therefore, his good is brought to perfection, if he brings to its fullness that for which he was born. What is it which reason exacts from man? A very easy thing: that he live according to nature. But a general insanity makes this difficult. We thrust each other into viciousness. Moreover, how can they be restored to safety
45 whom no one holds back and the whole people drive on? Goodbye.

—P. H. EPPS.



EPISTLE XLVII

I am delighted to hear from returning visitors that you are treating your slaves as family intimates. Such conduct befits both your learning and your wisdom. "These men are slaves," men say. They are rather human beings. "They are slaves." Say rather fellow comrades. "They are slaves." Say rather humble friends. "They are slaves." They are 5 rather fellow slaves, if you will consider to what extent each of us is dependent on the power of fortune. Therefore, I have to smile at those who think it disgraceful to eat with slaves.

And why do they think so, unless it is because of the very snobbish custom of having a master eat with a crowd of slaves standing around 10 him? He eats beyond his capacity, and in his prodigious greediness loads his puffed-out stomach—no longer performing the function of a stomach—until it disgorges more laboriously than it gorged, while the unhappy slaves are not permitted to move their lips even to speak. Their every murmur is punished with the whip. Not even such accidental sounds as 15 a cough, a sneeze, or hiccough are exempt from the lash. Any interruption of silence by any sound means great punishment for the slaves. They stand all night mute and hungry. Consequently those who are not permitted to speak before their masters talk about them behind their backs.

But those slaves who were allowed not only to speak in the presence 20 of their masters but to speak with them—those whose mouths were not sewed up—were ready to expose their necks for their masters and to bring upon themselves the dangers threatening their masters. Those slaves talked during feasts but were silent under torture. Moreover, this same arrogance of ours is responsible for the proverb: one has as many 25 enemies as one has slaves.

They do not come to us as enemies. We make them so. I pass over our other inhuman cruelties to them, in which we misuse them not as human beings but as beasts. While we stretch ourselves out at meals, we have slaves wiping up the filth left by drunks under the reclining 30 benches. Another slave carves costly birds. Guiding his deft hand in confident strokes through their breasts and backs, he cuts them up—wretched man who lives for this one purpose: to carve fattened birds properly. Is the man who has a slave taught this for his personal pleasure more wretched than the slave who learns it from necessity? Another, 35 decked out like a woman, dispenses and passes the wine; and he must ever wrestle with his age. He cannot escape from boyhood. He is dragged back to it, and now, as a favorite slave, in military garb, with his hair scraped off or pulled out by the roots, keeps vigil throughout the night, which he divides between his master's drunkenness and lust. In the bed- 40 room he is a man, but in festivities he is a slave boy. Another, whose task is to classify the dinner guests, stands wretchedly waiting to see whose fawning praise and intemperance in gluttony or speech will earn him an invitation back tomorrow. Add also the menu-makers who, through their minute knowledge of their master's palate, know what 45 furnishes an exciting savor for it, what delights it, what can appeal by

its novelty to his easily nauseated stomach, what will disgust it by its very abundance and what will rouse its jaded hunger on that day. With all these the master does not deign to eat, and thinks it lowers his dignity to sit at the same table with his slave. Great God, how many masters
5 among the slaves does he have! I have seen his own master standing at Callistus' threshold, and that man who had fastened the for-sale sign on him and put him among the worthless slaves I have seen kept outside while others went in. That slave, put in the first class to be sold when the auctioneer first tries out his voice, repaid his master's favor. He
10 rejected him in turn and judged him unworthy of his house. His master sold Callistus, but at what a cost to the master!

Just remember that the one you call your slave was born from the same species you are, enjoys the same sky, breathes, lives and dies just the same as you. It is just as possible for you to see him a free-born man
15 as it is for him to see you a slave. Many most nobly born men, men aiming through their military service at a seat in the senate, had their status reduced by fortune during the Marian upheaval, so that one was made a shepherd and another a farm overseer. Therefore, scorn at your peril a man now in that plight into which you can be changed even while
20 you are scorning him!

I have no wish to enter into an extended discussion and get into a controversy about treatment of slaves, toward whom we are most haughty, most cruel and most insolent. The sum and substance of my advice is that you live with an inferior as you would wish a superior to live with
25 you. As often as you consider how much power you have over your slave, remember also how much power your own master has over you.

"But," you say, "I have no master." You are young yet. Perhaps you will have one. Do you remember how old Hecuba, Cræsus, the mother of Darius, Plato, and Diogenes were when they became slaves? Live
30 kindly and courteously with your slave. Allow him a part in your conversations, in your deliberations, and in your festivities. At this point, the whole group of voluptuaries will cry out against me declaring: "Nothing is baser or more degrading than this." I will catch these same "gentlemen" kissing the hand of foreign slaves. Haven't you noticed how
35 our forefathers did away with all envy towards masters and all insolence towards slaves? They called the master father of the house, and the slaves members of the house—a custom which continues even until today in plays. They instituted a feast day not as the only day but as one day on which at any rate masters would eat with their slaves. On that day slaves
40 were permitted to dispense gifts in the house, to make judgments—the home became a miniature commonwealth.

Are you wondering if I mean to bring all my slaves to my table? Not any more than I would all freemen. You are mistaken though, if you think I would reject them on the basis of more sordid tasks—for instance,
45 my plowman or my mule driver. I shall judge them not by their tasks but by their character. Chance assigns men their tasks, but each man is responsible for the character he develops. Let some dine with you because they are worthy and some that they may become so. For if association

with sordid tasks has produced some servility in them, dining with more honorable people will help eradicate it. You don't have to seek a friend only in the Forum and the Senate, Lucilius. If you will look carefully, you will find one at home also. Good material often lies idle for lack of an artisan. Try this out and you will find it true. Just as he is foolish 5 who, when about to buy a horse, looks at the bridle and harness and not at the horse; so he is most foolish who judges a man from his clothes and condition in life—his condition which is as external to him as his clothes.

"He is a slave." But perhaps he is free in spirit. "He is a slave." Will 10 that damage him? Show me one who isn't a slave. One is a slave to his lust, another to his greed, another to ambition, and all to hope and fear. I will show you a man of consular rank a slave to a little old woman; or a rich man a slave to a serving girl; or most noble youths slaves to ballet-dancers. No servitude is more degrading than a voluntary one. 15 Consequently, there is no reason why these squeamish people should keep you from being cheerful and affable rather than haughtily superior to your servants.

Your slaves should respect you rather than fear you. Some one will declare that I am urging slaves to revolt and am reducing the dignity 20 and position of masters because I have said: "Your slave should respect their masters rather than fear them." "Does he actually mean to have slaves regard their masters as clients and visitors do?" Whoever says that is forgetting that what is sufficient for God to do is not too small a thing for masters to do. Whoever is revered is loved. Love cannot 25 commingle with fear. Therefore you are quite right, in my judgment, in not wanting to be feared by your slaves and in using only words to chastise them. Dumb animals are corrected with the lash.

Everything that offends us does not also damage us. Our fastidiousness drives us to such madness that our wrath is aroused by everything that 30 does not conform to our wishes. We assume the temper of kings; for they too, forgetting their own strength and the weakness of others, flare up and cry out as angrily as if they had been injured, when in fact their great good fortune has rendered them quite safe from any such danger. They know they have not been injured, but they seize the opportunity 35 of inflicting harm by complaining that they have received an injury only to inflict one.

I will not detain you longer, for you are not in need of being exhorted. Good character exhibits this good quality among others: it respects itself and remains constant. But evil is fickle and is always changing, not for 40 the better but merely to something else.

—P. H. EPPS.



DIALOGUE IX

SENECA

Peace of mind is to be attained by first discovering one's relation to one's fellowmen and to the state, and then by playing the man under whatever limitations that relation imposes. Withdrawal from life is a dream of the philosopher, but life is not a dream. Seneca was a philosopher, but he was also a practical man of affairs and a typical Roman.

SERENUS. When I examine myself, Seneca, some vices appear on the surface, and so that I can lay my hands upon them, while others are less distinct and harder to reach, and some are not always present, but recur at intervals: and these I should call the most troublesome, being like a
 5 roving enemy that assails one when he sees his opportunity, and who will neither let one stand on one's guard as in war, nor yet take one's rest without fear as in peace. The position in which I find myself more especially (for why should I not tell you the truth as I would to a physician), is that of neither being thoroughly set free from the vices which I fear
 10 and hate, nor yet quite in bondage to them: my state of mind, though not the worst possible, is a particularly discontented and sulky one: I am neither ill nor well. It is of no use for you to tell me that all virtues are weakly at the outset, and that they acquire strength and solidity by time, for I am well aware, that even those which do but help our outward
 15 show, such as grandeur, a reputation for eloquence, and everything that appeals to others, gain power by time. But those which afford us real strength and those which do but trick us out in a more attractive form, require long years before they gradually are adapted to us by time. But I fear that custom, which confirms most things, implants this vice more
 20 and more deeply in me. Long acquaintance with both good and bad people leads one to esteem them all alike. What this state of weakness really is, when the mind halts between two opinions without any strong inclination towards either good or evil, I shall be better able to show you piecemeal than all at once. I will tell you what befalls me, you must find
 25 out the name of the disease. I have to confess the greatest possible love of thrift; I do not care for a bed with gorgeous hangings, nor for clothes brought out of a chest, or pressed under weights and made glossy by frequent manglings, but for common and cheap ones, that require no care either to keep them or to put them on. For food I do not want what
 30 needs whole troops of servants to prepare it and admire it, nor what is ordered many days before and served up by many hands, but something handy and easily come at, with nothing far-fetched or costly about it, to be had in every part of the world, burdensome neither to one's fortune nor one's body, not likely to go out of the body by the same path by which
 35 it came in. I like a rough and unpolished homebred servant, I like my servant born in my house: I like my country-bred father's heavy silver plate stamped with no maker's name: I do not want a table that is beauteous with dappled spots, or known to all the town by the number of fashionable

people to whom it has successively belonged, but one which stands merely for use, and which causes no guest's eye to dwell upon it with pleasure or to kindle at it with envy. While I am well satisfied with this, I am reminded of the clothes of a certain schoolboy, dressed with no ordinary care and splendour, of slaves bedecked with gold and a whole regiment 5 of glittering attendants. I think of houses too, where one treads on precious stones, and where valuables lie about in every corner, where the very roof is brilliantly painted, and a whole nation attends and accompanies an inheritance on the road to ruin. What shall I say of waters, transparent to the very bottom, which flow round the guests, and banquets worthy 10 of the theatre in which they take place? Coming as I do from a long course of dull thrift, I find myself surrounded by the most brilliant luxury, which echoes around me on every side: my sight becomes a little dazzled by it: I can lift up my heart against it more easily than my eyes. When I return from seeing it I am a sadder, though not a worse man, 15 I cannot walk amid my own paltry possessions with so lofty a step as before, and silently there steals over me a feeling of vexation, and a doubt whether that way of life may not be better than mine. None of these things alter my principles, yet all of them disturb me. At one time I would obey the maxims of our school and plunge into public life, I would 20 obtain office and become consul, not because the purple robe and lictor's axes attract me, but in order that I may be able to be of use to my friends, my relatives, to all my countrymen, and indeed to all mankind. Ready and determined, I follow the advice of Zeno, Cleanthes, and Chrysippus, all of whom bid one take part in public affairs, though none of them ever 25 did so himself: And then, as soon as something disturbs my mind, which is not used to receiving shocks, as soon as something occurs which is either disgraceful, such as often occurs in all men's lives, or which does not proceed quite easily, or when subjects of very little importance require me to devote a great deal of time to them, I go back to my life of 30 leisure, and, just as even tired cattle go faster when they are going home, I wish to retire and pass my life within the walls of my house. "No one," I say, "that will give me compensation worth such a loss shall ever rob me of a day. Let my mind be contained within itself and improve itself: let it take no part with other men's affairs, and do nothing which depends 35 on the approval of others: let me enjoy a tranquillity undisturbed by either public or private troubles." But whenever my spirit is roused by reading some brave words, or some noble example spurs me into action, I want to rush into the law courts, to place my voice at one man's disposal, my services at another's, and try to help him even though I may not 40 succeed, or to quell the pride of some lawyer who is puffed up by ill-deserved success: but I think, by Hercules, that in philosophical speculation it is better to view things as they are, and to speak of them on their own account, and as for words, to trust to things for them, and to let one's speech simply follow whither they lead. "Why do you want to 45 construct a fabric that will endure for ages? Do you not wish to do this in order that posterity may talk of you yet you were born to die, and a silent death is the least wretched. Write something therefore in a simple

style, merely to pass the time, for your own use, and not for publication. Less labour is needed when one does not look beyond the present." Then again, when the mind is elevated by the greatness of its thoughts, it becomes ostentatious in its use of words, the loftier its aspirations, the more loftily it desires to express them, and its speech rises to the dignity of its subject. At such times I forget my mild and moderate determination and soar higher than is my wont, using a language that is not my own. Not to multiply examples, I am in all things attended by this weakness of a well-meaning mind, to whose level I fear that I shall be gradually brought down, or, what is even more worrying, that I may always hang as though about to fall, and that there may be more the matter with me than I myself perceive: for we take a friendly view of our own private affairs, and partiality always obscures our judgement. I fancy that many men would have arrived at wisdom had they not believed themselves to have arrived there already, had they not purposely deceived themselves as to some parts of their character, and passed by others with their eyes shut: for you have no grounds for supposing that other people's flattery is more ruinous to us than our own. Who dares to tell himself the truth? Who is there, by however large a troop of caressing courtiers he may be surrounded, who in spite of them is not his own greatest flatterer? I beg you therefore, if you have any remedy by which you could stop this vacillation of mine, to deem me worthy to owe my peace of mind to you. I am well aware that these oscillations of mind are not perilous and that they threaten me with no serious disorder: to express what I complain of by an exact simile, I am not suffering from a storm, but from sea-sickness. Take from me, then, this evil, whatever it may be, and help one who is in distress within sight of land.

SENECA. I have long been silently asking myself, my friend Serenus, to what I should liken such a condition of mind, and I find that nothing more closely resembles it than the conduct of those who, after having recovered from a long and serious illness, occasionally experience slight touches and twinges, and, although they have passed through the final stages of the disease, yet have suspicions that it has not left them, and though in perfect health yet hold out their pulse to be felt by the physician, and whenever they feel warm suspect that the fever is returning. Such men, Serenus, are not unhealthy, but they are not accustomed to being healthy; just as even a quiet sea or lake nevertheless displays a certain amount of ripple when its waters are subsiding after a storm. What you need, therefore, is not any of those harsher remedies to which allusion has been made, not that you should in some cases check yourself, in others be angry with yourself, in others sternly reproach yourself, but that you should adopt that which comes last in the list, have confidence in yourself, and believe that you are proceeding on the right path, without being led aside by the numerous divergent tracks of wanderers which cross it in every direction, some of them circling about the right path itself. What you desire, to be undisturbed, is a great thing, nay, the greatest thing of all, and one which raises a man almost to the level of a god. The Greeks call this calm steadiness of mind *euthymia*, and Democritus's

treatise upon it is excellently written: I call it peace of mind: for there is no necessity for translating so exactly as to copy the words of the Greek idiom: the essential point is to mark the matter under discussion by a name which ought to have the same meaning as its Greek name, though perhaps not the same form. What we are seeking, then, is how the mind may always pursue a steady, unruffled course, may be pleased with itself, and look with pleasure upon its surroundings, and experience no interruption of this joy, but abide in a peaceful condition without being ever either elated or depressed: this will be "peace of mind." Let us now consider in a general way how it may be attained: then you may apply as much as you choose of the universal remedy to your own case. Meanwhile we must drag to light the entire disease, and then each one will recognize his own part of it: at the same time you will understand how much less you suffer by your self-depreciation than those who are bound by some showy declaration which they have made, and are oppressed by some grand title of honour, so that shame rather than their own free will forces them to keep up the pretence. The same thing applies both to those who suffer from fickleness and continual changes of purpose, who always are fondest of what they have given up, and those who merely yawn and dawdle: add to these those who, like bad sleepers, turn from side to side, and settle themselves first in one manner and then in another, until at last they find rest through sheer weariness: in forming the habits of their lives they often end by adopting some to which they are not kept by any dislike of change, but in the practice of which old age, which is slow to alter, has caught them living: add also those who are by no means fickle, yet who must thank their dulness, not their consistency for being so, and who go on living not in the way they wish, but in the way they have begun to live. There are other special forms of this disease without number, but it has but one effect, that of making people dissatisfied with themselves. This arises from a distemperature of mind and from desires which one is afraid to express or unable to fulfil, when men either dare not attempt as much as they wish to do, or fail in their efforts and depend entirely upon hope: such people are always fickle and changeable, which is a necessary consequence of living in a state of suspense: they take any way to arrive at their ends, and teach and force themselves to use both dishonourable and difficult means to do so, so that when their toil has been in vain they are made wretched by the disgrace of failure, and do not regret having longed for what was wrong, but having longed for in vain. They then begin to feel sorry for what they have done, and afraid to begin again, and their mind falls by degrees into a state of endless vacillation, because they can neither command nor obey their passions, of hesitation, because their life cannot properly develop itself, and of decay, as the mind becomes stupefied by disappointments. All these symptoms become aggravated when their dislike of a laborious misery has driven them to idleness and to secret studies, which are unendurable to a mind eager to take part in public affairs, desirous of action and naturally restless, because, of course, it finds too few resources within itself: when therefore it loses the amusement which

business itself affords to busy men, it cannot endure home, loneliness, or the walls of a room, and regards itself with dislike when left to itself. Hence arises that weariness and dissatisfaction with oneself, that tossing to and fro of a mind which can nowhere find rest, that unhappy and
 5 unwilling endurance of enforced leisure. In all cases where one feels ashamed to confess the real cause of one's suffering, and where modesty leads one to drive one's sufferings inward, the desires pent up in a little space without any vent choke one another. Hence comes melancholy and drooping of spirit, and a thousand waverings of the unsteadfast mind,
 10 which is held in suspense by unfulfilled hopes, and saddened by disappointed ones: hence comes the state of mind of those who loathe their idleness, complain that they have nothing to do, and view the progress of others with the bitterest jealousy: for an unhappy sloth favours the growth of envy, and men who cannot succeed themselves wish every one
 15 else to be ruined. This dislike of other men's progress and despair of one's own produces a mind angered against fortune, addicted to complaining of the age in which it lives, to retiring into corners and brooding over its misery until it becomes sick and weary of itself: for the human mind is naturally nimble and apt at movement: it delights in every opportunity of excitement and forgetfulness of itself, and the worse a man's disposition the more he delights in this, because he likes to wear himself out with busy action, just as some sores long for the hands that injure them and delight in being touched, and the foul itch enjoys anything that scratches it. Similarly I assure you that these minds, over which
 25 desires have spread like evil ulcers, take pleasure in toils and troubles, for there are some things which please our body while at the same time give it a certain amount of pain, such as turning oneself over and changing one's side before it is wearied, or cooling oneself in one position after another. It is like Homer's Achilles, lying first upon its face, then upon
 30 its back placing itself in various attitudes, and, as sick people are wont, enduring none of them for long, and using changes as though they were remedies. Hence men undertake aimless wanderings, travel along distant shores, and at one time at sea, at another by land, try to soothe that fickleness of disposition which always is dissatisfied with the present.
 35 "Now let us make for Campania: now I am sick of rich cultivation: let us see wild regions, let us thread the passes of Bruttii and Lucania: yet amid this wilderness one wants something of beauty to relieve our pampered eyes after so long dwelling on savage wastes: let us seek Tarentum with its famous harbour, its mild winter climate, and its district, rich
 40 enough to support even the great hordes of ancient times. Let us now return to town: our ears have too long missed its shouts and noise: it would be pleasant also to enjoy the sight of human bloodshed." Thus one journey succeeds another, and one sight is changed for another. As Lucretius says:—

"Thus every mortal from himself doth flee";

45 but what does he gain by so doing if he does not escape from himself? he follows himself and weighs himself down by his own

most burdensome companionship. We must understand, therefore, that what we suffer from is not the fault of the places but of ourselves: we are weak when there is anything to be endured, and cannot support either labour or pleasure, either one's own business or any one else's for long. This has driven some men to death, because by frequently 5 altering their purpose they were always brought back to the same point, and had left themselves no room for anything new. They had become sick of life and of the world itself, and as all indulgences palled upon them they began to ask themselves the question, "How long are we to go on doing the same thing?" 10

You ask me what I think we had better make use of to help us to support this ennui. "The best thing," as Athenodorus says, "is to occupy oneself with business, with the management of affairs of state and the duties of a citizen: for as some pass the day in exercising themselves in the sun and in taking care of their bodily health, and athletes find it most useful 15 to spend the greater part of their time in feeding up the muscles and strength to whose cultivation they have devoted their lives; so too for you who are training your mind to take part in the struggles of political life, it is far more honourable to be thus at work than to be idle. He whose object is to be of service to his countrymen and to all mortals, 20 exercises himself and does good at the same time when he is engrossed in business and is working to the best of his ability both in the interests of the public and of private men. But," continues he, "because innocence is hardly safe among such furious ambitions and so many men who turn one aside from the right path, and it is always sure to meet with more 25 hindrance than help, we ought to withdraw ourselves from the forum and from public life, and a great mind even in a private station can find room wherein to expand freely. Confinement in dens restrains the springs of lions and wild creatures, but this does not apply to human beings, who often effect the most important works in retirement. Let a man, 30 however, withdraw himself only in such a fashion that wherever he spends his leisure his wish may still be to benefit individual men and mankind alike, both with his intellect, his voice, and his advice. The man that does good service to the state is not only he who brings forward candidates for public office, defends accused persons, and gives his vote on questions 35 of peace and war, but he who encourages young men in well-doing, who supplies the present dearth of good teachers by instilling into their minds the principles of virtue, who seizes and holds back those who are rushing wildly in pursuit of riches and luxury, and, if he does nothing else, at least checks their course—such a man does service to the public though 40 in a private station. Which does the most good, he who decides between foreigners and citizens (as *prætor peregrinus*), or, as *prætor urbanus*, pronounces sentence to the suitors in his court at his assistant's dictation, or he who shows them what is meant by justice, filial feeling, endurance, courage, contempt of death and knowledge of the gods, and how much 45 a man is helped by a good conscience? If then you transfer to philosophy the time which you take away from the public service, you will not be a deserter or have refused to perform your proper task. A soldier is not

merely one who stands in the ranks and defends the right or the left wing of the army, but he also who guards the gates—a service which, though less dangerous, is no sinecure—who keeps watch, and takes charge of the arsenal: though all these are bloodless duties, yet they count as military

5 service. As soon as you have devoted yourself to philosophy, you will have overcome all disgust at life: you will not wish for darkness because you are weary of the light, nor will you be a trouble to yourself and useless to others: you will acquire many friends, and all the best men will be attracted towards you: for virtue, in however obscure a position,

10 cannot be hidden, but gives signs of its presence: any one who is worthy will trace it out by its footsteps but if we give up all society, turn our backs upon the whole human race, and live communing with ourselves alone, this solitude without any interesting occupation will lead to a want of something to do: we shall begin to build up and to pull down,

15 to dam out the sea, to cause waters to flow through natural obstacles, and generally to make a bad disposal of the time which Nature has given us to spend: some of us use it grudgingly, others wastefully; some of us spend it so that we can show a profit and loss account, others so that they have no assets remaining: than which nothing can be more shameful.

20 Often a man who is very old in years has nothing beyond his age by which he can prove that he has lived a long time."

To me, my dearest Serenus, Athenodorus seems to have yielded too completely to the times, to have fled too soon: I will not deny that sometimes one must retire, but one ought to retire slowly, at a foot's pace,

25 without losing one's ensigns or one's honour as a soldier: those who make terms with arms in their hands are more respected by their enemies and more safe in their hands. This is what I think ought to be done by virtue and by one who practises virtue: if Fortune get the upper hand and deprive him of the power of action, let him not straightway turn

30 his back to the enemy, throw away his arms, and run away seeking for a hiding-place, as if there were any place whither Fortune could not pursue him, but let him be more sparing in his acceptance of public office, and after due deliberation discover some means by which he can be of use to the state. He is not able to serve in the army: then let him

35 become a candidate for civic honours: must he live in a private station? then let him be an advocate: is he condemned to keep silence? then let him help his countrymen with silent counsel. Is it dangerous for him even to enter the forum? then let him prove himself a good comrade, a faithful friend, a sober guest in people's houses, at public shows, and at

40 wine-parties. Suppose that he has lost the status of a citizen; then let him exercise that of a man: our reason for magnanimously refusing to confine ourselves within the walls of one city, for having gone forth to enjoy intercourse with all lands and for professing ourselves to be citizens of the world is that we may thus obtain a wider theatre on which to display

45 our virtue. Is the bench of judges closed to you, are you forbidden to address the people from the hustings, or to be a candidate at elections? then turn your eyes away from Rome, and see what a wide extent of territory, what a number of nations present themselves before you. Thus,

it is never possible for so many outlets to be closed against your ambition that more will not remain open to it: but see whether the whole prohibition does not arise from your own fault. You do not choose to direct the affairs of the state except as consul or prytanis or meddix or sufes: what should we say if you refused to serve in the army save as general or military 5
tribune? Even though others may form the first line, and your lot may have placed you among the veterans of the third, do your duty there with your voice, encouragement, example, and spirit: even though a man's hands be cut off, he may find means to help his side in a battle, if he stands his ground and cheers on his comrades. Do something of 10
that sort yourself: if Fortune removes you from the front rank, stand your ground nevertheless and cheer on your comrades, and if somebody stops your mouth, stand nevertheless and help your side in silence. The services of a good citizen are never thrown away: he does good by being heard and seen, by his expression, his gestures, his silent determination, 15
and his very walk. As some remedies benefit us by their smell as well as by their taste and touch, so virtue even when concealed and at a distance sheds usefulness around. Whether she moves at her ease and enjoys her just rights, or can only appear abroad on sufferance and is forced to shorten sail to the tempest, whether it be unemployed, silent, and pent 20
up in a narrow lodging, or openly displayed, in whatever guise she may appear, she always does good. What? do you think that the example of one who can rest nobly has no value? It is by far the best plan, therefore, to mingle leisure with business, whenever impediments or the state of public affairs forbid one's leading an active life: for one is never so cut 25
off from all pursuits as to find no room left for honourable action.

Could you anywhere find a more miserable city than that of Athens when it was being torn to pieces by the thirty tyrants? they slew thirteen hundred citizens, all the best men, and did not leave off because they had done so, but their cruelty became stimulated by exercise. In the city 30
which possessed that most reverend tribunal, the Court of the Areopagus, which possessed a Senate, and a popular assembly which was like a Senate, there met daily a wretched crew of butchers, and the unhappy Senate House was crowded with tyrants. A state in which there were so many tyrants that they would have been enough to form a bodyguard 35
for one, might surely have rested from the struggle; it seemed impossible for men's minds even to conceive hopes of recovering their liberty, nor could they see any hope for a remedy for such a mass of evil: for whence could the unhappy state obtain all the Harmodiuses it would need to slay so many tyrants? Yet Socrates was in the midst of the city, and con- 40
soled its mourning Fathers, encouraged those who despaired of the republic, by his reproaches brought rich men, who feared that their wealth would be their ruin, to a tardy repentance of their avarice, and moved about as a great example to those who wished to imitate him, because he walked a free man in the midst of thirty masters. However, Athens 45
herself put him to death in prison, and Freedom herself could not endure the freedom of one who had treated a whole band of tyrants with scorn: you may know, therefore, that even in an oppressed state a wise man

can find an opportunity for bringing himself to the front, and that in a prosperous and flourishing one wanton insolence, jealousy, and a thousand other cowardly vices bear sway. We ought, therefore, to expand or contract ourselves according as the state presents itself to us, or as Fortune
 5 offers us opportunities: but in any case we ought to move and not to become frozen still by fear: nay, he is the best man who, though peril menaces him on every side and arms and chains beset his path, nevertheless neither impairs nor conceals his virtue: for to keep oneself safe does not mean to bury oneself. I think that Curius Dentatus spoke truly
 10 when he said that he would rather be dead than alive: the worst evil of all is to leave the ranks of the living before one dies: yet it is your duty, if you happen to live in an age when it is not easy to serve the state, to devote more time to leisure and to literature. Thus, just as though you were making a perilous voyage, you may from time to time put into
 15 harbour, and set yourself free from public business without waiting for it to do so.

We ought, however, first to examine our own selves, next the business which we propose to transact, next those for whose sake or in whose company we transact it.

20 It is above all things necessary to form a true estimate of oneself, because as a rule we think that we can do more than we are able: one man is led too far through confidence in his eloquence, another demands more from his estate than it can produce, another burdens a weakly body with some toilsome duty. Some men are too shamefaced for the
 25 conduct of public affairs, which require an unblushing front: some men's obstinate pride renders them unfit for courts: some cannot control their anger, and break into unguarded language on the slightest provocation: some cannot rein in their wit or resist making risky jokes: for all these men leisure is better than employment: a bold, haughty and impatient
 30 nature ought to avoid anything that may lead it to use a freedom of speech which will bring it to ruin. Next we must form an estimate of the matter which we mean to deal with, and compare our strength with the deed we are about to attempt: for the bearer ought always to be more powerful than his load: indeed, loads which are too heavy for their bearer
 35 must of necessity crush him: some affairs also are not so important in themselves as they are prolific and lead to much more business, which employments, as they involve us in new and various forms of work, ought to be refused. Neither should you engage in anything from which you are not free to retreat: apply yourself to something which you can
 40 finish, or at any rate can hope to finish: you had better not meddle with those operations which grow in importance, while they are being transacted, and which will not stop where you intended them to stop.

In all cases one should be careful in one's choice of men, and see whether they be worthy of our bestowing a part of our life upon them, or whether
 45 we shall waste our own time and theirs also: for some even consider us to be in their debt because of our services to them. Athenodorus said that "he would not so much as dine with a man who would not be grateful to him for doing so": meaning, I imagine, that much less would he go

to dinner with those who recompense the services of their friends by their table, and regard courses of dishes as donatives, as if they over-ate themselves to do honour to others. Take away from these men their witnesses and spectators: they will take no pleasure in solitary gluttony. You must decide whether your disposition is better suited for vigorous 5 action or for tranquil speculation and contemplation, and you must adopt whichever the bent of your genius inclines you for. Isocrates laid hands upon Ephorus and led him away from the forum, thinking that he would be more usefully employed in compiling chronicles; for no good is done by forcing one's mind to engage in uncongenial work: it 10 is vain to struggle against Nature. Yet nothing delights the mind so much as faithful and pleasant friendship: what a blessing it is when there is one whose breast is ready to receive all your secrets with safety, whose knowledge of your actions you fear less than your own conscience, whose conversation removes your own anxieties, whose advice assists your 15 plans, whose cheerfulness dispels your gloom, whose very sight delights you! We should choose for our friends men who are, as far as possible, free from strong desires: for vices are contagious, and pass from a man to his neighbour, and injure those who touch them. As, therefore, in times of pestilence we have to be careful not to sit near people who are 20 infected and in whom the disease is raging, because by so doing, we shall run into danger and catch the plague from their very breath; so, too, in choosing our friends' dispositions, we must take care to select those who are as far as may be unspotted by the world; for the way to breed disease is to mix what is sound with what is rotten. Yet I do not advise 25 you to follow after or draw to yourself no one except a wise man: for where will you find him whom for so many centuries we have sought in vain? in the place of the best possible man take him who is least bad. You would hardly find any time that would have enabled you to make a happier choice than if you could have sought for a good man from 30 among the Platos and Xenophons and the rest of the produce of the brood of Socrates, or if you had been permitted to choose one from the age of Cato: an age which bore many men worthy to be born in Cato's time (just as it also bore many men worse than were ever known before, planners of the blackest crimes: for it needed both classes in order to 35 make Cato understood: it wanted both good men, that he might win their approbation, and bad men, against whom he could prove his strength): but at the present day, when there is such a dearth of good men, you must be less squeamish in your choice. Above all, however, avoid dismal men who grumble at whatever happens, and find something to complain 40 of everything. Though he may continue loyal and friendly towards you, still one's peace of mind is destroyed by a comrade whose mind is soured and who meets every incident with a groan.

Let us now pass on to the consideration of property, that most fertile source of human sorrows: for if you compare all the other ills from which 45 we suffer—deaths, sicknesses, fears, regrets, endurance of pains and labours—with those miseries which our money inflicts upon us, the latter will far outweigh all the others. Reflect, then, how much less a grief it

is never to have had any money than to have lost it: we shall thus understand that the less poverty has to lose, the less torment it has with which to afflict us: for you are mistaken if you suppose that the rich bear their losses with greater spirit than the poor: a wound causes the same amount
5 of pain to the greatest and the smallest body. It was a neat saying of Bion's, "that it hurts bald men as much as hairy men to have their hairs pulled out": you may be assured that the same thing is true of rich and poor people, that their suffering is equal: for their money clings to both classes, and cannot be torn away without their feeling it: yet it is more
10 endurable, as I have said, and easier not to gain property than to lose it, and therefore you will find that those upon whom Fortune has never smiled are more cheerful than those whom she has deserted. Diogenes, a man of infinite spirit, perceived this, and made it impossible that anything should be taken from him. Call this security from loss, poverty,
15 want, necessity, or any contemptuous name you please: I shall consider such a man to be happy, unless you find me another who can lose nothing. If I am not mistaken, it is a royal attribute among so many misers, sharpers and robbers, to be the one man who cannot be injured. If any one doubts the happiness of Diogenes, he would doubt whether the position of the
20 immortal gods was one of sufficient happiness, because they have no farms or gardens, no valuable estates let to strange tenants, and no large loans in the money market. Are you not ashamed of yourself, you who gaze upon riches with astonished admiration? Look upon the universe: you will see the gods quite bare of property, and possessing nothing
25 though they give everything. Do you think that this man who has stripped himself of all fortuitous accessories is a pauper, or one like to the immortal gods? Do you call Demetrius, Pompeius's freedman, a happier man, he who was not ashamed to be richer than Pompeius, who was daily furnished with a list of the number of his slaves, as a general is with that
30 of his army, though he had long deserved that all his riches should consist of a pair of underlings, and a roomier cell than the other slaves? But Diogenes's only slave ran away from him, and when he was pointed out to Diogenes, he did not think him worth fetching back. "It is a shame," he said, "that Manes should be able to live without Diogenes, and that
35 Diogenes should not be able to live without Manes." He seems to me to have said, "Fortune, mind your own business: Diogenes has nothing left that belongs to you. Did my slave run away? nay, he went away from me as a free man." A household of slaves requires food and clothing: the bellies of so many hungry creatures have to be filled: we must buy
40 raiment for them, we must watch their most thievish hands, and we must make use of the services of people who weep and execrate us. How far happier is he who is indebted to no man for anything except for what he can deprive himself of with the greatest ease! Since we, however, have not such strength of mind as this, we ought at any rate to diminish the
45 extent of our property, in order to be less exposed to the assaults of fortune: those men whose bodies can be within the shelter of their armour, are more fitted for war than those whose huge size everywhere extends beyond it, and exposes them to wounds: the best amount of property to

have is that which is enough to keep us from poverty, and which is yet not far removed from it.

We shall be pleased with this measure of wealth if we have previously taken pleasure in thrift, without which no riches are sufficient, and with which none are insufficient, especially as the remedy is always at hand, 5 and poverty itself by calling in the aid of thrift can convert itself into riches. Let us accustom ourselves to set aside mere outward show, and to measure things by their uses, not by their ornamental trappings: let our hunger be tamed by food, our thirst quenched by drinking, our lust confined within needful bounds; let us learn to use our limbs, and to 10 arrange our dress and way of life according to what was approved of by our ancestors, not in imitation of new-fangled models: let us learn to increase our continence, to repress luxury, to set bounds to our pride, to assuage our anger, to look upon poverty without prejudice, to practise thrift, albeit many are ashamed to do so, to apply cheap remedies to 15 the wants of nature, to keep all undisciplined hopes and aspirations as it were under lock and key, and to make it our business to get our riches from ourselves and not from Fortune. We never can so thoroughly defeat the vast diversity and malignity of misfortune with which we are threatened as not to feel the weight of many gusts if we offer a large spread of canvas 20 to the wind: we must draw our affairs into a small compass, to make the darts of Fortune of no avail. For this reason, sometimes slight mishaps have turned into remedies, and more serious disorders have been healed by slighter ones. When the mind pays no attention to good advice, and cannot be brought to its senses by milder measures, why should we not 25 think that its interests are being served by poverty, disgrace, or financial ruin being applied to it? one evil is balanced by another. Let us then teach ourselves to be able to dine without all Rome to look on, to be the slaves of fewer slaves, to get clothes which fulfil their original purpose, and to live in a smaller house. The inner curve is the one to take, not 30 only in running races and in the contests of the circus, but also in the race of life; even literary pursuits, the most becoming thing for a gentleman to spend money upon, are only justifiable as long as they are kept within bounds. What is the use of possessing numberless books and libraries, whose titles their owner can hardly read through in a lifetime? A student 35 is overwhelmed by such a mass, not instructed, and it is much better to devote yourself to a few writers than to skim through many. Forty thousand books were burned at Alexandria: some would have praised this library as a most noble memorial of royal wealth, like Titus Livius, who says that it was "a splendid result of the taste and attentive care of the 40 kings." It had nothing to do with taste or care, but was a piece of learned luxury, nay, not even learned, since they amassed it, not for the sake of learning, but to make a show, like many men who know less about letters than a slave is expected to know, and who uses his books not to help him in his studies but to ornament his dining-room. Let a man, then, 45 obtain as many books as he wants, but none for show. "It is more respectable," say you, "to spend one's money on such books than on vases of Corinthian brass and paintings." Not so: everything that is carried to

excess is wrong. What excuses can you find for a man who is eager to buy bookcases of ivory and citrus wood, to collect the works of unknown or discredited authors, and who sits yawning amid so many thousands of books, whose backs and titles please him more than any other part of them? Thus in the houses of the laziest of men you will see the works of all the orators and historians stacked upon book-shelves reaching right up to the ceiling. At the present day a library has become as necessary an appendage to a house as a hot and cold bath. I would excuse them straightway if they really were carried away by an excessive zeal for literature; but as it is, these costly works of sacred genius, with all the illustrations that adorn them, are merely bought for display and to serve as wall-furniture.

Suppose, however, that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you were doing you have fallen into some snare which either public or private Fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs: afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations, and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented habit as an alleviation of misfortune, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils. No one could hold out against misfortune if it permanently exercised the same force as at its first onset. We are all chained to Fortune: some men's chain is loose and made of gold, that of others is tight and of meaner metal: but what difference does this make? we are all included in the same captivity, and even those who have bound us are bound themselves, unless you think that a chain on the left side is lighter to bear: one man may be bound by public office, another by wealth: some have to bear the weight of illustrious, some of humble birth: some are subject to the commands of others, some only to their own: some are kept in one place by being banished thither, others by being elected to the priesthood. All life is slavery: let each man therefore reconcile himself to his lot, complain of it as little as possible, and lay hold of whatever good lies within his reach. No condition can be so wretched that an impartial mind can find no compensation in it. Small sites, if ingeniously divided, may be made use of for many different purposes, and arrangement will render ever so narrow a room habitable. Call good sense to your aid against difficulties: it is possible to soften what is harsh, to widen what is too narrow, and to make heavy burdens press less severely upon one who bears them skilfully. Moreover, we ought not to allow our desires to wander far afield, but we must make them confine themselves to our immediate neighbourhood, since they will not endure to be altogether locked up. We must leave alone things which either cannot come to pass or can only be effected with difficulty, and follow after such things as are near at hand and within reach of our

hopes, always remembering that all things are equally unimportant, and that though they have a different outward appearance, they are all alike empty within. Neither let us envy those who are in high places: the heights which look lofty to us are steep and rugged. Again, those whom unkind fate has placed in critical situations will be safer if they show as little pride in their proud position as may be, and do all they are able to bring down their fortunes to the level of other men's. There are many who must needs cling to their high pinnacle of power, because they cannot descend from it save by falling headlong: yet they assure us that their greatest burden is being obliged to be burdensome to others, and that they are nailed to their lofty post rather than raised to it: let them, then, by dispensing justice, clemency, and kindness with an open and liberal hand, provide themselves with assistance to break their fall, and looking forward to this maintain their position more hopefully. Yet nothing sets us free from these alternations of hope and fear so well as always fixing some limit to our successes, and not allowing Fortune to choose when to stop our career, but to halt of our own accord long before we apparently need do so. By acting thus certain desires will rouse up our spirits, and yet being confined within bounds, will not lead us to embark on vast and vague enterprises.

These remarks of mine apply only to imperfect, commonplace, and unsound natures, not to the wise man, who needs not to walk with timid and cautious gait: for he has such confidence in himself that he does not hesitate to go directly in the teeth of Fortune, and never will give way to her. Nor indeed has he any reason for fearing her, for he counts not only chattels, property, and high office, but even his body, his eyes, his hands, and everything whose use makes life dearer to us, nay, even his very self, to be things whose possession is uncertain; he lives as though he had borrowed them, and is ready to return them cheerfully whenever they are claimed. Yet he does not hold himself cheap, because he knows that he is not his own, but performs all his duties as carefully and prudently as a pious and scrupulous man would take care of property left in his charge as trustee. When he is bidden to give them up, he will not complain of Fortune, but will say, "I thank you for what I have had possession of: I have managed your property so as largely to increase it, but since you order me, I give it back to you and return it willingly and thankfully. If you still wish me to own anything of yours, I will keep it for you: if you have other views, I restore into your hands and make restitution of all my wrought and coined silver, my house and my household. Should Nature recall what she previously entrusted us with, let us say to her also: 'Take back my spirit, which is better than when you gave it me: I do not shuffle or hang back. Of my own free will I am ready to return what you gave me before I could think: take me away.' " What hardship can there be in returning to the place from whence one came? a man cannot live well if he knows not how to die well. We must, therefore, take away from this commodity its original value, and count the breath of life as a cheap matter. "We dislike gladiators," says Cicero, "if they are eager to save their lives by any means whatever: but we look favourably

upon them if they are openly reckless of them." You may be sure that the same thing occurs with us: we often die because we are afraid of death. Fortune, which regards our lives as a show in the arena for her own enjoyment, says, "Why should I spare you, base and cowardly creature
 5 that you are? you will be pierced and hacked with all the more wounds because you know not how to offer your throat to the knife: whereas you, who receive the stroke without drawing away your neck or putting up your hands to stop it, shall both live longer and die more quickly." He who fears death will never act as becomes a living man: but he who
 10 knows that this fate was laid upon him as soon as he was conceived will live according to it, and by this strength of mind will gain this further advantage, that nothing can befall him unexpectedly: for by looking forward to everything which can happen as though it would happen to him, he takes the sting out of all evils, which can make no difference to
 15 those who expect it and are prepared to meet it: evil only comes hard upon those who have lived without giving it a thought and whose attention has been exclusively directed to happiness. Disease, captivity, disaster, conflagration, are none of them unexpected: I always knew with what disorderly company Nature had associated me. The dead have often
 20 been wailed for in my neighbourhood: the torch and taper have often been borne past my door before the bier of one who has died before his time: the crash of falling buildings has often resounded by my side: night has snatched away many of those with whom I have become intimate in the forum, the Senate-house, and in society, and has sundered the
 25 hands which were joined in friendship: ought I to be surprised if the dangers which have always been circling round me at last assail me? How large a part of mankind never thinks of storms when about to set sail? I shall never be ashamed to quote a good saying because it comes from a bad author. Publilius, who was a more powerful writer than any
 30 of our other playwrights, whether comic or tragic, whenever he chose to rise above farcical absurdities and speeches addressed to the gallery, among many other verses too noble even for tragedy, let alone for comedy, has this one:—

"What one hath suffered may befall us all."

If a man takes this into his inmost heart and looks upon all the mis-
 35 fortunes of other men, of which there is always a great plenty, in this spirit, remembering that there is nothing to prevent their coming upon him also, he will arm himself against them long before they attack him. It is too late to school the mind to endurance of peril after peril has come. "I did not think this would happen," and "Would you ever have believed that
 40 this would have happened?" say you. But why should it not? Where are the riches after which want, hunger, and beggary do not follow? what office is there whose purple robe, augur's staff, and patrician reins have not as their accompaniment rags and banishment, the brand of infamy, a thousand disgraces, and utter reprobation? what kingdom is there for which ruin,
 45 trampling under foot, a tyrant and a butcher are not ready at hand? nor are these matters divided by long periods of time, but there is but

the space of an hour between sitting on the throne ourselves and clasping the knees of some one else as suppliants. Know then that every station of life is transitory, and that what has ever hapened to anybody may happen to you also. You are wealthy: are you wealthier than Pompeius? Yet when Gaius, his old relative and new host, opened Cæsar's house to him in order that he might close his own, he lacked both bread and water: though he owned so many rivers which both rose and discharged themselves within his dominions, yet he had to beg for drops of water: he perished of hunger and thirst in the palace of his relative, while his heir was contracting for a public funeral for one who was in want of food. You have filled public offices: were they either as important, as unlooked for, or as all-embracing as those of Sejanus? Yet on the day on which the Senate disgraced him, the people tore him to pieces: the executioner could find no part left large enough to drag to the Tiber, of one upon whom gods and men had showered all that could be given to man. You are a king: I will not bid you go to Cræsus for an example, he who while yet alive saw his funeral pile both lighted and extinguished, being made to outlive not only his kingdom but even his own death, nor to Jugurtha, whom the people of Rome beheld as a captive within the year in which they had feared him. We have seen Ptolemæus King of Africa, and Mithridates King of Armenia, under the charge of Gaius's guards: the former was sent into exile, the latter chose it in order to make his exile more honourable. Among such continual topsy-turvy changes, unless you expect that whatever can happen will happen to you, you give adversity power against you, a power which can be destroyed by any one who looks at it beforehand.

The next point to these will be to take care that we do not labour for what is vain, or labour in vain: that is to say, neither to desire what we are not able to obtain, nor yet, having obtained our desire too late and after much toil to discover the folly of our wishes: in other words, that our labour may not be without result, and that the result may not be unworthy of our labour: for as a rule sadness arises from one of these two things, either from want of success or from being ashamed of having succeeded. We must limit the running to and fro which most men practise, rambling about houses, theatres, and market-places. They mind other men's business, and always seem as though they themselves has something to do. If you ask one of them as he comes out of his own door, "Whither are you going?" he will answer, "By Hercules, I do not know: but I shall see some people and do something." They wander purposelessly seeking for something to do, and do, not what they have made up their minds to do, but what has casually fallen in their way. They move uselessly and without any plan, just like ants crawling over bushes, which creep up to the top and then down to the bottom again without gaining anything. Many men spend their lives in exactly the same fashion, which one may call a state of restless indolence. You would pity some of them when you see them running as if their house was on fire: They actually jostle all whom they meet, and hurry along themselves and others with them, though all the while they are going to salute some one

who will not return their greeting, or to attend the funeral of some one whom they did not know: they are going to hear the verdict on one who often goes to law, or to see the wedding of one who often gets married: they will follow a man's litter, and in some places will even carry it:

5 afterwards returning home weary with idleness, they swear that they themselves do not know why they went out, or where they have been, and on the following day they will wander through the same round again. Let all your work, therefore, have some purpose, and keep some object in view: these restless people are not made restless by labour, but are driven out of

10 their minds by mistaken ideas: for even they do not put themselves in motion without any hope: they are excited by the outward appearance of something, and their crazy mind cannot see its futility. In the same way every one of those who walk out to swell the crowd in the streets, is led round the city by worthless and empty reasons; the dawn drives him forth,

15 although he has nothing to do, and after he has pushed his way into many men's doors, and saluted their nomenclators one after the other, and been turned away from many others, he finds that the most difficult person of all to find at home is himself. From this evil habit comes that worst of all vices, talebearing and prying into public and private secrets, and the

20 knowledge of many things which it is neither safe to tell nor safe to listen to.

It was, I imagine, following out this principle that Democritus taught that "he who would live at peace must not do much business either public or private," referring of course to unnecessary business: for if there be

25 any necessity for it we ought to transact not only much but endless business, both public and private; in cases, however, where no solemn duty invites us to act, we had better keep ourselves quiet: for he who does many things often puts himself in Fortune's power, and it is safest not to tempt her often, but always to remember her existence, and never to promise

30 oneself anything on her security. I will set sail unless anything happens to prevent me, I shall be prætor if nothing hinders me, my financial operations will succeed unless anything goes wrong with them. This is why we say that nothing befalls the wise man which he did not expect—we do not make him exempt from the chances of human life, but from its mistakes,

35 nor does everything happen to him as he wished it would, but as he thought it would: now his first thought was that his purpose might meet with some resistance, and the pain of disappointed wishes must affect a man's mind less severely if he has not been at all events confident of success.

Moreover, we ought to cultivate an easy temper, and not become over

40 fond of the lot which fate has assigned to us, but transfer ourselves to whatever other condition chance may lead us to, and fear no alteration either in our purposes or our position in life, provided that we do not become subject to caprice, which of all vices is the most hostile to repose: for obstinacy, from which Fortune often wrings some concession, must

45 needs be anxious and unhappy, but caprice, which can never restrain itself, must be more so. Both of these qualities, both that of altering nothing, and that of being dissatisfied with everything, are enemies to repose. The mind ought in all cases to be called away from the contemplation of

external things to that of itself: let it confide in itself, rejoice in itself, admire its own works; avoid as far as may be those of others, and devote itself to itself; let it not feel losses, and put a good construction even upon misfortunes. Zeno, the chief of our school, when he heard the news of a shipwreck, in which all his property had been lost, remarked, "Fortune 5 bids me follow philosophy in lighter marching order." A tyrant threatened Theodorus with death, and even with want of burial. "You are able to please yourself," he answered, "my half pint of blood is in your power: for, as for burial, what a fool you must be if you suppose that I care whether I rot above ground or under it." Julius Kanus, a man of peculiar 10 greatness, whom even the fact of his having been born in this century does not prevent our admiring, had a long dispute with Gaius, and when as he was going away that Phalaris of a man said to him, "That you may not delude yourself with any foolish hopes, I have ordered you to be executed," he answered, "I thank you, most excellent prince." I am not sure what he 15 meant: for many ways of explaining his conduct occur to me. Did he wish to be reproachful, and to show him how great his cruelty must be if death became a kindness? or did he upbraid him with his accustomed insanity? for even those whose children were put to death, and whose goods were confiscated, used to thank him: or was it that he willingly received death, regarding it as freedom? Whatever he meant, it was a magnanimous answer. Some one may say, "After this Gaius might have let him live." Kanus had no fear of this: the good faith with which Gaius carried out such orders as these was well known. Will you believe that he passed the ten intervening days 20 before his execution without the slightest despondency? it is marvellous how that man spoke and acted, and how peaceful he was. He was playing at draughts when the centurion in charge of a number of those who were going to be executed bade him join them: on the summons he counted his men and said to his companion, "Mind you do not tell a lie after my death, and say that you won"; then, turning to the centurion he 30 said, "You will bear me witness that I am one man ahead of him." Do you think that Kanus played upon that draughtboard? nay, he played with it. His friends were sad at being about to lose so great a man: "Why," asked he, "are you sorrowful? you are enquiring whether our souls are immortal, but I shall presently know." Nor did he up 35 to the very end cease his search after truth, and raised arguments upon the subject of his own death. His own teacher of philosophy accompanied him, and they were not far from the hill on which the daily sacrifice to Cæsar our god was offered, when he said, "What are you thinking of now, Kanus, or what are your ideas?" "I have decided," answered Kanus, "at 40 that most swiftly-passing moment of all to watch whether the spirit will be conscious of the act of leaving the body." He promised, too, that if he made any discoveries, he would come round to his friends and tell them what the condition of the souls of the departed might be. Here was peace in the very midst of the storm: here was a soul worthy of eternal life, 45 which used its own fate as a proof of truth, which when at the last step of life experimented upon his fleeting breath, and did not merely continue to learn until he died, but learned something even from death itself. No man

has carried the life of a philosopher further. I will not hastily leave the subject of a great man, and one who deserves to be spoken of with respect: I will hand thee down to all posterity, chief among the many victims of Gaius.

- 5 Yet we gain nothing by getting rid of all personal causes of sadness, for sometimes we are possessed by hatred of the human race. When you reflect how rare simplicity is, how unknown innocence, how seldom faith is kept, unless it be to our advantage, when you remember such numbers of successful crimes, so many equally hateful losses and gains of lust, and ambition so impatient even of its own natural limits that it is willing to
10 purchase distinction by baseness, the mind seems as it were cast into darkness, and shadows rise before it as though the virtues were all overthrown and we were no longer allowed to hope to possess them or benefited by their possession. We ought therefore to bring ourselves into such a
15 state of mind that all the vices of the vulgar may not appear hateful to us, but merely ridiculous, and we should imitate Democritus rather than Heraclitus. The latter of these, whenever he appeared in public, used to weep, the former to laugh: the one thought all human doings to be follies, the other thought them to be miseries. We must take a higher view of all
20 things, and bear with them more easily: it better becomes a man to scoff at life than to lament over it. Add to this that he who laughs at the human race deserves better of it than he who mourns for it, for the former leaves it some good hopes of improvement, while the latter stupidly weeps over what he has given up all hopes of mending. He who after surveying the
25 universe cannot control his laughter shows, too, a greater mind than he who cannot restrain his tears, because his mind is only affected in the slightest possible degree, and he does not think that any part of all this apparatus is either important, or serious, or unhappy. As for the several causes which render us happy or sorrowful, let every one describe them for him-
30 self, and learn the truth of Bion's saying, "That all the doings of men were very like what he began with, and that there is nothing in their lives which is more holy or decent than their conception." Yet it is better to accept public morals and human vices calmly without bursting into either laughter or tears; for to be hurt by the sufferings of others is to be for ever
35 miserable, while to enjoy the sufferings of others is an inhuman pleasure, just as it is a useless piece of humanity to weep and pull a long face because some one is burying his son. In one's own misfortunes, also, one ought so to conduct oneself as to bestow upon them just as much sorrow as reason, not as much as custom requires: for many shed tears in order
40 to show them, and whenever no one is looking at them their eyes are dry, but they think it disgraceful not to weep when every one does so. So deeply has this evil of being guided by the opinion of others taken root in us, that even grief, the simplest of all emotions, begins to be counterfeited.

- There comes now a part of our subject which is wont with good cause
45 to make one sad and anxious: I mean when good men come to bad ends; when Socrates is forced to die in prison, Rutilius to live in exile, Pompeius and Cicero to offer their necks to the swords of their own followers, when the great Cato, that living image of virtue, falls upon his sword and

rips up both himself and the republic, one cannot help being grieved that Fortune should bestow her gifts so unjustly: what, too, can a good man hope to obtain when he sees the best of men meeting with the worst fates. Well, but see how each of them endured his fate, and if they endured it bravely, long in your heart for courage as great as theirs; if they died in a womanish and cowardly manner, nothing was lost: either they deserved that you should admire their courage, or else they did not deserve that you should wish to imitate their cowardice: for what can be more shameful than that the greatest men should die so bravely as to make people cowards. Let us praise one who deserves such constant praises, and say, "The braver you are the happier you are! You have escaped from accidents, jealousies, diseases; you have escaped from prison: the gods have not thought you worthy of ill-fortune, but have thought that fortune no longer deserved to have any power over you," but when one shrinks back in the hour of death and looks longingly at life, we must lay hands upon him. I will never weep for a man who dies cheerfully, nor for one who dies weeping: the former wipes away my tears, the latter by his tears makes himself unworthy that any should be shed for him. Shall I weep for Hercules because he was burned alive, or for Regulus because he was pierced by so many nails, or for Cato because he tore open his wounds a second time? All these men discovered how at the cost of a small portion of time they might obtain immortality, and by their deaths gained eternal life.

It also proves a fertile source of troubles if you take pains to conceal your feelings and never show yourself to any one undisguised, but, as many men do, live an artificial life, in order to impose upon others: for the constant watching of himself becomes a torment to a man, and he dreads being caught doing something at variance with his usual habits, and, indeed, we never can be at our ease if we imagine that every one who looks at us is weighing our real value: for many things occur which strip people of their disguise, however reluctantly they may part with it, and even if all this trouble about oneself is successful, still life is neither happy nor safe when one always has to wear a mask. But what pleasure there is in that honest straightforwardness which is its own ornament, and which conceals no part of its character! Yet even this life, which hides nothing from any one, runs some risk of being despised; for there are people who disdain whatever they come close to: but there is no danger of virtue's becoming contemptible when she is brought near our eyes, for it is better to be scorned for one's simplicity than to bear the burden of unceasing hypocrisy. Still, we must observe moderation in this matter, for there is a great difference between living simply and living slovenly. Moreover, we ought to retire a great deal into ourselves: for association with persons unlike ourselves upsets all that we had arranged, rouses the passions which were at rest, and rubs into a sore any weak or imperfectly healed place in our minds. Nevertheless we ought to mix up these two things, and to pass our lives alternately in solitude and among throngs of people; for the former will make us long for the society of mankind, the latter for that of ourselves, and the one will counteract the other: solitude will cure us when we are sick of crowds, and crowds will cure us when we are sick of solitude.

Neither ought we always to keep the mind strained to the same pitch, but it ought sometimes to be relaxed by amusement. Socrates did not blush to play with little boys, Cato used to refresh his mind with wine after he had wearied it with application to affairs of state, and Scipio
5 would move his triumphal and soldierly limbs to the sound of music, not with a feeble and halting gait, as is the fashion now-a-days, when we sway in our very walk with more than womanly weakness, but dancing as men were wont in the days of old on sportive and festal occasions, with manly bounds, thinking it no harm to be seen so doing even by their enemies.
10 Men's minds ought to have relaxation: they rise up better and more vigorous after rest. We must not force crops from rich fields, for an unbroken course of heavy crops will soon exhaust their fertility, and so also the liveliness of our minds will be destroyed by unceasing labour, but they will recover their strength after a short period of rest and relief: for continuous toil produces a sort of numbness and sluggishness. Men would not
15 be so eager for this, if play and amusement did not possess natural attractions for them, although constant indulgence in them takes away all gravity and all strength from the mind: for sleep, also, is necessary for our refreshment, yet if you prolong it for days and nights together it will become death. There is a great difference between slackening your hold
20 of a thing and letting it go. The founders of our laws appointed festivals, in order that men might be publicly encouraged to be cheerful, and they thought it necessary to vary our labours with amusements, and, as I said before, some great men have been wont to give themselves a certain number of holidays in every month, and some divide every day into play-time
25 and work-time. Thus, I remember that great orator Asinius Pollio would not attend to any business after the tenth hour: he would not even read letters after that time for fear some new trouble should arise, but in those two hours used to get rid of the weariness which he had contracted during
30 the whole day. Some rest in the middle of the day, and reserve some light occupation for the afternoon. Our ancestors, too, forbade any new motion to be made in the Senate after the tenth hour. Soldiers divide their watches, and those who have just returned from active service are allowed to sleep the whole night undisturbed. We must humour our minds and grant them
35 rest from time to time, which acts upon them like food, and restores their strength. It does good also to take walks out of doors, that our spirits may be raised and refreshed by the open air and fresh breeze: sometimes we gain strength by driving in a carriage, by travel, by change of air, or by social meals and a more generous allowance of wine: at times we ought to
40 drink even to intoxication, not so as to drown, but merely to dip ourselves in wine: for wine washes away troubles and dislodges them from the depths of the mind, and acts as a remedy to sorrow as it does to some diseases. The inventor of wine is called Liber, not from the license which he gives to our tongues, but because he liberates the mind from the bondage
45 of cares, and emancipates it, animates it, and renders it more daring in all that it attempts. Yet moderation is wholesome both in freedom and in wine. It is believed that Solon and Arcesilaus used to drink deep. Cato is reproached with drunkenness: but whoever casts this in his teeth will

find it easier to turn this reproach into a commendation than to prove that Cato did anything wrong: however, we ought not to do it often, for fear the mind should contract evil habits, though it ought sometimes to be forced into frolic and frankness, and to cast off dull sobriety for a while. If we believe the Greek poet, "it is sometimes pleasant to be mad": again, Plato always knocked in vain at the door of poetry when he was sober; or, if we trust Aristotle, no great genius has ever been without a touch of insanity. The mind cannot use lofty language, above that of the common herd, unless it be excited. When it has spurned aside the commonplace environments of custom, and rises sublime, instinct with sacred fire, then alone can it chant a song too grand for mortal lips: as long as it continues to dwell within itself it cannot rise to any pitch of splendour: it must break away from the beaten track, and lash itself to frenzy, till it gnaws the curb and rushes away bearing up its rider to heights whither it would fear to climb when alone.

I have now, my beloved Serenus, given you an account of what things can preserve peace of mind, what things can restore it to us, what can arrest the vices which secretly undermine it: yet be assured, that none of these is strong enough to enable us to retain so fleeting a blessing, unless we watch over our vacillating mind with intense and unremitting care.

—AUBREY STEWART.



III. SATIRIZING THE PRESENT

THE BANQUET OF THE NEWLY RICH¹

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

Petronius, the author of the Satyricon, is generally identified with the arbiter of taste of the court of Nero. The date of his birth is not known; the manner of his death by suicide in the year 66 is fully described by Tacitus in his Annals. His book is the first example in literature of the novel of manners. It narrates the adventures of certain more or less educated unscrupulous roustabouts on a journey in southern Italy. It is in the form of Menippean satire, that is, of a somewhat haphazard mixture of prose and verse. In order to obtain an objective view of urban society for the purpose of satirizing it, the author puts the narrative in the mouth of Encolpius, a freedman from a provincial town. Only fragments of the work are extant.

The hero describes a dinner of a certain vulgar untutored Trimalchio, who, having amassed a fortune, sets about aping the fashionable society of the capital in accordance with his conception of it.

¹ The three selections by Petronius are from The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I
5 wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for every one had now
10 sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives, white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice rolled in honey and poppy-seed,
15 and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

While we were engaged with these delicacies, Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh
20 escaped the unwary. His head was shaved and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was
25 really set all round with iron cut out in little stars. Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal. Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, "It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my pleasure; I did not
30 like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you will not mind if I finish my game?" A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the
35 hors d'œuvres, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and began to hunt in the straw. Peahen's eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned his head to look, and said, "I gave orders,
40 my friends, that peahen's eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are hard-set by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck." We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had
45 already formed. But hearing a practised diner say, "What treasure have we here?" I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a fat becafico rolled up in spiced yolk of egg.

Trimalchio had now stopped his game, and asked for all the same dishes,

and in a loud voice invited any of us, who wished, to take a second glass of mead. Suddenly the music gave the sign, and the light dishes were swept away by a troop of singing servants. An entrée-dish happened to fall in the rush, and a boy picked it up from the ground. Trimalchio saw him, and directed that he should be punished by a box on the ear, and made to 5 throw down the dish again. A chairman followed and began to sweep out the silver with a broom among the other rubbish. The two long-haired Ethiopians with little wine-skins, just like the men who scatter sand in an amphitheatre, came in and gave us wine to wash our hands in, for no one offered us water. 10

We complimented our host on his arrangements. "Mars loves a fair field," said he, "and so I gave orders that every one should have a separate table. In that way these filthy slaves will not make us so hot by crowding past us."

Just then some glass jars carefully fastened with gypsum were brought 15 on, with labels tied to their necks, inscribed, "Falernian of Opimius's vintage, 100 years in the bottle." As we were poring over the labels Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, so wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry. Wine is life. I put on real wine of Opimius's year. I produced some inferior stuff yesterday, and there was a 20 much finer set of people to dinner." As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: "Alas for us poor mortals, 25 all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us".

After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist 30 had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram ram's-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's-eye, over 35 Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy "Assafoetida" in a most hideous voice. We came to such an evil entertain- 40 ment rather depressed. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us have dinner. This is sauce for dinner." As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. . . . Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had 45 played us, and said, "Now, Carver." The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladiator in a chariot was fighting to the accompani-

ment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, "Oh, Carver, Carver." I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next to me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. "You see the fellow
 5 who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders."

I was now unable to eat any more, so I turned to my neighbor to get as much news as possible. I began to seek for far-fetched stories, and to
 10 inquire who the woman was who kept running about everywhere. "She is Trimalchio's wife Fortunata," he said, "and she counts her money by the bushel. And what was she a little while ago? You will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now without why or wherefore she is queen of Heaven, and Trimalchio's all in all.
 15 In fact, if she tells him that it is dark at high noon, he will believe it. He is so enormously rich that he does not know himself what he has; but this lynx-eyed woman has a plan for everything, even where you would not think it. She is temperate, sober, and prudent, but she has a nasty tongue, and henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes, she likes; whom she
 20 dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly in a day, is a millionaire of millionaires. There is more plate lying in his steward's room than other people have in their whole fortunes. And his slaves! My word! I really don't believe that one out of ten of them knows his master by sight."

—MICHAEL HESELTINE.



THE CONNOISSEUR

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

To the newly rich, sound appreciation of art is as simple a matter as the adequate acquisition of historical and mythological learning.

25 The cook too was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and was handed the cup on a Corinthian dish. Agamemnon began to peer at the dish rather closely, and Trimalchio said, "I am the sole owner of genuine Corinthian plate." I thought he would declare with his usual effrontery that he had cups imported direct from Corinth. But he went one better:
 30 "You may perhaps inquire," said he, "how I come to be alone in having genuine Corinthian stuff: the obvious reason is that the name of the dealer I buy from is Corinthus. But what is real Corinthian, unless a man has Corinthus at his back? Do not imagine that I am an ignoramus. I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate was first brought into the world. At
 35 the fall of Ilium, Hannibal, a trickster and a great knave, collected all the

sculptures, bronze, gold, and silver, into a single pile, and set light to them. They all melted into one amalgam of bronze. The workmen took bits out of this lump and made plates and entrée dishes and statuettes. That is how Corinthian metal was born, from all sorts lumped together, neither one kind nor the other. You will forgive me if I say that personally I prefer glass; 5 glass at least does not smell. If it were not so breakable I should prefer it to gold; as it is, it is so cheap. But there was once a workman who made a glass cup that was unbreakable. So he was given an audience of the Emperor with his invention; he made Cæsar give it back to him and then threw it on the floor. Cæsar was as frightened as could be. But the man 10 picked up his cup from the ground: it was dented like a bronze bowl; then he took a little hammer out of his pocket and made the cup quite sound again without any trouble. After doing this he thought he had himself seated on the throne of Jupiter, especially when Cæsar said to him: 'Does anyone else know how to blow glass like this?' Just see what happened. 15 He said not, and then Cæsar had him beheaded. Why? Because if his invention were generally known we should treat gold like dirt. Myself I have a great passion for silver. I own about a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most life-like way. I have a thousand jugs which Mummius left to my 20 patron, and on them you see Dædalus shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse. And I have got the fights between Hermeros and Petraitēs on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I do not sell my connoisseurship for any money."

—MICHAEL HESELTINE.



TRIMALCHIO'S TOMBSTONE

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

Trimalchio is at one with the average Roman in his desire for an elaborate tombstone which shall secure for him the benefits of earthly immortality.

Then he looked at Habinnas and said, "Now tell me, my dear friend: 25 you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraitēs, so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I 30 should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, 'This monument

2.
had
child
all
mated
rejoice

is not to descend to my heir.' I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail
 5 on the monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag; you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like a dining-room table put in too, if you can arrange it. And let me have the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of
 10 dear Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on; and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with gypsum, so that the wine may not run out. And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes it or not. And again, please
 15 think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: 'Here lieth Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Mæcenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty
 20 millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio; and thou too, passer-by.' "

After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. I had
 25 even begun to lift up my voice myself, when Trimalchio said, "Well, well, if we know we must die, why should we not live? As I hope for your happiness, let us jump into a bath. My life on it, you will never regret it. It is as hot as a furnace." "Very true, very true," said Habinnas, "making two days out of one is my chief delight." And he got up with bare feet
 30 and began to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands.

—MICHAEL HESELTINE.



MARTIAL

Marcus Valerius Martialis was born about 40 in Bilbilis, Spain. He came to Rome to make his fortune, lived there in a garret, and eked out a miserable existence by "writing verses while you wait," by flattering the rich, and by the sale of his books of epigrams. Later he returned to Spain, where he died in 104. The peculiar Roman gift for satire took on new life in the hands of Martial, "father of the epigram". The extant collection of fifteen books is a monument to the keenness of his observation of life, to his unusual power of seeing through the disguises of affectation, and to his remarkable gift for

¹ All the selections from Martial are from *A Roman Wit*, by Paul Nixon, reprinted by permission of the author.

summing up the real meaning of a person or of a situation within the limits of a single sentence. He was not above the vices of his day, nor did he make any pretense of being a moralist. Yet he deemed it his peculiar province to direct the shafts of his wit at every form of sham and insincerity, even if occasionally he himself might be accused of being guilty of the things which he attacked.

AN EXPLANATION

[*Epigrams* IV, 65]

Philænis weeps with just one eye.
 Queer, is it not?
 You wish you knew the reason why?
 That's all she's got.

—PAUL NIXON.

TO *LUPUS*

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* XI, 18]

You gave me a farm—so you called it, at least, In a sort of rhetorical turn— But I'm forced to relate that the total estate Doesn't hold as much dirt as an urn.	5
 A grove of Diana, you told me, I think Was a notable sight on the place: But beyond one poor beet, overcome by the heat, Of grove I deny there's a trace.	 10
 The wing of a cricket would cover that farm, And an overfed ant with the gout Couldn't find enough crops to tickle his chops To last till the sun flickered out.	 15
 Moreover that garden you bragged so about Proves a worm-eaten rose with one leaf, And the lawn's yield of grass doesn't greatly surpass Its produce of gravy and beef.	 20
 A cucumber hasn't got room to lie straight, And a snake's bound to live there in pieces. A grasshopper hopped just one day and then stopped— Starved to death, with its stomach in creases.	

A mole is the sole agriculturist there,
 And he's hardly got room to turn round.
 Why, a mushroom can't spread, or a flower wave its head
 Sans trespass on my neighbor's ground.

5 An undergrown mouse when he gets at that farm
 Makes it look as though hit by the plague,
 And my whole crop of hay was carried away
 By a thrush hardly out of the egg.

10 A statue of Pan—minus head, legs, and trunk—
 Casts its shade over all the domain
 And the shell of a clam, without sign of a jam,
 My harvest complete can contain.

Now pardon, my friend, if my praise has been faint—
 We can seldom express what we feel:
 15 So I merely will add that I'd be mighty glad
 To swap farm for a thirty-cent meal.

—PAUL NIXON.

TAILOR BILLS

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 58]

You laughed at my toga, friend Zoilus, as worn,
 While the new one you wore fairly shone.
 I forgot to remark, overcome by your scorn:
 20 "My toga, though worn, is my own."

—PAUL NIXON.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 41]

"O smile, maiden, smile, if you care to be wise,"
 The Pelignian bard, I think, said.
 If you dream, though, this counsel to all girls applies,
 Get the notion right out of your head.
 25 Even though he meant all girls he wouldn't mean you,
 For you know you're no girl now, Maxime:

Why, you've got but three teeth, if you've got more than two;
And they're pitch-covered bone, it would seem.

In your mirror and me put unwavering trust;
Dread a smile as rouged Lais dreads rain,
As Priscus, the dandy, dreads wind and the dust, 5
As Sabella the sun on her stain.

Andromache's, Hecuba's look wouldn't do.
Why, for you it's too merry by half.
Keep from comedies, banquets; be sure and eschew
Doubtful jokes that might tempt you to laugh. 10

Always sit by some mother who's mourning a son,
By a wife as her loved husband dies.
Go only to tragedies: gayety shun,
And weep, maiden, weep, if you're wise.

—PAUL NIXON.

THE BEAU

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* III, 63]

You are everywhere thought just too lovely to live. 15
You must be: I hear and believe it.
But, Cotilus, pray be so good as to say
What's a lovely man, as you conceive it?

"Well, a lovely man must have his hair combed and curled,
Of perfumes he mustn't be chary, 20
Must hum the last strain from the Nile and from Spain,
Must dance well and mustn't be hairy.

"He must linger all day by some lady friend's chair,
With murmured remarks must regale her,
Must get billets doux and respond to them, too; 25
Must be firm and precise with his tailor.

"He must always be posted on every intrigue
And must whirl in the gay social vortex;
Each family tree through all years A.U.C.
He must know from medulla to cortex." 30

That will do! This will make a man lovely, you say?
I'm not in position to doubt it—

But when I want to pass for a thoroughbred ass
I can see how I'd best set about it.

—PAUL NIXON.

FROM THE WEST

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* III, 38]

Why, hullo, Sextus! Left the farm?
Well, here's a how-do-do!
5 What rustic hope or horoscope
Fills Rome with chaps like you?

How's that? You'll be a Cicero?
Surprising legal bent?
10 Poor C—, you knew. Just his thought, too.
But he can't make his rent.

Indeed! You'll be a poet, then?
Make Virgil's verses seem flat?
See those poor coots in cast-off suits?
They're Virgils all—*verb. sat.*

15 Oho! You'll sponge on plutocrats?
My boy, you're rather late.
Just three men say they're fed that way;
The rest are losing weight.

20 You want advice? You're bound to stay?
No scruples, then, but pluck.
And with a share of *savoir faire*
You may exist—with luck.

—PAUL NIXON.

A TOTAL ABSTAINER

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IV, 69]

Though you serve richest wines,
Paulus, Rumor opines

That they poisoned your four wives, I think.
It's of course all a lie;
None believes less than I—
No, I really don't care for a drink.

—PAUL NIXON.

THERMOMETRICAL

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* V, 79]

A full dozen times, Zoilus, during a meal 5
You arise and make slaves change your clothes.
You perspire, you observe, and when damp fear the breeze,—
No matter how lightly it blows.
Don't, I, too, perspire, since I'm dining with you,
And sit at your right as a rule? 10
No, a poor man is not so affected by heat—
I own but one suit and keep cool.

—PAUL NIXON.

NOR A LENDER BE

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 44]

I can't buy a toga, a slave, or some books
To give to my study a tone,
But an old friend of mine 15
In the 12 p. c. line
At once fears requests for a loan.

By way of prevention he'll seem most distraught
When I meet him and stop to converse;
In soliloquy he— 20
But he means it for me—
Will lament the sad state of his purse.

"Four thousand due Phœbus, Philetas owed ten,
And Secundus, well, seven, at best—
Eh-eh, what did you say? 25
Yes, it *is* a fine day—
And I haven't a cent in my chest."

It's mean to refuse one a loan when it's asked:
 To do so before is too much.
 Friend, Sextus, it's shrewd
 But it's frightfully rude
 To preclude the bare chance of a touch.

—PAUL NIXON.

THE SHOPPER

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams IX, 59*]

For hours without stopping
 Mamurra goes shopping
 Where golden Rome's grand bazaar lies:
 Comely slaves he inspects,
 Pointing out their defects
 As he quite eats them up with his eyes.
 His taste far surpasses
 The taste of the masses:
 Their best girls he tells them to show,
 And upstairs in the mart
 Studies slaves set apart,
 Unprofaned by the gaze of the low.

He then, satiated,
 Has tables uncanted;
 Iv'ry stands from top shelves bids them get:
 A tortoise shell chair,
 Thrice measured with care,
 He groans is too small for his set.
 He appeared to be telling
 Corinthian by smelling;
 In Myron's art flaws he descried;
 Sighed on finding a spot
 In a crystalline pot;
 Ordered ten agate jars laid aside.

Over old bowls he lingered;
 Their chasing he fingered;
 Then asked to see cups Mentor wrought.
 After counting the gems
 On their handles he hems —
 And would like to see ear-rings, he thought.

Then the jewel shops he haunted,
 Real sardonyx wanted,
 And priced one as big as a dome.
 Now the day being spent,
 He bought two cups—one cent—
 Tucked them under his arm and walked home.

5

—PAUL NIXON.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VIII, 14]

That your trees may be bold
 When the weather grows cold;
 That their buds may be nipped by no breeze,
 In hot-houses faced
 To the south they're encased
 And enjoy the warm sunlight at ease.
 In a cell I am bunked
 With one window—defunct;
 If he slept there old Boreas would sneeze.
 If this is the best
 That you'll do for a guest,
 Why, the next time I'll visit your trees.

10

15

—PAUL NIXON.

OUTCLASSED

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* X, 79]

Torquatus four miles from the city
 Owns a country seat costly and grand:
 Four miles from the city Otillus
 Bought a cot and an acre of land.

20

Torquatus reared baths of rich marble;
 You'd think they were built for a club:
 Otillus installed then, undaunted,
 A superfine second-hand tub.

25

Torquatus had laurel groves planted;
 Each tree was well-leaved and full grown:
 As soon as he saw them Otillus
 Had a hundred of fine acorns sown.

5 Torquatus was next chosen consul:
 Otillus was boss of his ward
 And inwardly felt more than certain
 That now poor Torquatus was floored.

I fear it will end like the fable
 10 Where the undergrown frog had a thirst
 To rival the ox in dimensions:
 There's danger Otillus will burst.

—PAUL NIXON.

THE ANTIQUARY

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VIII, 6]

The antiques of old Auctus will bore me to death:
 I prefer ware of clay from Saguntum.
 15 Of his pedigree'd plate
 Wondrous tales he'll relate:
 If you thirst till he's through you'll affront'm.

"On Laomedon's board were these goblets you see,
 Bestowed for his walls on Apollo:
 20 With that bowl that dire day
 Rhætus entered the fray—
 A Lapith's head left this deep hollow.

"You have read of the cups Nestor owned: these are they.
 You can see where his thumb's worn 'em brighter.
 25 And Achilles (II. IX)
 Filled this tankard with wine
 Of a kind that would make his friends tighter.

"With this beaker at Carthage Æneas was pledged
 By his hostess, the beautiful Dido"—
 30 When he's got you enthused,
 Then from jars Priam used
 He pours wine that you'd hate to give Fido.

—PAUL NIXON.

TO SEPTICIANUS

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams XI, 107*]

You've returned me my book all unrolled to the end:
That you've read it is visibly shown.
I know it. It's true. I believe and commend—
That's the way I've read four of your own.

—PAUL NIXON.

TO QUINTUS

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams IX, 53*]

Your birthday I wished to observe with a gift;
You forbade and your firmness is known.
Every man to his taste:
I remark with some haste,
May the third is the date of my own.

5

—PAUL NIXON.

UN MÉDECIN MALGRÉ EUX

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams I, 30*]

Diaulus now's a body snatcher,
Though a surgeon once.
His clientele, however, left him—
It's for them he hunts.

10

—PAUL NIXON.



A FAIR FIELD FOR SATIRE

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* I]

Decimus Junius Juvenalis, the last of the great satirists, was born about 55 at Aquinum in Latium and died shortly after 130. He trained himself in declamation, had some military experience and occupied municipal offices, and late in life was banished on account of criticism of an actor who was a favorite at the court. The total product of his pen seems to have consisted of the sixteen satires still extant. The keynote of his writings is moral indignation over the vices of the times, and the tone one of deep seriousness.

The excuse for satire is always the same, that the abundance of material is responsible. Juvenal makes the same explanation that Horace did. Details of course differ; the public recitations of poets, new in Horace's time, had not then become the insufferable bore they were later.

Oh! heavens—while thus hoarse Codrus perseveres
To force his Theseid on my tortured ears,
Shall I not once attempt “to quit the score,”
Always an auditor, and nothing more!

5 Forever at my side, shall this rehearse
His elegiac, that his comic verse,
Unpunished? shall huge Telephus, at will,
The livelong day consume, or, huger still,
Orestes, closely written, written, too

10 Down the broad marge and yet—no end in view!

 Away, away!—None knows his home so well
As I the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's cell,
Fast by the Æolian rocks!—How the Winds roar,
How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian shore,
15 How Jason stole the golden fleece, and how
The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy brow;
The walks of Fronto echo round and round—
The columns trembling with the eternal sound,
While high and low, as the mad fit invades,
20 Bellow the same trite nonsense through the shades.

 I, too, can write—and, at a pedant's frown,
Once poured my fustian rhetoric on the town:
And idly proved that Sulla, far from power,
Had passed, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour:—
25 Now I resume my pen; for, since we meet
Such swarms of desperate bards in every street,
'Tis vicious clemency to spare the oil,
And hapless paper they are sure to spoil.
But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace
30 The Auruncan's route, and, in the arduous race,
Follow his burning wheels, attentive hear,

If leisure serve, and truth be worth your ear.
 When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair
 Tilts at the Tuscan boar, with bosom bare;
 When one that oft, since manhood first appeared,
 Has trimmed the exuberance of his sounding beard, 5
 In wealth outvies the senate; when a vile,
 A slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of the Nile,
 Crispinus, while he gathers now, now flings
 His purple open, fans his summer rings;
 And, as his fingers sweat beneath the freight, 10
 Cries, "Save me—from a gem of greater weight!"
 'Tis hard a less adventurous course to choose,
 While folly plagues, and vice inflames the Muse.

For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain,
 So patient of the town, as to contain 15
 His bursting spleen, when, full before his eye,
 Swings the new chair of lawyer Matho by,
 Crammed with himself! then, with no less parade,
 That caitiff's, who his noble friend betrayed,
 Who now, in fancy, prostrate greatness tears, 20
 And preys on what the imperial vulture spares!
 Whom Massa dreads, Latinus, trembling, plies
 With a fair wife, and anxious Carus buys!

When those supplant thee in thy dearest rights,
 Who earn rich legacies by active nights; 25
 Those, whom (the shortest, surest way to rise)
 The widow's itch advances to the skies!—
 Not that an equal rank her minions hold;
 Just to their various powers, she metes her gold,
 And Proculeius mourns his scanty share, 30
 While Gillo triumphs, hers and nature's heir!
 And let him triumph! 'tis the price of blood:
 While, thus defrauded of the generous flood,
 The color flies his cheek, as though he prest,
 With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest; 35
 Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim,
 Where the least peril is the loss of fame.
 Ye gods!—what rage, what phrensy fires my brain,
 When that false guardian, with his splendid train,
 Crowds the long street, and leaves his orphan charge 40
 To prostitution, and the world at large!
 When by a juggling sentence damned in vain,
 (For who, that holds the plunder, heeds the pain?)
 Marius to wine devotes his morning hours,
 And laughs, in exile, at the offended Powers: 45
 While, sighing o'er the victory she won,
 The Province finds herself but more undone!

And shall I feel, that crimes like these require

The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre,
 And not pursue them? shall I still repeat
 The legendary tales of Troy and Crete;
 The toils of Hercules, the horses fed
 5 On human flesh by savage Diomed,
 The lowing labyrinth, the builder's flight,
 And the rash boy, hurl'd from his airy height?
 When, what the law forbids the wife to heir,
 The adulterer's Will may to the wittol bear,
 10 Who gave, with wand'ring eye and vacant face,
 A tacit sanction to his own disgrace;
 And while at every turn a look he stole,
 Snored, unsuspected, o'er the treacherous bowl!

When he presumes to ask a troop's command,
 15 Who spent on horses all his father's land,
 While, proud the experienced driver to display,
 His glowing wheels smoked o'er the Appian way:—
 For there our young Automedon first tried
 His powers, there loved the rapid car to guide;
 20 While great Pelides sought superior bliss,
 And toyed and wantoned with his master-miss.

Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets,
 Fill his wide tablets, in the public streets,
 With angry verse? when, through the midday glare,
 25 Borne by six slaves, and in an open chair,
 The forger comes, who owes this blaze of state
 To a wet seal and a fictitious date;
 Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by,
 And impudently braves the public eye!
 30 Or the rich dame, who stanch'd her husband's thirst
 With generous wine, but—drugged it first!
 And now, more dext'rous than Locusta, shows
 Her country friends the beverage to compose,
 And, midst the curses of the indignant throng,
 35 Bear, in broad day, the spotted corpse along.

Dare nobly, man! if greatness be thy aim,
 And practice what may chains and exile claim:
 On Guilt's broad base thy towering fortunes raise,
 For virtue starves on—universal praise!
 40 While crimes, in scorn of niggard fate, afford
 The ivory couches, and the citron board,
 The goblet high-embossed, the antique plate,
 The lordly mansion, and the fair estate!

O! who can rest—who taste the sweets of life,
 45 When sires debauch the son's too greedy wife;
 When males to males, abjuring shame, are wed,
 And beardless boys pollute the nuptial bed!
 No: Indignation, kindling as she views,

Shall, in each breast, a generous warmth infuse,
And pour, in Nature and the Nine's despite,
Such strains as I, or Cluvienus, write!

E'er since Deucalion, while, on every side,
The bursting clouds upraised the whelming tide, 5
Reached in his little skiff, the forked hill,
And sought, at Themis' shrine, the Immortals' will;
When softening stones grew warm with gradual life,
And Pyrrha brought each male a virgin wife;
Whatever passions have the soul possess, 10
Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,
Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.

—WILLIAM GIFFORD.



ROME A GREEK CITY

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* III]

In imperial times Rome had her problem of the melting-pot. Among the fortune hunters of all races attracted to the capital of the world none was so cunning, so versatile, so successful as the Greek. The Roman, often outstripped in the competition, felt that that which was his by rights was gradually slipping away from him.

The nation by the great, admired, carest,
And hated, shunned by me, above the rest, 15
No longer now, restrained by wounded pride,
I haste to show (nor thou my warmth deride),
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A Grecian capital, in Italy!
Grecian? O no! with this vast sewer compared, 20
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard:
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has disemboqued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp and drum. 25
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Thy rustic Mars the Trechedipna wears, 30

And on his breast, smeared with ceroma, bears
A paltry prize, well pleased; while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles and Samos and a thousand more,
5 Thrive on his indolence and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
10 Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face;
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, physician,
All trades his own your hungry Greekling counts;
15 And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts!
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an Athenian, too!
—Bear with their state who will: for I disdain
To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train:
20 Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, so late,
With figs and prunes (an inauspicious freight),
Already see their faith preferred to mine,
And sit above me! and before me sign!—
That on the Aventine I first drew air,
25 And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine fare,
Avails me not! our birthright now is lost,
And all our privilege, an empty boast!

For lo! where versed in every soothing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
30 Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face;
Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer;
And equals the crane neck, the narrow chest,
35 To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
The giant son of Earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain.

We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm,
But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
40 See! they step forth, and figure to the life,
The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
So just, you view the very woman there,
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
No longer now, the favourites of the stage
45 Boast their exclusive power to charm the age:
The happy art with them a nation shares,
Greece is a theatre, where all are players.
For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;

He weeps—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
 He calls for fire—they court the mantle's heat;
 'Tis warm, he cries—and they dissolve in sweat.
 Ill-matched!—secure of victory they start,
 Who, taught from youth to play a borrowed part, 5
 Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
 And mould their own, to suit their patron's face;
 At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
 And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.
 Besides, no bound their raging lust restrains, 10
 All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes;
 Wife, virgin-daughter, son unstained before—
 And, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar:
 They notice every word, haunt every ear,
 Your secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear. 15
 Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see,
 Smeared with the sanguine stains of perfidy!
 That tutor most accursed his pupil sold!
 That Stoic sacrificed his friend to gold!
 A true-born Grecian! littered on the coast, 20
 Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.
 Hence, Romans, hence! no place for you remains,
 Where Diphilus, where Erimanthus reigns;
 Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
 Admit no rival in a patron's heart: 25
 For let them fasten on his easy ear,
 And drop one hint, one secret slander there,
 Sucked from their country's venom, or their own,
 That instant they possess the man alone;
 While we are spurned, contemptuous, from the door, 30
 Our long, long slavery thought upon no more.

—WILLIAM GIFFORD.



THE NEW WOMAN

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* VI]

Juvenal had little sympathy with the growing movement making for the greater freedom of women. He could see only vicious motives behind their actions and only disastrous results to society.

Some faults, though small, no husband yet can bear:
 'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair,

Unless her thoughts in Attic terms she dress;
A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness!
All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour,
In Greek their fears, hopes, joys;—what would you more?
5 In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
These fooleries to girls: but thou, O thou,
Who tremblest at the verge of eighty-eight,
To Greek it still!—’tis now a day too late.
Foh! how it savors of the dregs of lust,
10 When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
And mumbles out, “My life!” “My soul!” in Greek...

Women support the Bar; they love the law,
And raise litigious questions for a straw;
15 They meet in private, and prepare the Bill,
Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer’s skill,
Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie,
And dictate points for statement or reply.

Nay, more, they fence! who has not marked their oil,
20 Their purple rugs for this preposterous toil?
Room for the lady—lo! she seeks the list,
And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
And bores and batters with repeated strokes;
25 Till all the fencer’s art can do she shows,
And the glad master interrupts her blows.
O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
Who foot it naked at the Floral games;
Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire,
30 And tempt the arena’s bloody field—for hire!

What sense of shame is to that female known,
Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine
(True woman still), her sex for ours resign...

35 But she is more intolerable yet,
Who plays the critic when at table set;
Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove
Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love.
From Maro, and Mæonides, she quotes
40 The striking passages, and, while she notes
Their beauties and defects, adjusts her scales,
And accurately weighs which bard prevails.
The astonished guests sit mute: grammarians yield,
Loud rhetoricians, baffled, quit the field;
45 Even auctioneers and lawyers stand aghast,
And now a woman speaks!—So thick and fast,
The wordy shower descends, that you would swear
A thousand bells were jangling in your ear,

A thousand basins clattering. Vex no more
Your trumpets and your timbrels, as of yore,
To ease the laboring moon; her single yell
Can drown their clangor, and dissolve the spell.

—WILLIAM GIFFORD.



THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* X]

This is ever a favorite theme of the moralist. Juvenal's treatment of it is more like that of an essayist than of a satirist. It is inspired not by direct observations of life, as in Horace, but by reading and meditation on abstractions.

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream	5
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,	
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,	
In its true light or good or evil see.	
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?	
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,	10
But, finished, we our own success lament,	
And rue the pains, so fatally misspent?—	
To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,	
Cursed with their prayers, by too indulgent heaven!	
Bewildered thus by folly or by fate,	15
We beg pernicious gifts in every state,	
In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow	
Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low:	
Even strength itself is fatal; Milo tries	
His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies!	20
But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,	
And hoards amassed with too successful care,	
Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,	
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.	
For this, in other times, at Nero's word,	25
The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword,	
Rushed to the swelling coffers of the great,	
Chased Lateranus from his lordly seat,	
Besieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls,	
And closed, terrific, round Longinus' halls:	30
While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,	

And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveler, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
Even then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
5 And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish, that all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
10 Is, gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-gracious Powers,
The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread then the draught, when, mantling, at your lip,
The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
15 And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.

And do we, now, admire the stories told
Of the two Sages, so renowned of old;
How this forever laughed, whene'er he stepped
Beyond the threshold; that, forever wept?
20 But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears!

Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguished laughter shook,
Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns
25 No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.—
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far,
The Prætor perched aloft, superbly dress'd
In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing vest
30 Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Borne by a sweating slave, maintained to ride
In the same car, and mortify his pride!
Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing,
35 From the raised sceptre seems prepared to spring;
And trumpets here; and there the long parade
Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade;
Add, too, the zeal of clients robed in white,
Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,
40 Unbribed, unbought—save by the dole, at night!

Yes, in those days, in every varied scene,
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous sage! whose story makes it clear
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
45 Beneath Bæotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.—
He laughed aloud to see the vulgar fears,
Laughed at their joys, and sometimes at their tears:

Secure the while, he mocked at Fortune's frown,
And when she threatened, bade her hang or drown!
Superfluous then, or fatal, is the prayer,
Which to the Immortals' knees we fondly bear.

Some, Power hurls headlong from her envied height, 5
Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down,
Are dragged by hooting thousands through the town;
The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke— 10
Then roar the flames! the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honored, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans, 15
Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots, and pans.

“Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay,
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
A joyful spectacle! is dragged along. 20
What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor!—for my part,
I never loved the fellow—in my heart.”
“But tell me; Why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered? and who proved the deed?”
“Proved!—a huge, wordy letter came to-day 25
From Capreæ.” Good! what think the people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire, 30
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hailed Sejanus, Master of Mankind!
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from their thought;
And those who once, with unresisted sway, 35
Gave armies, empire, everything, away,
For two poor claims, have long renounced the whole,
And only ask—the Circus and the Dole.
“But there are more to suffer.” “So I find;
A fire so fierce for one was ne'er designed. 40
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, there's danger near.
What if this Ajax, in his phrensy, strike,
Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike!”
“True: fly we then, our loyalty to show; 45
And trample on the carcass of his foe,
While yet exposed on Tiber's banks it lies”—
“But let our slaves be there,” another cries:

"Yes; let them (lest our ardor they forswear,
And drag us, pinioned, to the Bar) be there."
Thus of the favorite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper passed from man to man.

5 Lured by the splendor of his happier hour,
Would'st thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;
See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
Give this to sway the army, that the state;
And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign
10 O'er Capreæ's crags, with his Chaldean train?
Yes, yes, thou would'st (for I can read thy breast)
Enjoy that favor which he once possess'd,
Assume all offices, grasp all commands,
The Imperial Horse, and the Prætorian Bands,
15 'Tis nature, this; even those who want the will,
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill:
Yet what delight can rank and power bestow,
Since every joy is balanced by its woe!
Still would'st thou choose the favorite's purple, say?
20 Or, thus forewarned, some paltry hamlet sway?
At Gabii, or Fidenæ, rules propound,
For faulty measures, and for wares unsound;
And take the tarnished robe and petty state,
Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?—

25 You grant me then, Sejanus grossly erred,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferred:
For when he begged for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage, he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still, and higher; to be thrown,
30 With louder crash, and wider ruin, down!

But (for 'tis good our humble hope to prove),
That thou may'st, still, ask something from above,
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.

35 O Thou, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
40 Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains,
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights!

45 Here, bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach
What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach.
The path to peace is virtue. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee:

But we have deified a name alone,
And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne!

—WILLIAM GIFFORD.



IV. EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC MAN: QUINTILIAN

A general system of public education such as exists in America today was not known in the Roman Empire. To be sure some cities seem to have maintained school by taxation, and in some places a group of parents would establish a school for their children. Undoubtedly many of the poor taught their children what they could at home, and many of the rich engaged private tutors. Among all classes it is quite certain that knowledge of the "three Rs" was widespread.

Higher education, true to the practical spirit of the Romans, aimed to prepare for a public career. It was pursued under teachers to whom the students would pay a fee. The emperors, beginning with Vespasian, provided for a few professors of the higher branches at Rome.

Following a development from the time of the Republic special stress was laid on oratory. Although there was no longer the possibility of influencing the policy of the state by persuasive speech before the people, and though, as one consequence of the imperial form of government, the art of oratory was on the decline, yet there was within a narrower range need of ability to speak in law court and in senate. In the senatorial class too—and for that class the higher education was largely intended—there was considerable demand for speeches in praise of the emperor.

It was with reference to the education of the ruling classes that writers in the first century produced their treatises. Their ideal product was still, as in the days of Cato, "a good man skilled in speaking." To this end they regarded as among the essentials wide and careful reading in great Greek and Latin authors, both for subject matter and for details of style of value to a speaker. There was also much memorizing and reciting of speeches, much analysis of style and language, and much attention to even the minutiae of figures of speech. In fact, here the emphasis was too great, for it led to an affected artificial style even in speeches of the law court. Great attention was given to developing the student's ability to debate by the assignment of special topics or questions on which all possible arguments were to be prepared. The method could develop keenness of mind; but the topics assigned had nothing to do with the life of the state, and at best would deal with some historical subject. For example this question was proposed: What would have happened if Hannibal had marched on Rome immediately after his victory at Cannæ?

To balance these criticisms it should be stated that the first and second centuries produced many able senators, great jurists, wise administrators, and a few writers of the first rank. Many of these men undoubtedly were trained in the formal schooling of their day, and to it must have owed some part of their success.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus was born in Spain about 35 and died in Italy about 95. As professor of oratory at Rome, Quintilian exerted a powerful

influence on the writers and men of public life in the latter part of the first century and the beginning of the second. Late in life he published an epoch-making book on education. Its very title, *Institutio Oratoria*, reveals the point of view that characterizes the whole system of Roman education, which looked upon the orator as its final and highest product. The book is valuable not only as an excellent treatise on pedagogy, but also for its sane critical judgments on the literatures of Greece and Rome. Quintilian takes Cicero as the model of Latin style, and withholds his approval from the rhetorical peculiarities of Silver Latin which culminated in the affectations of Seneca.

THE TRAINING OF THE CHILD¹

[From *The Training of the Orator*, Book I]

The aim of education is to produce the perfect orator; the perfect orator must be first of all a perfect man; education must therefore begin with infancy. The point is emphasized by Quintilian because in his day there was prevalent a tendency on the part of well-to-do parents to relieve themselves of the care of children by turning them over completely to more or less uneducated slaves.

Above all see that the child's nurse speaks correctly. The ideal, according to Chrysippus, would be that she should be a philosopher; failing that he desired that the best should be chosen, as far as possible. Not doubt the most important point is that they should be of good character; but
 5 they should speak correctly as well. It is the nurse that the child first hears, and her words that he will first attempt to imitate. And we are by nature most tenacious of childish impressions, just as the flavour first absorbed by vessels when new persists, and the colour imparted by dyes to the primitive whiteness of wool is indelible. Further it is the worst
 10 impressions that are most durable. For, while what is good readily deteriorates, you will never turn vice into virtue. Do not therefore allow the boy to become accustomed even in infancy to a style of speech which he will subsequently have to unlearn.

As regards parents, I should like to see them as highly educated as
 15 possible, and I do not restrict this remark to fathers alone. We are told that the eloquence of the Gracchi owed much to their mother Cornelia, whose letters even to-day testify to the cultivation of her style. Lælia, the daughter of Gaius Lælius, is said to have reproduced the elegance of her father's language, in her own speech, while the oration delivered
 20 before the triumvirs by Hortensia, the daughter of Quintus Hortensius, is still read and not merely as a compliment to her sex. And even those who have not had the fortune to receive a good education should not for that reason devote less care to their son's education; but should on the contrary show all the greater diligence in other matters where they
 25 can be of service to their children...

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

Still if it should prove impossible to secure the ideal nurse, the ideal companions, or the ideal *pædagogus*, I would insist that there should be one person at any rate attached to the boy who has some knowledge of speaking and who will, if any incorrect expression should be used by nurse or *pædagogus* in the presence of the child under their charge, at once correct the error and prevent its becoming a habit. But it must be clearly understood that this is only a remedy, and that the ideal course is that indicated above...

Some hold that boys should not be taught to read till they are seven years old, that being the earliest age at which they can derive profit from instruction and endure the strain of learning... Those however who hold that a child's mind should not be allowed to lie fallow for a moment are wiser. Chrysippus, for instance, though he gives the nurses a three years' reign, still holds the formation of the child's mind on the best principles to be a part of their duties...

I am not however so blind to differences of age as to think that the very young should be forced on prematurely or given real work to do. Above all things we must take care that the child, who is not yet old enough to love his studies, does not come to hate them and dread the bitterness which he has once tasted, even when the years of infancy are left behind. His studies must be made an amusement: he must be questioned and praised and taught to rejoice when he has done well: sometimes too, when he refuses instruction, it should be given to some other to excite his envy, at times also he must be engaged in competition and should be allowed to believe himself successful more often than not, while he should be encouraged to do his best by such rewards as may appeal to his tender years...

At any rate I am not satisfied with the course (which I note is usually adopted) of teaching small children the names and order of the letters before their shapes. Such a practice makes them slow to recognise the letters, since they do not pay attention to their actual shape, preferring to be guided by what they have already learned by rote. It is for this reason that teachers, when they think that they have sufficiently familiarized their young pupils with the letters written in their usual order, reverse that order or rearrange it in every kind or combination, until they learn to know the letters from their appearance and not from the order in which they occur. It will be best therefore for children to begin by learning their appearance and names just as they do with men. The method, however, to which we have objected in teaching the alphabet, is unobjectionable when applied to syllables. I quite approve on the other hand of a practice which has been devised to stimulate children to learn by giving them ivory letters to play with, as I do of anything else that may be discovered to delight the very young, the sight, handling and naming of which is a pleasure.

As soon as the child has begun to know the shapes of the various letters, it will be no bad thing to have them cut as accurately as possible upon a board, so that the pen may be guided along the grooves. Thus mistakes such as occur with wax tablets will be rendered impossible; for the pen

will be confined between the edges of the letters and will be prevented from going astray. Further by increasing the frequency and speed with which they follow these fixed outlines we shall give steadiness to the fingers, and there will be no need to guide the child's hand with our own.

- 5 The art of writing well and quickly is not unimportant for our purpose, though it is generally disregarded by persons of quality. Writing is of the utmost importance in the study which we have under consideration and by its means alone can true and deeply rooted proficiency be obtained. But a sluggish pen delays our thoughts, while an unformed and illiterate hand
- 10 cannot be deciphered, a circumstance which necessitates another wearisome task, namely the dictation of what we have written to a copyist. We shall therefore at all times and in all places, and above all when we are writing private letters to our friends, find a gratification in the thought that we have not neglected even this accomplishment.
- 15 As regards syllables, no short cut is possible: they must all be learnt, and there is no good in putting off learning the most difficult; this is the general practice, but the sole result is bad spelling. Further we must beware of placing a blind confidence in a child's memory. It is better to repeat syllables and impress them on the memory and, when he is reading, not to
- 20 press him to read continuously or with greater speed, unless indeed the clear and obvious sequence of letters can suggest itself without its being necessary for the child to stop to think. The syllables once learnt, let him begin to construct words with them and sentences with the words. You will hardly believe how much reading is delayed by undue haste. If the
- 25 child attempts more than his powers allow, the inevitable result is hesitation, interruption and repetition, and the mistakes which he makes merely lead him to lose confidence in what he already knows. Reading must therefore first be sure, then connected, while it must be kept slow for a considerable time, until practice brings speed unaccompanied by error.
- 30 For to look to the right, which is regularly taught, and to look ahead depends not so much on precept as on practice; since it is necessary to keep the eyes on what follows while reading out what precedes, with the resulting difficulty that the attention of the mind must be divided, the eyes and voice being differently engaged. It will be found worth while,
- 35 when the boy begins to write out words in accordance with the usual practice, to see that he does not waste his labour in writing out common words of everyday occurrence. He can readily learn the explanations or *glosses*, as the Greeks call them, of the more obscure words by the way and, while he is still engaged on the first rudiments, acquire what would other-
- 40 wise demand special time to be devoted to it. And as we are still discussing minor details, I would urge that the lines, which he is set to copy, should not express thoughts of no significance but convey some sound moral lesson. He will remember such aphorisms even when he is an old man, and the impression made upon his unformed mind will contribute
- 45 to the formation of his character. He may also be entertained by learning the sayings of famous men and above all selections from the poets, poetry being more attractive to children. For memory is most necessary to an orator, as I shall point out in its proper place, and there is nothing like

practice for strengthening and developing it. And at the tender age of which we are now speaking, when originality is impossible, memory is almost the only faculty which can be developed by the teacher.

—H. E. BUTLER.



STUDY AND WRITING¹

[From *The Training of the Orator*, Book X]

Quintilian's common sense constantly brings him out in strong relief against the contemporary background of affectation.

The condemnation which I have passed on such carelessness in writing will make it pretty clear what my views are on the luxury of dictation 5 which is now so fashionable. For, when we write, however great our speed, the fact that the hand cannot follow the rapidity of our thoughts gives us time to think, whereas the presence of our amanuensis hurries us on, and at times we feel ashamed to hesitate or pause, or make some alteration, as though we were afraid to display such weakness before a 10 witness. As a result our language tends not merely to be haphazard and formless, but in our desire to produce a continuous flow we let slip positive improprieties of diction, which show neither the precision of the writer nor the impetuosity of the speaker. Again, if the amanuensis is a slow 15 writer, or lacking in intelligence, he becomes a stumbling-block, our speed is checked, and the thread of our ideas is interrupted by the delay or even perhaps by the loss of temper to which it gives rise. Moreover, the gestures which accompany strong feeling, and sometimes even serve to stimulate the mind, the waving of the hand, the contraction of the brow, the occasional striking of the forehead or side, and those which Persius notes when he 25 describes a trivial style as one that

“Thumps not the desk nor smacks of bitten nails,”

all these become ridiculous, unless we are alone. Finally, we come to the most important consideration of all, that the advantages of privacy are lost when we dictate. Everyone, however, will agree that the absence of 20 company and deep silence are most conducive to writing, though I would not go so far as to concur in the opinion of those who think woods and groves the most suitable localities for the purpose, on the ground that the freedom of the sky and the charm of the surroundings produce sublimity of thought and wealth of inspiration. Personally I regard such an environ- 25 ment as a pleasant luxury rather than a stimulus to study. For whatever causes us delight must necessarily distract us from the concentration due

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

to our work. The mind cannot devote its undivided and sincere attention to a number of things at the same time, and wherever it turns its gaze it must cease to contemplate its appointed task. Therefore, the charm of the woods, the gliding of the stream, the breeze that murmurs in the
5 branches, the song of birds, and the very freedom with which our eyes may range, are mere distractions, and in my opinion the pleasure which they excite is more likely to relax than to concentrate our attention. Demosthenes took a wiser view; for he would retire to a place where no voice was to be heard, and no prospect greeted the sight, for fear that his eyes
10 might force his mind to neglect its duty. Therefore, let the burner of the midnight oil seclude himself in the silence of night, within closed doors, with but a solitary lamp to light his labours. But for every kind of study, and more especially for night work, good health and its chief source, simple living, are essential; for we have fallen into the habit of devoting
15 to relentless labour the hour which nature has appointed for rest and relaxation. From those hours we must take only such time as is superfluous for sleep, and will not be missed. For fatigue will make us careless in writing, and the hours of daylight are amply sufficient for one who has no other distractions. It is only the busy man who is driven to encroach on
20 the hours of darkness. Nevertheless, night work, so long as we come to it fresh and untired, provides by far the best form of privacy.

But although silence and seclusion and absolute freedom of mind are devoutly to be desired, they are not always within our power to attain. Consequently we must not fling aside our book at once, if disturbed by
25 some noise, and lament that we have lost a day: on the contrary, we must make a firm stand against such inconveniences, and train ourselves so to concentrate our thoughts as to rise superior to all impediments to study. If only you direct all your attention to the work which you have in hand, no sight or sound will ever penetrate to your mind. If even casual
30 thoughts often occupy us to such an extent that we do not see passers-by, or even stray from our path, surely we can obtain the same result by the exercise of our will. We must not give way to pretexts for sloth. For unless we make up our mind that we must be fresh, cheerful and free from all other care when we approach our studies, we shall always find some
35 excuse for idleness. Therefore, whether we be in a crowd, on a journey, or even at some festive gathering, our thoughts should always have some inner sanctuary of their own to which they may retire. Otherwise what shall we do when we are suddenly called upon to deliver a set speech in the midst of the forum, with lawsuits in progress on every side, and with the
40 sound of quarrels and even casual outcries in our ears, if we need absolute privacy to discover the thoughts which we jot down upon our tablets? It was for this reason that Demosthenes, the passionate lover of seclusion, used to study on the seashore amid the roar of the breakers that they might teach him not to be unnerved by the uproar of the public assembly.

—H. E. BUTLER.



The New Freedom

SECOND CENTURY A.D.



There can be no doubt that the self-centered and suspicious character of the emperor Domitian, whose rule extended from 81 to 96 A.D., was a continual threat against the lives of prominent members of the ruling classes of Rome. Some were put to death, and nearly all driven to a servile attitude or to a careful policy of silence and inaction. No wonder, then, that at the accession of Nerva men felt that they were seeing the dawn of a new era. The pages of melancholy Tacitus and of genial Pliny alike reflect the horror of the old and the hope for the new. But it is not to be thought that any essential differences in the form of government involving any diminution of the emperor's powers were introduced. Trajan certainly exercised as much authority as Domitian. Nor was there thought of discarding or annulling the acts of Domitian in the governing of the empire, for the records show that Trajan often confirmed them.

The new era, however, was a very real thing to men of the time. It grew out of a new relation, a new feeling, between emperor and senate. After the murder of Domitian, Nerva succeeded to the throne. He gained his place neither by dynastic succession, nor by the sword of the army, but by the deliberate choice of the senate itself. Nerva was an old man no longer possessed of the vigor necessary to rule the empire. The idea of adopting as his son and ultimate successor a tried and capable administrator was conceived, and, on the advice of leading senators and with the consent of the senate as a body, Nerva adopted Trajan. The policy of adoption then successfully inaugurated was continued for several following reigns and played no small part in making possible the happiness of the succeeding century. The senate then had actually and freely chosen its emperor. It is noteworthy that there was no talk of a restoration of the Republic, as had at times occurred in years past. That is to say, the senate had come to realize the necessity for imperial rule. Time had done its work in teaching this fact, and also had conveniently removed the irreconcilables, and had brought in new blood even from the provinces. The senate was now prepared to work with and under the presidency of any reasonable man. Nerva and Trajan responded to this attitude, publicly treated the senate with honor, and the individual senators with respect. The splendid tact of Trajan, which brings Augustus to mind, undoubtedly had much to do with the ensuing era of good feeling. He would have the senate really function as under Augustus, and it showed appreciation by unprecedented loyalty.

This was the period which Tacitus hailed as "a rarely happy time when a man thinks what he likes, and says what he thinks." To men of letters this realization, with the general feeling of relief and hope, gave great encour-

agement. The result was the enriching of Roman literature by two works of real genius, the historical books of Tacitus and the satires of Juvenal, and by the respectable writings of Pliny and of Suetonius.

But these were the final products in literature of the true Roman spirit. With the reign of Hadrian, successor to Trajan, there set in a literary period of archaism which clearly marked a decline in originality. The same reign, however, saw the beginning of a great development in the science of law.

I. APPRECIATION OF THE NEW ORDER

THE CONTRAST¹

TACITUS

[From the *Agricola*]

The reign of Nerva witnessed a marked literary revival, which was the result of the increased freedom of individual writers to deal with matters of public interest from which they had been excluded for the better part of a century. (For Tacitus, see above p. 480.)

To hand down to posterity the works and ways of famous men was our father's custom: our age has not yet abandoned it even now, indifferent though it be to its own children, whenever, at least, some great and notable virtue has dominated and overpowered the vice common alike to small states and great—misapprehension of integrity and jealousy. 5

But in our fathers's times, just as the doing of deeds worth recording was natural and more obvious, so also there was inducement then to the brightest spirits to publish such records of virtue. Partisanship was not the motive or ambition: a good conscience was its own reward; nay, many men even counted it not presumption, but self-respect, to narrate their own lives. A Rutilius, a Scaurus, could do so without falling short of belief or provoking a sneer; so true is it that virtues are best appreciated in those ages which most readily give them birth; but to-day, even though the man whose life I am about to write is already gone, I ought to have craved an indulgence which I should not have needed, had invective been my purpose; so harsh is the spirit of our age, so cynical towards virtue. 10 15

It is recorded that when Rusticus Aruleus extolled Thræsea Pætus, when Herennius Senecio extolled Helvidius Priscus, their praise became a capital offence, so that persecution fell not merely on the authors themselves but on the very books: to the public hangman, in fact, was given the task of burning in the courtyard of the Forum the memorials of our noblest characters. 20

They imagined, no doubt, that in those flames disappeared the voice of the people, the liberty of the Senate, the conscience of mankind; especially as the votaries of Philosophy also were expelled, and all liberal culture exiled, in order that nowhere might anything of good report present itself to men's eyes. 25

Assuredly we have furnished a signal proof of our submissiveness; and even as former generations witnessed the utmost excesses of liberty, so

¹ All the selections in this chapter are from The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

have we the extremes of slavery; wherein our "Inquisitors" have deprived us even of the give and take of conversation. We should have lost memory itself as well as voice, had forgetfulness been as easy as silence.

Now at last heart is coming back to us: from the first, from the very
 5 outset of this happy age, Nerva has united things long incompatible, Empire and liberty; Trajan is increasing daily the happiness of the times; and public confidence has not merely learned to hope and pray, but has received security for the fulfilment of its prayers and even the substance
 10 thereof. Though it is true that from the nature of human frailty cure operates more slowly than disease, and as the body itself is slow to grow and quick to decay, so also it is easier to damp men's spirits and their enthusiasm than to revive them: nay, listlessness itself has a certain subtle charm, and the languor we hate at first we learn to love: what else were possible? For the term of fifteen years, a large space in human life, chance
 15 and change have been cutting off many among us; others, and the most energetic, have perished by the Emperor's ferocity; while the few who remain have outlived not merely their neighbours but, so to say, themselves; for out of their prime have been blotted fifteen years, during which mature men reached old age and old men the very bounds almost of
 20 decrepitude, and all without opening their lips.

But after all I shall not regret the task of recording our former slavery and testifying to our present blessings, albeit with unpractised and stammering tongue.

—MAURICE HUTTON.



RELEASE FROM TYRANNY

PLINY

[*Letters*, VIII, 14]

Gaius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, known as Pliny the Younger, was born at Comum in the year 62. He owed much in his training to the example and guidance of his uncle, Pliny the Elder, author of the Natural History, and to the instruction of Quintilian. He entered the public career, climbed to the consulship, and later became governor of Bithynia. In the public business he displayed special ability in matters of finance. Rich, and generous with his riches, he became interested in various forms of philanthropy, which he practiced by methods altogether modern. He died about 114.

Pliny is a worthy representative of the better class among the Roman nobility at the beginning of the second century. His Letters show him sober, industrious, a good man and a clever one, but with little imagination. They give pleasing pictures of society in marked contrast with those found in the satires of the cynical Juvenal. Unlike Cicero, Pliny collected, arranged, and published his letters himself; indeed, there can be little doubt that they were written for publication in the first instance. They exhibit nothing of the

rambling method of the private letter. Rather, they are short essays, each, as a rule, dealing with but a single theme, and having a more or less formal introduction and conclusion.

Pliny finds the most pronounced change among the many that resulted from the new freedom to be the restoration of the senate to its proper place in the government of the empire.

To Aristo:

As you are equally versed in civil and constitutional law, which latter includes the procedure of the Senate, I am particularly desirous to have your opinion, whether or no I made a mistake in the House the other day. This I request for my better instruction, not as to what is passed (for that is now too late), but as regards questions of the same nature that may hereafter arise. 5

I can fancy your replying, "Why do you ask, what you ought to have known?" But our servitude under a former reign cast a cloud of oblivion and ignorance over all branches of useful knowledge, and not excluding even the usages of the Senate; for who is so tame-spirited as to desire to learn an art of which he will be debarred the exercise? Besides, it is not easy to retain the knowledge one has acquired, without putting it in practice. Thus Liberty at her return found us ignorant and inexperienced; and kindled by her charms, we are sometimes impelled to action, ere we know how to act. 10 15

But in the olden time it was an established rule that Romans should learn from their elders, not only by precept, but by example, the principles on which they themselves should one day act, and which they should in their turn transmit to the younger generation. Hence they were inured from boyhood to service in camp, that by being accustomed to obey, they might learn to command, and by following others, be trained to play the leader. And hence, on becoming candidates for office, they used to stand in the senate-house doors, and were spectators, before they were members of the Council of State. The father of each youth served as his instructor, or, if he had none, some person of years and dignity supplied the place of a father. Thus they were taught by that surest method of instruction, example, how far the right of proposing any law to the Senate extended, what privileges a senator had in delivering his opinion; the powers of senators who are magistrates, and the independence of the rest; where it is proper to yield, and where to stand firm; how long to speak, and when to be silent; how to distinguish conflicting motions, and how to discuss an amendment. In a word, they learnt by this means the whole conduct of a senator. 20 25 30

It is true, indeed, I myself served in the army as a young man; but it was at a time when courage was suspected, and cowardice at a premium; when the generals were without authority, and the soldiers without awe; when there was neither command nor obedience; when our whole military system was relaxed, disordered, and actually turned upside down—in short, when it was better to forget than to remember its lessons. I likewise went as a spectator to the Senate, but a Senate that was mute and fearful; since it was dangerous to speak one's real sentiments, and infamous to 35 40

profess any others. What satisfaction in learning, or indeed what could be learnt, when the Senate was convened either for utter idleness or for business the most criminal; when they were kept sitting either for cruel or ridiculous purposes; and when their resolutions were never serious, though often tragical? On becoming a senator, and a partaker of these miseries, I both witnessed and endured them for many years; which so broke and damped my spirits, that they have not even yet been able fully to recover themselves. It is but a short time (for every period is shorter, the happier it is) since we could take any pleasure in knowing the rights and duties of our station, or in putting that knowledge into practice. . . . Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



ON COMPLIMENTING THE PRINCE

PLINY

[*Letters*, VI, 27]

Upon his elevation to the consulship in the year 100, Pliny delivered a speech of thanks to Trajan. The speech, known as the Panegyric, is the only one of many by the author which is still extant. In the following letter he is hard put to it to explain away by sophistries its obvious and fulsome flattery.

To Severus

You desire me to consider what turn you should give to your speech in honour of the Emperor, upon your being appointed consul. It is easy to find, but not easy to select, topics of encomium, for this prince's virtues supply them in abundance. However, I will write, or (what I prefer) indicate my views to you in person, only I must first lay my grounds for hesitating before you.

I doubt whether I should advise you to do as I did on the same occasion. When I was consul elect, I refrained from all that customary panegyric which, though not adulation, might yet bear the semblance of it. Not that I affected an intrepid freedom; but as well knowing the sentiments of our amiable prince, and that the highest praise I could offer to him would be to show the world I was under no necessity of paying him any. When I reflected what honours had been heaped upon the very worst of his predecessors, nothing, I imagined, could more distinguish a prince of his real virtues from these infamous Emperors, than to eulogise him in a different manner. And this point I did not omit or slur over in my speech, lest it might be suspected I passed over his glorious acts, not out of judgment, but forgetfulness.

Such was the method I then observed; but I am sensible the same measures are neither agreeable, nor indeed suitable to all alike. Besides, the propriety of doing or omitting a thing depends not only upon persons, but

time and circumstances; and as the late actions of our illustrious Prince afford materials for panegyric, no less just than recent and magnificent, I doubt (as I said before) whether I should persuade you to act in this case as I did myself. In this, however, I am clear, that it was proper to offer to your consideration the plan I pursued. Farewell.

5

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



A VISIT TO THE PRINCE

PLINY

[Letters, VI, 31]

A century under monarchical government had wrought a great change, since Cicero's day under the dictatorship of Cæsar, in the attitude of men towards one in a position of supreme power.

To Cornelianus

I received lately the most exquisite entertainment imaginable at Centumcellæ (at it is called), whither our Emperor has summoned me to his privy council. Could anything indeed afford a higher pleasure than to see the sovereign exercising his justice, his wisdom, and his affability, and that in retirement, where they are laid most open to view? Various were the cases brought before him, which showed under several aspects the virtues of the judge. That of Claudius Ariston came on first. He is an Ephesian nobleman, of great munificence and unambitious popularity; having thus aroused the envy of persons his opposites in character, they had spirited up an informer against him; such being the facts, he was honourably acquitted. . . .

Thus you see how honourably and seriously we spent our days, which however were followed by the most agreeable recreations. We were every day invited to Cæsar's supper, which, for a prince, was a modest repast; there we were either entertained with interludes, or passed the night in the most pleasing conversation. On the last day he sent each of us presents at our departure, so unremitting is the benevolence of Cæsar! As for myself, I was not only charmed with the dignity of the proceedings, the honour paid to the assessors, the ease and unreserved freedom of the conversation, but with the place itself.

Here is a villa, surrounded by the most verdant meadows, and overhanging a bay of the coast where they are at this moment constructing a harbour. The left-hand mole of this port is protected by immensely solid masonry; the right is now being completed. An island is rising in the mouth of the harbour, which will break the force of the waves when the wind blows shorewards, and afford passage to ships on either side. Its con-

struction is highly worth seeing; huge stones are transported hither in a broad-bottomed vessel, and being sunk one upon the other, are fixed by their own weight, gradually accumulating in the manner, as it were, of a rampart. It already lifts its rocky back above the ocean, while the waves
 5 which beat upon it, being tossed to an immense height, roar prodigiously, and whiten all the sea round. To these stones are added wooden piles, which in time will give it the appearance of a natural island. This port will be, and already is, named after its great author, and will prove of infinite benefit, by affording a haven to ships on a long stretch of harbourless
 10 coast. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



II. MEN AND BOOKS: PLINY

LITERARY FRIENDS

SILIUS ITALICUS

[*Letters*, III, 7]

The thought that most frequently presents itself to Pliny in the contemplation of men distinguished in any walk of life is the desirability of earthly immortality, together with the industry necessary to attain it.

To Caninius Rufus

I am just now informed that Silius Italicus has starved himself to death, at his villa near Naples. Having been afflicted with an imposthume, which was deemed incurable, he grew weary of life under such uneasy circum-
 15 stances, and therefore put an end to it with the most determined courage. He had been extremely fortunate through the whole course of his days, excepting only the loss of his younger son; however, that was made up to him in the satisfaction of seeing his elder, who is of a more amiable character, attain the consular dignity, and of leaving him in a very flourish-
 20 ing situation. He suffered in his reputation in the time of Nero, having been suspected of forwardly joining in some of the informations which were carried on in the reign of that prince; but he made use of his intimacy with Vitellius, with great discretion and humanity. He acquired much honour by his administration of the government of Asia; and by his
 25 proved behaviour after his retirement from business, cleared his character from that stain which his former intrigues had thrown upon it.

He lived among the nobility of Rome without power, and consequently without envy. He was highly respected and much sought after, and though he was bedridden, his chamber was always thronged with visitors, who
 30 came not merely out of regard to his rank. He spent his time in philos-

¹ All the selections in this chapter are from The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

ophical discussion, when not engaged in writing verses; these he sometimes recited, in order to try the sentiments of the public, but he discovered in them more industry than genius. Lately owing to declining years, he entirely quitted Rome, and lived altogether in Campania, from whence even the accession of the new Emperor did not draw him. A circumstance 5 which I mention as well to the honour of the prince, who permitted such a liberty, as of Italicus, who was not afraid to take it.

He carried his taste for objects of *virtù* so far as to incur reprehension for greedy buying. He had several villas in the same districts, and the last purchase was always the chief favourite, to the neglect of the rest. They 10 were all furnished with large collections of books, statues and portraits, which he more than enjoyed, he even adored; above all the portrait of Virgil, whose birthday he celebrated with more solemnity than his own, especially at Naples, where he used to approach his tomb with as much reverence as if it had been a temple. 15

In this tranquillity he lived to the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a delicate, rather than a sickly, constitution. It is remarkable, that as he was the last person upon whom Nero conferred the consular office, so he was the last to die of all those who had been raised by him to that dignity; and again, that the last survivor of Nero's consuls was the one in whose 20 year of office that prince was killed. When I consider this, I cannot forbear lamenting the transitory condition of mankind. Is there anything in nature so short and limited as human life, even in its most extended period? Does it not seem to you, my friend, but yesterday that Nero was upon the throne? and yet not one of all those who were consuls in his 25 reign now remains! But why should I wonder at a circumstance so common? Lucius Piso (the father of that Piso who was infamously assassinated by Valerius Festus in Africa) used to say he did not see one person in the Senate whom he had called upon to speak on the motion before the 30 house when he was consul.

Such multitudes, however strong their vitality, are swept away in so short a space! I am therefore so far from thinking those historic tears of Xerxes need any apology, that in my judgment the story does honour to his character, which informs us, that when this prince had attentively surveyed his immense army, he could not refrain from weeping at the thought that 35 so many thousand lives would so soon be extinct. Let us strive the more earnestly therefore to lengthen out our span of life—life that is poured out like water and falls as the leaf—if not by action (the means to which lie in another's power), yet in any case by study and research; and since it is not granted us to live long, let us transmit to posterity some memorial 40 that we *have* at least *lived*. I well know, you want not any incitement to virtue; but the warmth of my affection for you inclines me to forward you in the course you already pursue; as I have often found myself encouraged by your generous exhortations. "Good is the contention," when friends thus strive who shall animate each other most in their pursuit of im- 45 mortal fame. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



AN EXHORTATION TO PUBLISH

[Letters, V, 10]

To Suetonius Tranquillus

It is time you should acquit the promise my hendecasyllabic verses gave to our common friends, of your works. The world is every day impatiently inquiring after them, and there is already some danger of their
 5 being served with an order to "produce documents." I am myself a good deal backward in publishing, but your slowness and hesitancy are more than a match for even mine. You must hasten your hand, however, otherwise the severity of my satiric verses may perhaps extort from you those self-same writings which the blandishments of my softer Muse
 10 could not obtain. Your work is already arrived to that degree of perfection, that the file can only weaken, not polish it. Allow me then the pleasure of seeing your title-page, and hearing that books of my dear Tranquillus are being copied out, sold, and read. It is but fair, and agreeable to our mutual friendship, that I should reap from you the same pleasure you
 15 enjoy from me. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



A NOBLE COMMERCE

[Letters, VII, 20]

A number of Pliny's letters are addressed to the historian Tacitus. His admiration and affection for him are evident. We do not know to what extent Tacitus reciprocated, but we do know that on more than one occasion he applied to Pliny for information to be used in his histories.

To Tacitus

I have perused your oration, and with all the attention I was master of have marked the passages where I think alteration or excision advisable. For 'tis my habit to speak truth, and yours to hear it gladly—very naturally, since none are more patient of censure than those who have the best
 20 claim to applause.

I now expect in return your observations upon the speech of mine which I sent you. How agreeable, how noble is such a commerce! and how am I pleased with the thought, that posterity, if it shall at all concern
 25 itself with us, will not cease to recount in what harmony, what openness, what mutual confidence we lived together! It will be an instance as remarkable as it is uncommon, that two persons nearly of the same age and official rank, and of some literary reputation (for since I joint myself with you, I am obliged to speak of your merit with reserve) should thus foster
 30 each other's studies. When I was a very young man, and you already in the prime of your glory and renown, I longed to follow your steps, and to be

both really and reputedly "next, but with many a length between," to yourself.

There were at that time many celebrated geniuses in Rome; but you of all others (owing to a similarity in our dispositions) appeared to me the easiest and the most worthy object of my imitation. I am the more rejoiced to find that whenever oratory is the topic of conversation, we are always mentioned together, and that my name comes up as soon as anyone talks of you. There are some who prefer you to me, as others, on the contrary, give me the advantage; but I care not in what order we are placed, so that we are united; for in my estimation, whoever is next to you stands before everybody else. You cannot but have remarked that in wills (unless in the case of particular friendship to either of us), we are named side by side, and the legacies bequeathed to us are the same in value. Since therefore we are thus closely linked together by our pursuits, manners, reputation, and even by those last instances of human judgment, should all this not tend to enflame us mutually with the most ardent affection? Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



AN INCIDENT FOR HISTORY

[*Letters*, VII, 33]

Pliny does not go so far in his request of the historian as Cicero did, who appealed to a contemporary writer to overstep the limits of strict truth in order to make his achievements stand out in large proportions.

To Tacitus

I strongly presage (and I am persuaded not falsely) that your histories will be immortal. I ingenuously own therefore, I so much the more covet a place in them. If we are generally careful to have our faces taken by the best artists, ought we not to desire that our actions may be celebrated by an author like yourself? In view to this, I acquaint you with the following affair, which though it cannot have escaped your attention, as it is mentioned in the journals of the public, still I acquaint you with it, that you may be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, that my action, greatly heightened by the hazard which attended it, should receive an additional lustre from the testimony of so bright a genius.

The Senate had appointed Herennius Senecio and myself as counsel for the province of Bætica, in their prosecution of Bæbius Massa. He was convicted; and the House ordered his effects to be placed under official custody. Senecio, having learnt that the consuls were about to sit to hear complaints, came to me, and proposed that with the same unanimity with which we had conducted the prosecution enjoined on us, we should lodge an application with the consuls, that they would not suffer Massa's effects to be dissipated by those whose duty it was to guard them. I an-

swered, "As we were appointed counsel in this cause by the Senate, you had better consider whether we have not done our part, now the Senate's inquiry is over." "You are at liberty," said he, "to prescribe what bounds you please to yourself, who have no particular connections with the province, except what arise from your late services to them; but it is not so with me, who was born there, and enjoyed the post of Quæstor among them." If such, I told him, was his determined resolution, I was ready to attend him, that whatever resentment should be the consequence of this affair, it might not fall singly upon himself.

- 10 We went to the consuls; Senecio spoke what was proper to the occasion, to which I subjoined some remarks. We had scarce ended, when Massa, complaining that Senecio had not acted from loyalty to his clients but bitter animosity against himself, desired leave to prosecute him for high treason. The whole assembly was struck with consternation. I immediately
15 rose up; "Most noble consuls," said I, "I am afraid that Massa has tacitly charged me with betrayal of my client's interests, since he has not asked leave to prosecute me likewise." This speech was instantly caught up, and soon afterwards was the talk of the town. The late Emperor Nerva (who while still a subject remarked every worthy action which passed in
20 public) wrote a most impressive letter to me, congratulating not only me, but the age, which had been vouchsafed an example so much in the spirit (as he was pleased to call it) of the ancients.

But be my action what it may, 'tis yours to heighten and spread the lustre of it; not that I require you to exceed the bounds of reality. For
25 History ought not to depart from the truth, and the truth is all the praise that virtuous actions need. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



FAME

[*Letters*, IX, 23]

To Maximus

- It has frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the centumviri, that those judges, after having preserved as long as possible the
30 gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have at length as though overcome and compelled, suddenly risen up with one consent to applaud me. I have often likewise gained as much glory in the Senate, as my utmost wishes could desire: but I never was touched with a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He in-
35 formed me, that at the last Circensian games, he sat next to a Roman knight, who, after much discourse had passed between them upon various points of learning, asked him if he was an Italian or a provincial? Tacitus replied, "Your acquaintance with literature must have informed you who I am." "Ay!" said the knight, "Pray then is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking

with?" I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find, that our names, as if they were rather the proper appellatives of letters than of men, are ascribed to literature itself; and that those very pursuits render us known to those, who would be ignorant of us by any other means.

An accident of the same nature happened to me a few days ago. Fabius 5
Rufinus, a person of distinguished merit, was placed next to me at table; and above him a fellow-townsmen of his, who was just then come to Rome for the first time. Rufinus desired his friend to take notice of me, and fell to expatiating upon the subject of my eloquence; to whom the other immediately replied, "That must undoubtedly be Pliny." To own the 10
truth, I look upon these instances as a very considerable recompense of my labours. Had Demosthenes reason to be pleased with the old woman of Athens crying out on recognizing him "There goes Demosthenes!" and may I not be allowed to congratulate myself upon the extensive reputation my name has acquired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice in it, and without 15
scruple own that I do. As I only mention the judgment of others concerning me, not the opinion I conceive of myself, I am not afraid of incurring the censure of vanity; especially from you, who, as you envy no man's reputation, so you are particularly zealous for mine. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



PUBLIC RECITATIONS

[Letters, I, 13]

The practice of public recitations by men of letters had been established in the Augustan age for the purpose of encouraging literature by providing it a wider audience than the manuscript books could secure. It was not long before abuses of one sort or another, such as the removal of all restrictions as to those who merited a public hearing, the substitution of politeness in place of worth as the motive for attendance, hired applause, and the like, crept in to make them little more than a farce. Pliny still takes them quite seriously.

To Sosius Senecio

20

This year has proved extremely fertile in poetical productions: during the whole month of April, scarce a day has passed wherein we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find, notwithstanding there seems to be so little disposition in the public to attend assemblies of this kind, that literary pursuits still flourish, and men 25
of genius are not discouraged from producing their performances. The greater part of the audience which is collected upon these occasions seat themselves in the ante-chambers; spend the time of the recitation in talk and send in every now and then to inquire whether the author is come in, whether he has read the preface, or whether he has almost finished the 30

piece. Not till then, and even then with the utmost deliberation, they just look in, and withdraw again before the end, some by stealth, and others without ceremony. It was not thus in the time of our ancestors. It is reported that Claudius Cæsar, one day hearing a noise as he walked on the
 5 Palatine, inquired the occasion of it, and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the company even of the most idle man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so 'long beforehand, either he would
 10 avoid it, or, if not, would complain of having *lost a day*; and for no other reason, but because he had *not* lost it. So much the rather do *those* authors deserve our encouragement and applause, who have resolution to persevere in their studies, and exhibit their performances, notwithstanding this indolence or pride of their audience. For my own part, I scarce ever
 15 refuse to be present upon such occasions. Though, to say truth, the authors have generally been my friends; as indeed there are few friends of learning who are not. It is this has kept me in town longer than I intended. I am now however at liberty to withdraw to my retirement, and write something myself: but without any intentions of reciting in my turn. I
 20 would not have it thought that I rather *lent* than gave my attendance; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



MINERVA AND DIANA

[*Letters*, I, 6]

To Cornelius Tacitus

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your
 25 old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he*. However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with spear and dart, but pen and tablets by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I re-
 30 turned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my pocket-book full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised; you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. Besides the sylvan solitude with which one is surrounded, and the very silence which is observed on these occasions, strongly incline the mind to
 35 meditation. For the future therefore let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your tablets, as well as your basket and bottle: for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of roaming the hills as Diana. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



TOWN AND COUNTRY

[Letters, I, 9]

To Minicius Fundanus

One cannot but be surprised, that take any single day in Rome, the reckoning comes out right, or at least seems to do so; and yet, if you take them in the lump, the reckoning comes out wrong. Ask anyone how he has been employed today? he will tell you, perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of assuming the *manly robe*; this friend invited me to a betrothal, this to a wedding; that desired me to attend the hearing of his cause; one begged me to be witness to his will; another called me to sit as co-assessor." These are offices which, on the day one is engaged in them, appear necessary; yet they seem *bagatelles* when reckoned as your daily occupation—and far more so, when you have quitted Rome for the country. Then one is apt to reflect, How many days have I spent on trifles! At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been employing myself in my studies, or even in the necessary care of the animal machine (for the body must be repaired and supported, if we would preserve the mind in all its vigour). In that peaceful retreat, I neither hear nor speak anything of which I have occasion to repent. I suffer none to repeat to me the whispers of malice; nor do I censure any man, unless myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and with my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than the noblest employments! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town with all its very empty pursuits, and devote your days to study or even resign them to sloth: for as my ingenious friend Atilius pleasantly said, "It is better to do nothing than to be *doing* of *nothing*." Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



THE ELDER PLINY'S LIFE AND WORKS

[Letters, III, 5]

Of the tremendous product of the Elder Pliny's pen only his Natural History, a general encyclopedia of the arts and sciences, is now extant.

To Bæbius Macer

It is with much pleasure I find you are so constant a reader of my uncle's works, as to wish to have a complete collection of them; and for that purpose desire me to send you an account of all the treatises he wrote.

I will fill the place of an index and even acquaint you with the order in which they were composed: for that, too, is a sort of information not at all unacceptable to men of letters.

The first book he published was a treatise concerning the *Art of using a javelin on horseback*: this he wrote when he commanded a troop of horse, and is drawn up with equal accuracy and judgment. *The life of Pomponius Secundus*, in two volumes: Pomponius had a very great affection for him, and he thought he owed this tribute to his memory. *The history of the wars in Germany*, in twenty books, in which he gave an account of all the campaigns we were engaged in against that nation. A dream which he had when he served in the army in Germany, first suggested to him the design of this work. The phantom of Drusus Nero (who extended his conquests very far into that country, and there lost his life) appeared to him in his sleep, and conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise *The student*, in three books, divided into six volumes, owing to their length. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the last years of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published *Linguistic queries*, in eight books; *A Continuation*, in one book, of the thirty books of Aufidius Bassus' history; and thirty-seven books of a *Natural History*: this is a work of great compass and learning, and as full of variety as nature herself.

You will wonder how a man so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books; and some of them too upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher, when you hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death he was engaged and trammelled by the execution of the highest posts, and by the friendships of his sovereigns. But he had a quick apprehension, incredible zeal, and a wakefulness beyond compare. He always began to work at midnight when the August festival of Vulcan came round; not for the good omen's sake, but for the sake of study; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever slept more readily, insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies.

Before day-break he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors) he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read: for it was a maxim of his that "no book was so bad but some profit might be gleaned from it." When this basking was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Then, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till dinner-time, when a book

was again read to him, upon which he would make some running notes. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it? Who acknowledging that he did; "why then," said he, "would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption of
5 yours above ten lines": so chary was this great man of time! In summer he always rose for supper by day-light; and in winter as soon as it was dark; and this was a sort of binding law with him.

Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study without intermis-
10 sion, excepting only while he bathed. But in this exception I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating himself. In his journeys, as though released from all other cares, he found leisure for this sole pursuit. A shorthand writer,
15 with book and tablet, constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to his studies; and for the same reason my uncle always used a sedan chair in Rome. I remember he once reproved me for walking; "You might," said he, "not have lost those
20 hours"; for he thought all was time lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application he found time to write so many volumes, besides one hundred and sixty which he left me, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides, in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. I have heard him say that
25 when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, Larcus Licinius offered him four hundred thousand sesterces for these manuscripts: and yet they were not then quite so numerous.

When you reflect upon the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suppose that he never was an official or a
30 courtier? On the other hand, when you are informed how painstaking he was in his studies, are you not disposed to think that he read and wrote too little? For, on one side, what obstacles would not the business of a court throw in his way? And on the other, what is it that such intense application might not perform? I cannot but smile therefore when I hear myself
35 called a studious man, who in comparison to him am a mere loiterer. But why do I mention myself, who am diverted from these pursuits by numberless duties both public and private? Where is he, among those whose whole lives are spent in study, who must not blush under the consciousness of being but a sluggard and a dreamer, compared with this great scholar? 40

I have run out my letter, I perceive, beyond the extent I at first designed, which was only to inform you, as you desired, what treatises he has left behind him. But I trust this will not be less acceptable to you than the books themselves, as it may possibly not only raise your curiosity to read his works, but your emulation to copy his example by some attempts of
45 the same nature. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



ENDOWING A SCHOOL

[Letters, IV, 13]

There is nothing new in the method of giving a dollar for every dollar raised from other sources.

To Cornelius Tacitus

I rejoice that you are safely arrived in Rome; for though I am always desirous to see you, I am more particularly so now. I purpose to continue a few days longer at my Tusculum estate in order to finish a little work
 5 which I have upon my hands. For I am afraid, should I put a stop to this design, now that it is so nearly completed, I should find it difficult to resume it. Meanwhile, that I may strike while the iron is hot, I send this letter, like an *avant-courier*, to request a favour of you, which I mean shortly to ask in person. But before I inform you what my request is, I
 10 must let you into the occasion of it.

Being lately at my native place, a young lad, son to one of my fellow-townsmen, made me a visit. "Do you go to school?" I asked him. "Yes," said he "And where?" He told me, "At Milan." "And why not here?" "Because" (said his father, who was present, and had in fact brought
 15 the boy with him), "we have no teachers." "How is that?" said I; "surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers" (and very opportunely several of the company were so) "that your sons should receive their education here, rather than any where else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or be maintained in more modest
 20 habits and at less expense, than at home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure teachers, if you would only apply towards raising a salary for them what you now spend on your sons' lodging, journeys, and whatever a man has to pay for when abroad (which means, paying for everything). Why, I,
 25 who have as yet no children myself, am ready to give a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose, for the benefit of our Commonwealth, whom I regard as a daughter or a parent. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as
 30 I have observed to be the case in several places where teachers are engaged by the local authorities. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the professors entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expense of maintaining them. For though
 35 they may be careless in disposing of another's bounty, they will certainly be cautious how they apply their own; and will see that none but those who deserve it shall receive my money, when they must at the same time receive theirs too. Let my example then encourage you to unite heartily in this design; and be assured the greater the sum my share shall amount
 40 to, the more agreeable it will be to me. You can undertake nothing more advantageous to your children, nor more acceptable to your country.

They will by this means receive their education where they receive their birth, and be accustomed from their infancy to inhabit and affect their native soil. May you be able to procure professors of such distinguished abilities, that the neighbouring towns shall be glad to draw their learning from hence; and as you now send your children to foreigners for edu- 5 cation, may foreigners hereafter flock hither for their instruction."

I thought proper thus to lay open to you the rise of this affair, that you might be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, if you undertake the office I request. I entreat you, therefore, with all the earnest- 10 ness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, teachers to whom we may apply for this purpose; but it must be understood that I cannot make a binding agreement with any of them. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that 15 of contributing my care and my money. If therefore any one shall be found who relies upon his own talents, he may repair thither; but under the proviso that the said reliance is all he can count upon, so far as I am concerned. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

[Letters, VI, 16]

The description given in this and the following letter of the external appearance of things and of the conduct of the people on the occasion of the terrible eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, which destroyed the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, was followed closely by Bulwer Lytton in his Last Days of Pompeii:

To Tacitus

20

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgements; for if his death shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am aware, will be rendered for ever deathless. For notwithstanding he perished, as did whole peoples and cities, in the destruction 25 of a most beautiful region, and by a misfortune memorable enough to promise him a kind of immortality; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those, whom Providence has gifted with the ability 30 either to do things worthy of being written, or to write in a manner worthy of being read; but most happy they, who are blessed with both talents: in which latter class my uncle will be placed both by his own

writings and by yours. The more willingly do I undertake, nay, solicit, the task you set me.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired
5 him to observe a cloud of very unusual size and appearance. He had sunned himself, then taken a cold bath, and after a leisurely luncheon was engaged in study. He immediately called for his shoes and went up an eminence from whence he might best view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain
10 this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to be Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into several branches; because, I imagine, a momentary gust of air blew it aloft, and then failing, forsook it; thus
15 causing the cloud to expand laterally as it dissolved, or possibly the downward pressure of its own weight produced this effect. It was a one moment white, at another dark and spotted, as if it had carried up earth or cinders.

My uncle, true savant that he was, deemed the phenomenon important
20 and worth a nearer view. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I replied I would rather study; and, as it happened, he had himself given me a theme for composition. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent
25 danger (his villa stood just below us, and there was no way to escape but by sea); she earnestly entreated him to save her from such deadly peril. He changed his first design and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered large galleys to be launched, and went himself on board one, with the intention of assisting
30 not only Rectina, but many others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place from whence others were flying, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with such freedom from fear, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the successive motions and figures of that terrific object.

35 And now cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, then pumice-stones too, with stones blackened, scorched, and cracked by fire, then the sea ebbed suddenly from under them, while the shore was blocked up by landslips from the mountains. After considering a moment whether he should retreat, he said to the
40 captain who was urging that course, "Fortune befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, distant by half the width of the bay (for, as you know, the shore, insensibly curving in its sweep, forms here a receptacle for the sea). He had already embarked his baggage; for though at Stabiæ the danger was not yet near, it was
45 full in view, and certain to be extremely near, as soon as it spread; and he resolved to fly as soon as the contrary wind should cease. It was full favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus. He embraces, comforts, and encourages his alarmed friend, and in order to

soothe the other's fears by his own unconcern, desires to be conducted to a bathroom; and after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile Mount Vesuvius was blazing in several places with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief. But my uncle, in order to soothe apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that his rest was a most genuine slumber; for his breathing, which, as he was pretty fat, was somewhat heavy and sonorous, was heard by those who attended at his chamber-door. But the court which led to his apartment now lay so deep under a mixture of pumice-stones and ashes, that if he had continued longer in his bedroom, egress would have been impossible. On being aroused, he came out, and returned to Pomponianus and the others, who had sat up all night. They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations. In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice-stones, light and porous though they were; yet this, by comparison, seemed the lesser danger of the two; a conclusion which my uncle arrived at by balancing reasons, and the others by balancing fears. They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the showers that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; relieved, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary. There my uncle having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water; soon after, flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight; him they only aroused. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell; some unusually gross vapour, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his windpipe, which was not only naturally weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again (the third from that he last beheld) his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life; its posture was that of a sleeping, rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile my mother and I were at Misenum. But this has no connection with history, and your inquiry went no further than concerning my uncle's death. I will therefore put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eyewitness of myself, or heard at the time, when report speaks most truly. You will select what is most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great

difference between a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing for the public. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



ESCAPE FROM VESUVIUS

[*Letters*, VI, 20]

To Cornelius Tacitus

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you
5 concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, you say, your curiosity to know not only what terrors, but what calamities I endured when left behind at Misenum (for there I broke off my narrative).

“Though my shock’d soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.”

My uncle having set out, I gave the rest of the day to study—the object which had kept me at home. After which I bathed, dined, and retired
10 to short and broken slumbers. There had been for several days before some shocks of earthquake, which the less alarmed us as they are frequent in Campania; but that night they became so violent that one might think that the world was not being merely shaken, but turned topsy-turvy. My mother flew to my chamber; I was just rising, meaning on my part
15 to awaken her, if she was asleep. We sat down in the forecourt of the house, which separated it by a short space from the sea. I know not whether I should call it courage or inexperience—I was not quite eighteen—but I called for a volume of Livy, and began to read, and even went on with the extracts I was making from it, as if nothing were the
20 matter. Lo and behold, a friend of my uncle’s who was just come to him from Spain, appears on the scene; observing my mother and me seated, and that I have actually a book in my hand, he sharply censures her patience and my indifference; nevertheless I still went on intently with my author.

25 It was now six o’clock in the morning, the light still ambiguous and faint. The buildings around us already tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was certain and formidable danger from their collapsing. It was not till then we resolved to quit the town. The common people follow us in the utmost
30 consternation, preferring the judgment of others to their own (wherein the extreme of fear resembles prudence), and impel us onwards by pressing in a crowd upon our rear. Being got outside the houses, we halt in the midst of a most strange and dreadful scene. The coaches which we had ordered out, though upon the most level ground, were sliding to and
35 fro, and could not be kept steady even when stones were put against the wheels. Then we beheld the sea sucked back, and as it were repulsed

by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and now held many sea-animals captive on the dry sand. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting out in gusts of igneous serpentine vapour now and again yawned open to reveal long fantastic flames, resembling flashes of lightning but much larger. 5

Our Spanish friend already mentioned now spoke with more warmth and instancy: "If your brother—if your uncle," said he, "is yet alive, he wishes you both may be saved; if he has perished, it was his desire that you might survive him. Why therefore do you delay your escape?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain 10 of his. Without more ado our friend hurried off, and took himself out of danger at the top of his speed.

Soon afterwards, the cloud I have described began to descend upon the earth, and cover the sea. It had already begirt the hidden Capreæ, and blotted from sight the promontory of Misenum. My mother now 15 began to beseech, exhort, and command me to escape as best I might; a young man could do it; she burdened with age and corpulency, would die easy if only she had not caused my death. I replied, I would not be saved without her, and taking her by the hand, I hurried her on. She complies reluctantly and not without reproaching herself for retarding 20 me. Ashes now fall upon us, though as yet in no great quantity. I looked behind me; gross darkness pressed upon our rear, and came rolling over the land after us like a torrent. I proposed while we yet could see, to turn aside, lest we should be knocked down in the road by the crowd that followed us and trampled to death in the dark. We had scarce sat 25 down, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a moonless or cloudy night, but of a room when it is shut up, and the lamp put out. You could hear the shrieks of women, the crying of children, and the shouts of men; some were seeking their children, others their parents, others their wives or husbands, and only distinguishing them by their voices; one lamenting 30 his own fate, another that of his family; some praying to die, from the very fear of dying; many lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that there were no gods left anywhere, and that the last and eternal night was come upon the world.

There were even some who augmented the real perils by imaginary 35 terrors. Newcomers reported that such or such a building at Misenum had collapsed or taken fire—falsely, but they were credited. By degrees it grew lighter; which we imagined to be rather the warning of approaching fire (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire stayed at a distance from us: then came darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes; 40 we were obliged every now and then to rise and shake them off, otherwise we should have been buried and even crushed under their weight. I might have boasted that amidst dangers so appalling, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the 45 same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was attenuated by degrees to a kind of cloud or smoke, and passed away; presently the real day returned, and

even the sun appeared, though lurid as when an eclipse is in progress. Every object that presented itself to our yet affrighted gaze was changed, covered over with a drift of ashes, as with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious
 5 night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter, for the earthquake still continued, and several enthusiastic people were giving a grotesque turn to their own and their neighbours' calamities by terrible predictions. Even then, however, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threat-
 10 ened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we should receive some tidings of my uncle.

And now, you will read this narrative, so far beneath the dignity of a history, without any view of transferring it to your own; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce worthy
 15 of a letter. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



GHOST STORIES

[*Letters*, VII, 27]

To Sura

The present recess from business affords you leisure to give, and me to receive, instruction. I am extremely desirous therefore to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they actually exist
 20 and have their own proper shapes and a measure of divinity, or are only the false impressions of a terrified imagination?

What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances and unknown in the world, he attended the newly-made governor of
 25 Africa into that province. One afternoon as he was walking in the public portico he was extremely daunted with the figure of a woman which appeared to him, of a size and beauty more than human. She told him that she was the tutelar Genius that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life:—that he should go back
 30 to Rome, where he should hold office, and return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that
 35 being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prediction, by that which had already been fulfilled; and of the misfortune which threatened him, by the success which he had experienced.

To this story, let me add another as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror; which I will give you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens a large and spacious, but ill-reputed and pestilential house. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of fetters; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees; immediately afterward a phantom appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and squalid, with a long beard and bristling hair, rattling the gyves on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants consequently passed sleepless nights, under the most dismal terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, threw them into distempers, which, as their horrors of mind increased, proved in the end fatal to their lives. For even in the day time, though the spectre did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations that it still seemed before their eyes, and their terror remained when the cause of it was gone. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold.

It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill ascertained the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore-part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire within. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and apparitions, he applied himself to writing with all his faculties. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, then began the clanking of iron fetters; however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but closed his ears by concentrating his attention. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked round and saw the apparition exactly as it had been described to him: it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and bent again to his writing, but the ghost rattling his chains over his head as he wrote, he looked round and saw it beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately took up his lamp and followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with its chains; and having turned into the courtyard of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, marked the spot with a handful of grass and leaves. The next day he went to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. There they found bones commingled and intertwined with chains; for the body had mouldered away by long lying in the ground, leaving them bare and corroded by the fetters. The bones were collected, and buried at

the public expense; and after the ghost was thus duly laid the house was haunted no more.

This story I believe upon the affirmation of others; I can myself affirm to others what I now relate. I have a freedman named Marcus, who has
 5 some tincture of letters. One night, his younger brother, who was sleeping in the same bed with him, saw, as the thought, somebody sitting on the couch, who put a pair of shears to his head, and actually cut off the hair from the very crown of it. When morning came, they found the boy's crown was shorn, and the hair lay scattered about on the floor. After a
 10 short interval, a similar occurrence gave credit to the former. A slave-boy of mine was sleeping amidst several others in their quarters, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, cut off his hair, as he lay, and withdrew the same way they entered. Day-
 15 light revealed that this boy too had been shorn, and that his hair was likewise spread about the room. Nothing remarkable followed, unless it were that I escaped prosecution; prosecuted I should have been, if Domitian (in whose reign these things happened) had lived longer. For an information lodged by Carus against me was found in his scrutore. Hence it may be conjectured, since it is customary for accused persons to let
 20 their hair grow, that this cutting of my servants' hair was a sign I should defeat the peril that hung over me.

I beg, then, you will apply learning to this question. It merits your prolonged and profound consideration; and I am not myself an unworthy
 25 recipient of your abounding knowledge. And though you should, after your manner, argue on both sides; yet I hope you will throw your weightiest reasons into one scale, lest you should dismiss me in suspense and uncertainty, whereas I consult you on purpose to determine my doubts. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



THE SAME WINE FOR ALL

[*Letters*, II, 6]

To Avitus

30 It would be a long story, and of no importance, were I to recount too particularly by what accident I (who am not at all fond of society) supped lately with a person, who in his own opinion lives in splendour combined with economy; but according to mine, in a sordid but expensive manner. Some very elegant dishes were served up to himself and a few more of
 35 the company; while those which were placed before the rest were cheap and paltry. He had opportioned in small flagons three different sorts of wine; but you are not to suppose it was that the guests might take their choice: on the contrary, that they might not choose at all. One was for himself and me; the next for his friends of a lower order (for, you must

know, he measures out his friendship according to the degree of quality); and the third for his own freed-men and mine. One who sat next me took notice of this, and asked me if I approved of it. "Not at all," I told him. "Pray, then," said he, "what is your method on such occasions?" "Mine," I returned, "is, to give all my company the same fare; for when I make 5 an invitation, it is to sup, not to be consored. Every man whom I have placed on an equality with myself by admitting him to my table I treat as an equal in all particulars." "Even freed-men?" he asked. "Even them," I said; "for on these occasions I regard them not as freed-men, but boon companions." "This must put you to great expense," says he. I assured 10 him not at all; and on his asking how that could be, I said: "Why you must know my freed-men don't drink the same wine I do—but *I* drink what *they* do."

And certainly if a man is wise enough to moderate his own gluttony, he will not find it so very chargeable a thing to entertain all his visitors 15 in general as he does himself. Restrain and, so to speak, humble that failing, if you would be an economist in good earnest. You will find your own temperance a much better method of saving expenses, than affronts to other people.

What is my drift in all this, do you ask? Why, to hinder a young man 20 of your excellent disposition from being imposed upon by the self-indulgence which prevails at some men's tables, under the guise of frugality. And whenever any folly of this nature falls within my observation, I shall, in consequence of that affection I bear you, point it out to you as an example which you ought to shun. Remember therefore, nothing 25 is more to be avoided than this modern conjunction of self-indulgence and meanness; qualities superlatively odious when existing in distinct characters, but still more odious where they meet together in the same person. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



III. ROMANS AND CHRISTIANS

Concerning the early history of Christianity no Latin writer of the first century has anything to say. All the more significant then for the Roman point of view are the brief passages from the works of Tacitus and Pliny, and the regulations of the emperors Trajan and Hadrian in the first quarter of the second century.

These records, which are here presented in full, bring out clearly certain facts; the wide spread of Christianity in the East, the unpopularity of the Christian in some sections among the non-Christian peoples, the decision of the Roman government to treat confessed Christians as worthy of death because disloyal to the state. Difficulties had arisen from a simple, and yet fundamental, difference in point of view. The government demanded of the provincials formal worship of the Roman gods, not as an act of religion, but as a sign of loyal allegiance to the Roman state. The Christian, no matter how loyal to Rome he might be, could not bring himself to bow down and worship strange gods, even though

a mere form of homage alone was demanded. Hence arose Rome's belief that Christians were disloyal. A traitor was always worthy of death in a Roman's eyes. Finding, however, that the Christians engaged in no acts of hostility against the state, a policy was adopted not to hunt them down; but, if they were openly accused in court on the initiative of individual provincials and were convicted by their own admission of being Christian, they were to be put to death.

THE BURNING OF ROME

TACITUS

[From the *Annals*, Book XV]

While Tacitus has no sympathy with the early Christians, and in fact was not at pains to inform himself thoroughly about them, still his sense of fairness does not allow him to acquiesce in Nero's effort to place the responsibility for crimes like the burning of Rome on their shoulders. Whatever the cause of the great fire of the year 64, it furnished the occasion for the first persecution, which was not therefore the result of any systematic plan for the suppression of the new religion. (For Tacitus, see above p. 480.)

And now came a calamitous fire—whether it was accidental or purposely contrived by the Emperor, remains uncertain: for on this point authorities are divided—more violent and more destructive than any that ever befell our city. It began in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills. Breaking out in shops full of inflammable merchandise, it took hold and gathered strength at once; and being fanned by the wind soon embraced the entire length of the Circus, where there were no mansions with protective walls, no temple-enclosures, nor anything else to arrest its course. Furiously the destroying flames swept on, first over the level ground, then up the heights, then again plunging into the hollows, with a rapidity that outstripped all efforts to cope with them, the ancient city lending itself to their progress by its narrow tortuous streets and its misshapen blocks of buildings. The shrieks of panic-stricken women; the weakness of the aged, and the helplessness of the young; the efforts of some to save themselves, of others to help their neighbours; the hurrying of those who dragged their sick along, the lingering of those who waited for them—all made up a scene of inextricable confusion.

Many persons, while looking behind them, were enveloped from the front or from the side; or having escaped to the nearest place of safety, found this too in possession of the flames, and even places which they had thought beyond their reach in the same plight with the rest. At last, not knowing where to turn, or what to avoid, they poured into the roads or threw themselves down in the fields: some having lost their all, not having even food for the day; others, though with means of escape open to them, preferred to perish for love of the dear ones whom they could not save. And none dared to check the flames; for there were many who threatened and forced back those who would extinguish them, while

others openly flung in torches, saying that they had their orders;—whether it was really so, or only that they wanted to plunder undisturbed.

At this moment Nero was at Antium. He did not return to the city until the flames were approaching the mansion which he had built to connect the Palatine with the Gardens of Mæcnas; nor could they be stopped until the whole Palatine, including the palace and everything around it, had been consumed. Nero assigned the Campus Martius and the Agrippa monuments for the relief of the fugitive and houseless multitude. He threw open his own gardens also, and put up temporary buildings for the accommodation of the destitute; he brought up provisions from Ostia and the neighbouring towns; and he reduced the price of corn to three sesterces the peck. But popular as these measures were, they aroused no gratitude; for a rumour had got abroad that at the moment when the city was in flames Nero had mounted upon a stage in his own house, and by way of likening modern calamities to ancient, had sung the tale of the sack of Troy.

Not until the sixth day was the fire got under, at the foot of the Esquiline hill, by demolishing a vast extent of buildings, so as to present nothing but the ground, and as it were the open sky, to its continued fury. But scarcely had the alarm subsided, or the populace recovered from their despair, when it burst out again in the more open parts of the city; and though here the loss of life was less, the destruction of temples and porticoes of pleasure was still more complete. And the scandal attending this new fire was the greater that it broke out in the property owned by Tigellinus, in the Æmilian quarter; the general belief being that Nero had the ambition to build a new city to be called after his own name. For of the fourteen regions into which Rome was divided only four remained intact. Three were burnt to the ground; in the other seven, nothing remained save a few fragments of ruined and half-burnt houses.

To count up the number of mansions, of tenements, and of temples that were destroyed would be no easy matter. Among the oldest of the sacred buildings burnt was that dedicated by Servius Tullius to the Moon, and the Great Altar and fane raised by Evander to the Present Hercules. The temple vowed by Romulus to Jupiter, the Stayer of Flight; the Royal palace of Numa; the Temple of Vesta, with the Household Gods of the Roman people, were all destroyed; added to these were the treasures won in numerous battles, and masterpieces of Greek art, as well as ancient and genuine monuments of Roman genius which were remembered by the older generation amid all the splendour of the restored city, and which could never be replaced. Some noted that the nineteenth of July, the day on which the fire began, was also the day on which the Senonian Gauls had taken and burnt the city; others were so curious in their calculations as to discover that the two burnings were separated from one another by exactly the same number of years, of months, and of days.

Nero profited by the ruin of his country to erect a palace in which the marvels were not to be gold and jewels, the usual and common-place objects of luxury, so much as lawns and lakes and mock-wildernesses, with woods on one side and open glades and vistas on the other. His

engineers and masters-of-works were Severus and Celer; men who had the ingenuity and the impudence to fool away the resources of the Empire in the attempt to provide by Art what Nature had pronounced impossible.

For these men undertook to dig a navigable canal, along the rocky
5 shore and over the hills, all the way from Lake Avernus to the mouths of the Tiber. There was no other water for supplying such a canal than that of the Pontine marshes; and even if practicable, the labour would have been prodigious, and no object served. But Nero had a thirst for the incredible, and traces of his vain attempt to excavate the heights
10 adjoining Lake Avernus are to be seen to this day.

The parts of the city unoccupied by Nero's palace were not built over without divisions, or indiscriminately, as after the Gallic fire, but in blocks of regular dimensions, with broad streets between. A limit was placed to the height of houses; open spaces were left; and colonnades were added
15 to protect the fronts of tenements, Nero undertaking to build these at his own cost, and to hand over the building sites, cleared of rubbish, to the proprietors. He offered premiums also, in proportion to the rank and means of the owners, on condition of mansions or tenements being completed within a given time; and he assigned the marshes of Ostia for the
20 reception of the rubbish, which was taken down the Tiber in the same vessels which had brought up the corn. Certain parts of the houses were to be built without beams, and of solid stone, Gabian or Alban, those stones being impervious to fire. Then as water had often been improperly intercepted by individuals, inspectors were appointed to secure a more
25 abundant supply, and over a larger area, for public use; owners were required to keep appliances for quenching fire in some open place; party walls were forbidden, and every house had to be enclosed within walls of its own.

These useful measures added greatly to the appearance of the new city;
30 and yet there were not wanting persons who thought that the plan of the old city was more conducive to health, as the narrow streets and high roofs were a protection against the rays of the sun, which now beat down with double fierceness upon broad and shadeless thoroughfares.

Such were the measures suggested by human counsels; after which
35 means were taken to propitiate the Gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and prayers were offered, as prescribed by them, to Vulcan, to Ceres, and to Proserpine. Juno was supplicated by the matrons, in the Capitol first, and afterwards at the nearest point upon the sea, from which water was drawn to sprinkle the temple and image of the Goddess;
40 banquets to the Goddesses and all-night festivals were celebrated by married women.

But neither human aid, nor imperial bounty, nor atoning-offerings to the Gods, could remove the sinister suspicion that the fire had been brought about by Nero's order. To put an end therefore to this rumour,
45 he shifted the charge on to others, and inflicted the most cruel tortures upon a body of men detested for their abominations, and popularly known by the name of Christians. This name came from one Christus, who was put to death in the reign of Tiberius by the Procurator Pontius

Pilate; but though checked for the time, the detestable superstition broke out again, not in Judea only, where the mischief began, but even in Rome, where every horrible and shameful iniquity, from every quarter of the world, pours in and finds a welcome.

First those who acknowledged themselves of this persuasion were arrested; and upon their testimony a vast number were condemned, not so much on the charge of incendiarism as for their hatred of the human race. Their death was turned into a diversion. They were clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and torn to pieces by dogs; they were fastened to crosses, or set up to be burned, so as to serve the purpose of lamps when daylight failed. Nero gave up his own gardens for this spectacle; he provided also Circensian games, during which he mingled with the populace, or took his stand upon a chariot, in the garb of a charioteer. But guilty as these men were and worthy of direst punishment, the fact that they were being sacrificed for no public good, but only to glut the cruelty of one man, aroused a feeling of pity on their behalf.

Meanwhile Italy was ransacked for contributions. The provinces and allied peoples were rifled, as well as the states which are called "free." Even the Gods had to submit to being plundered. The temples in the city were despoiled, and emptied of the gold consecrated at triumphs, or vowed by past generations in times of panic or prosperity. As for Asia and Achaia, not offerings only, but the very images of the Gods were carried off by Acratus and Secundus Carrinas, who were sent out to those provinces for the purpose. The former was a freedman ready for any kind of villany; the latter was a man whose lips were tinged with Greek learning, but who had no real culture in his heart.

We are told that Seneca craved leave to withdraw to a remote country retreat to avoid the odium of such sacrilege; on this being denied him he pretended to be suffering from some muscular ailment, and shut himself up in his own chamber. Other accounts say that Nero ordered poison to be administered to him by one of his own freedmen, called Cleonicus; but that Seneca escaped the trap, either by the man's avowal, or by his own precaution in adopting a simple diet of natural fruits, and slaking his thirst from running water.

—G. G. RAMSAY.



THE STATE AND THE CHRISTIANS¹

PLINY

[*Letters*, X, 96]

At the time Pliny made this report to the emperor (about 112 A.D.), he was governor of the province of Bithynia, the northern section of Asia Minor. The account is the earliest by a Roman of the Christians and their practices.

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

Although Pliny may fail to understand their point of view, he leaves no doubt whatever of his honest desire to deal fairly with them. (For Pliny, see above p. 606.)

To the Emperor Trajan

It is a rule, Sir, which I inviolably observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts; for who is more capable of guiding my uncertainty or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials of the
 5 Christians, I am unacquainted with the method and limits to be observed either in examining or punishing them. Whether any difference is to be made on account of age, or no distinction allowed between the youngest and the adult; whether repentance admits to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails him nothing to recant; whether the mere
 10 profession of Christianity, albeit without crimes, or only the crimes associated therewith are punishable—in all these points I am greatly doubtful.

In the meanwhile, the method I have observed towards those who have been denounced to me as Christians is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confessed it I repeated the question twice
 15 again, adding the threat of capital punishment; if they still persevered, I ordered them to be executed. For whatever the nature of their creed might be, I could at least feel no doubt that contumacy and inflexible obstinacy deserved chastisement. There were others also possessed with the same infatuation, but being citizens of Rome, I directed them to be
 20 carried thither.

These accusations spread (as is usually the case) from the mere fact of the matter being investigated and several forms of the mischief came to light. A placard was put up, without any signature, accusing a large number of persons by name. Those who denied they were, or ever had
 25 been, Christians, who repeated after me an invocation to the Gods, and offered adoration, with wine and frankincense, to your image, which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the Gods, and who finally cursed Christ—none of which acts, it is said, those who are really Christians can be forced into performing—these I thought
 30 it proper to discharge. Others who were named by that informer at first confessed themselves Christians, and then denied it. True, they had been of that persuasion but they had quitted it, some three years, others many years, and a few as much as twenty-five years ago. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the Gods, and cursed Christ.

They affirmed, however, the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they were in the habit of meeting on a certain fixed day before it was light, when they sang in alternate verses a hymn to Christ, as to a god, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, not to any wicked deeds, but never to commit any fraud, theft or adultery, never to falsify their
 40 word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble to partake of food—but food of an ordinary and innocent kind. Even this practice, however, they had abandoned after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your orders, I had forbidden political associations. I judged

it so much the more necessary to extract the real truth, with the assistance of torture, from two female slaves, who were styled *deaconesses*: but I could discover nothing more than depraved and excessive superstition.

I therefore adjourned the proceedings, and betook myself at once to your counsel. For the matter seemed to me well worth referring to you,—
 especially considering the numbers endangered. Persons of all ranks and ages, and of both sexes, are, and will be, involved in the prosecution. For this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread through the villages and rural districts; it seems possible, however, to check and cure it. 'Tis certain at least that the temples, which had been almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred festivals, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for sacrificial animals, which for some time past have met with but few purchasers. From hence it is easy to imagine what multitudes may be reclaimed from this error, if a door be left open to repentance.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.



THE EMPEROR'S REPLY¹

TRAJAN

[Pliny's *Letters*, X, 97]

Acknowledgment of the gods of the Roman state amounted to evidence of allegiance to the Roman government. Trajan, emperor from 98 to 117, is willing to make every concession possible, but feels that he must insist upon such acknowledgment, not for religious reasons but for reasons of state. This rescript to Pliny contains the outlines of the policy followed by the government toward Christianity for more than a century thereafter.

To Pliny

The method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in sifting the cases of those denounced to you as Christians is extremely proper. It is not possible to lay down any general rule which can be applied as the fixed standard in all cases of this nature. No search should be made for these people; when they are denounced and found guilty they must be punished; with the restriction, however, that when the party denies himself to be a Christian, and shall give proof that he is not (that is, by adoring our Gods) he shall be pardoned on the ground of repentance, even though he may have formerly incurred suspicion. Informations without the accuser's name subscribed must not be admitted in evidence against anyone, as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the spirit of the age.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.

¹ From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

HADRIAN'S DECISION

HADRIAN

The policy which Trajan had initiated in dealing with the Christians his successor Hadrian, emperor from 117 to 138, probably adopted. In the following rescript to Minicius Fundanus, governor of Asia about 124, the emperor emphasizes the point that public, not anonymous, accusations alone will be heard in Roman courts, and that false charges will be severely punished.

I received a letter from your illustrious predecessor Serenus Gratianus, and I do not wish to leave his inquiry unanswered, lest innocent men be troubled and false accusers seize occasion for robbery.

If the provincials are clearly willing to appear in person to substantiate
5 suits against Christians, if, that is, they come themselves before your judgment seat to prefer their accusations, I do not forbid them to prosecute. But I do not permit them to make mere entreaties and protestations. Justice demands that if any one wishes to bring an accusation, you charge. If such an accusation be brought and it be proved that the accused men
10 have done anything illegal, you will punish them as their misdeeds deserve. But, in Heaven's name, take the very greatest care that if a man prosecute any one of these men by way of false accusation you visit the accuser, as his wickedness deserves, with severer penalties.

—BERNARD W. HENDERSON.



Glossary



- ACESTES.** A king of Sicily, who welcomed the Trojans in their wanderings.
- ACHAIA.** A district in the northern part of the Peloponnesus. The name was applied by the Romans to all of Greece.
- ACHATES.** The faithful comrade of Æneas.
- ACHERON.** A river in the underworld; the underworld.
- ACHILLES.** The son of Peleus and Thetis, the greatest of the Greek military heroes at Troy. He killed Hector and was later slain by Paris.
- ACTIUM.** A promontory on the west coast of Greece where Octavian defeated Antony and Cleopatra in 31 B.C.
- ADHERBAL.** A Numidian prince, the son of Micipsa, slain by Jugurtha.
- ÆDUI.** A powerful Gallic tribe.
- ÆNEAS.** Son of Venus and Anchises, hero of the *Æneid*. He escapes the fall of Troy and leads a band of survivors to Italy where he lays the foundations of the Roman line.
- ÆOLUS.** The god of the winds, who lived on the island of Æolia.
- ÆSCHYLUS (ESCHYLUS).** A great Greek tragic poet (525-456 B.C.).
- AFRICANUS.** See **SCIPIO**.
- AGRICOLA.** The father-in-law of Tacitus and governor of Britain.
- AGRIPPA.** Friend of Augustus and one of his chief advisors in military matters.
- AGRIPPA POSTUMUS.** Son of Marcus Agrippa and Julia, put to death, probably by Tiberius, soon after 14 A.D.
- AGRIPPINA.** Mother of Nero, murdered at his order.
- ALESIA.** A city in Celtic Gaul.
- ALEXANDER THE GREAT.** Son of Philip of Macedon, succeeded his father as king in 336 B.C. He became a phenomenal conqueror who spread Hellenic culture and civilization over a large part of the Near East.
- ALEXANDRIA.** A city in Egypt founded by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C., the capital of the Ptolemies and one of the chief intellectual centers of the Hellenistic world.
- ALLOBROGES.** A Gallic tribe.
- AMPHION.** Son of Jupiter and Antiope, king of Thebes, and husband of Niobe.
- ANCHISES.** The father, by the goddess Venus, of Æneas. He died in Sicily on his way to Italy with Æneas.
- ANDES.** Virgil's birthplace near Mantua in northern Italy.
- ANDRIA.** The title of a play by Terence.
- ANDROMACHE.** The devoted wife of Hector, daughter-in-law of King Priam of Troy, and the mother of Astyanax.
- ANNA.** Sister of Dido.
- ANTIOCHUS.** A Seleucid king of Asia.
- ANTONY.** Mark Antony (83-30 B.C.), member of the Second Triumvirate. He and Cleopatra were defeated by Octavian at the Battle of Actium, 31 B.C.
- APOLLO.** Son of Jupiter and Latona, brother of Diana, born on the island of Delos, god of archery, music, prophecy, healing, purification, and colonization.
- APPIUS CLAUDIUS.** Consul in 451 B.C., one of the decemvirs appointed to draw up a code of laws. His attempted outrage of Virginia is said to have led to the overthrow of the decemvirs.
- APULIA.** A province in lower Italy.
- AQUILO.** The North Wind.
- AQUINUM.** A town in Latium, the birthplace of Juvenal.

- ARACHNE.** A Lydian maiden, skillful at weaving. Minerva changed her into a spider.
- ARCHILOCHUS.** A Greek lyric poet, probably of the seventh century B.C.
- AREOPAGUS.** (1) The Hill of Ares in Athens, west of the Acropolis. (2) The oldest criminal court in Athens, held on the Hill of Ares.
- ARIMINUM.** A town in Umbria, the northernmost part of Italy proper.
- ARISTARCHUS.** Born in Samothrace, head of the Alexandrian Library from c. 180 to c. 145 B.C.
- ARISTIUS FUSCUS.** A noted poet and rhetorician, and friend of Horace.
- ARISTOTLE.** A Greek philosopher (384-322 B.C.).
- ARPINUM.** A town in Latium, birthplace of Marius and Cicero.
- ASCANIUS.** Son of Æneas, also called Iulus, king of Lavinium, and founder of Alba Longa.
- ASTYANAX.** Son of Hector and Andromache. After the capture of Troy the Greeks hurled him to his death from its walls.
- ATLAS.** A king in Africa, father of the Pleiades, the Hyades, and the Hesperides. He supported the world on his shoulders.
- ATRIDES.** The sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus.
- ATTICUS.** A literary patron and good friend of Cicero. Many of their letters are extant.
- AUGUSTUS.** Grandnephew of Julius Cæsar and first Emperor of Rome. He died in 14 A.D.
- AURORA.** Goddess of the dawn, daughter of Hyperion and wife of Tithonus.
- AVENTINE.** One of the hills of Rome.
- AVERNUS.** A lake near Naples where one of the entrances to Hades was located.
- BACCHUS.** Son of Jupiter and Semele, and the god of wine.
- BANDUSIA.** A pleasant fountain near Venusia, the birthplace of Horace.
- BARCA.** A famous family in Carthage, to which Hamilcar and Hannibal belonged.
- BARCE.** The nurse of Sychæus who accompanied Dido to Carthage.
- BAUCIS.** The wife of Philemon, both of whom were metamorphosed into trees.
- BITHYNIA.** A Roman province in Asia Minor.
- BRITANNICUS.** Son of the Emperor Claudius and Messalina.
- BRUNDISIUM.** A harbor town in Calabria on the east coast of Italy, the regular point of departure for Greece.
- BRUTUS.** (1) Leader of the movement resulting in the expulsion of the Tarquins in 509 B.C. (2) A friend of Cicero who fought on Pompey's side at Pharsalus in 48 B.C., one of the assassins of Cæsar.
- CADMUS.** Son of Agenor and brother of Europa. He built the citadel of Thebes.
- CÆCILIUS STATIUS.** A Roman writer of comedy before Terence.
- CÆCINA (AULUS).** A friend and correspondent of Cicero.
- CÆLIAN.** One of the hills of Rome.
- CÆLIUS RUFUS.** A pupil and friend of Cicero, distinguished orator and lawyer, defended by Cicero on the charge made by Clodia of an attempt to poison her.
- CALCHAS.** Priest and prophet of the Greeks at the time of the Trojan War.
- CALIGULA.** The nickname of Gaius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, 37-41 A.D.
- CALLIOPE.** Muse of epic poetry.
- CAMILLUS.** A Roman who captured Veii, a town in Etruria, and saved Rome from the Gauls in 390 B.C.
- CAMPUS MARTIUS.** An open area at Rome, northwest of the city, the exercise ground of early Roman armies. It was also the place of assembly of the citizens in their civil capacity for purposes of election.
- CANNÆ.** A town in southern Italy where the Romans were severely defeated by Hannibal in 216 B.C.
- CAPITOLINE.** One of the hills of Rome.
- CAPUA.** The chief city of Campania, famous for its luxury and wealth.
- CARTHAGE.** A city on the coast of North Africa founded by Phoenicians from Tyre.
- CASSANDRA.** Daughter of Priam who had prophetic powers but was never believed.
- CASSIUS.** One of the murderers of Cæsar. He met his death at Philippi.
- CATO.** (1) Cato the Censor (234-149 B.C.). (2) Cato the Younger (95-46 B.C.), the chief political antagonist of Cæsar and the Triumvirate. He

- took his life at Utica after Cæsar's victory in the Civil War.
- CENTAUR(S).** A fabulous race of beings with the body and legs of horses and the head, trunk, and arms of men. The centaurs lived in Thessaly.
- CERBERUS.** The three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the underworld.
- CERES.** Daughter of Saturn and sister of Jupiter, mother of Proserpina (Persephone); the goddess of grain.
- CETHEGUS.** One of the Catilinarian conspirators.
- CHARON.** The ferryman of the underworld.
- CHIMÆRA.** A monster with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.
- CHRYSIPPUS.** A successor to Zeno in the Stoic school of philosophy in Athens (c. 280-204 B.C.).
- CILICIA.** A Roman province in Asia Minor.
- CIRCUS MAXIMUS.** The chief place of amusement at Rome in Republican times, situated between the Palatine and Aventine hills. Often reconstructed, it reached its greatest size and splendor under Trajan.
- CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS.** (1) First general successful against Hannibal. (2) Son of Octavia, sister of Augustus.
- CLEOPATRA.** Queen of Egypt, loved by Cæsar and then Antony. She and Antony were defeated by Octavian at the Battle of Actium, 31 B.C.
- CLODIA.** Wife of Metellus, sister of Clodius, the Lesbia of the poems of Catullus.
- CLODIUS.** A patrician of the Claudian gens, enemy of Cicero, killed by Milo in gang fighting (52 B.C.).
- COCYTUS.** A river of the underworld.
- CORINTH.** An important Greek business and trading center, destroyed in 146 B.C. by the Romans and later rebuilt by Cæsar.
- CORIOLANUS.** A Roman patrician of the first half of the fifth century B.C. As general he took the town of Corioli (whence his name) from the Volscians.
- COREEBUS.** A Phrygian, ally of Priam, suitor of Cassandra, killed at Troy.
- CORYDON.** A typical shepherd, appearing in Virgil's *Eclogues*.
- CRASSUS.** A man of great wealth and influence at Rome in the first half of the first century B.C. In 60 B.C., Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus formed the First Triumvirate.
- CREMUTIUS CORDUS.** A Roman historian put to death by Tiberius.
- CREUSA.** The first wife of Æneas, daughter of Priam.
- CROESUS.** The last and one of the most influential kings of Lydia (560-546 B.C.). His wealth became proverbial.
- CUMÆ.** In Campania, the earliest Greek colony in Italy, site of the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl.
- CURTIUS RUFUS.** Wrote a Latin history of Alexander the Great in ten books of which the first two are lost (first century A.D.).
- CYBELE (CYBEBE).** An Asiatic goddess, the Great Mother (Magna Mater), a goddess of the powers of nature. Her cult was introduced to Rome during the Second Punic War in 204 B.C.
- CYCLADES.** A group of islands in the Ægean Sea.
- CYRENE.** A prosperous city in north Africa, founded in 631 B.C. by King Battus.
- CYRUS.** (1) Cyrus the Great, a king of Persia from 559 to 529 B.C. (2) Cyrus the Younger, the son of Darius II, killed in 401 B.C. while trying to wrest the kingship of Persia from his brother Artaxerxes.
- CYTHEREA.** Venus, the goddess of Cythera, a Greek island.
- DÆDALUS.** A mythical Athenian artist and skilled inventor. In Crete he built the labyrinth for the Minotaur. See ICARUS.
- DEIPHOBUS.** Son of Priam and one of the great Trojan warriors. He married Helen after the death of Paris.
- DELOS.** A small island in the Ægean Sea on which Apollo and Diana were born.
- DEMOCRITUS.** A celebrated Greek philosopher of the first half of the fourth century B.C., sometimes called the "laughing philosopher."
- DEMOSTHENES.** A great Athenian orator and statesman (384-322 B.C.).
- DEUCALION.** Son of Prometheus and husband of Pyrrha. He and his wife Pyrrha were saved from the great flood and repopled the earth by throwing stones over their shoulders.

DIANA (ARTEMIS). Daughter of Jupiter and Latona; goddess of outdoor life, animals, the chase, and at times, of childbirth.

DIDO. Queen of Carthage who graciously received Æneas and the Trojans. In love with Æneas, she committed suicide when he left her to proceed to Italy. See PYGMALION, SYCHÆUS.

DIOGENES. The principal representative of the Cynic school of philosophy in the fourth century B.C.

DIOMEDES (DIOMED). Son of Tydeus, a great warrior, and leader of the men of Argos in the Trojan expedition.

DIVICIACUS. A leader of the Æduans and friend of Cæsar; brother of Dumnorix.

DOMITIAN. Son of Vespasian, the last of the Flavian Emperors (81-96).

DOLABELLA. The son-in-law of Cicero.

DRUIDS. A powerful priestly organization in Gaul, possessing a monopoly of learning. Cæsar says the cradle of their cult was in Britain.

DRYADS. Nymphs of trees.

ELISSA. Another name of Dido, Queen of Carthage.

ENCOLPIUS. One of the leading characters in the *Satyricon* of Petronius.

ENNIUS. A great early Roman poet, called the father of Roman poetry (239-169 B.C.).

EPHEUS. One of the most famous cities of Lydia, associated with the worship of Diana.

EPICTETUS. An eminent Stoic philosopher (c. A.D. 60-140).

EPICURUS. The founder of the Epicurean school of philosophy (341-270 B.C.).

ESQUILINE. One of the hills of Rome.

ETRURIA. A country north of Rome inhabited by the Etruscans, a people of uncertain origin who exercised a powerful influence on Roman culture.

EUMENIDES. The Furies (also called the Erinyes), avenging goddesses represented as winged women, sometimes with snakes in their hair.

EURYDICE. Wife of Orpheus.

EVANDER. An Arcadian who, in early times, founded a colony on the river Tiber where Rome was afterwards to stand.

FABULA PALLIATA. Roman comedy

adapted from or imitating the Greek. The name is derived from *pallium*, a Greek cloak.

GADES. A famous Phoenician colony near the southwest coast of Spain, surrendered to the Romans in the Second Punic War.

GALBA. Roman Emperor for about six months (A.D. 68-69), successor to Nero. He was proclaimed Emperor by his troops.

GALLUS. A Roman elegiac poet, a friend of Virgil. He fell into the disfavor of Augustus and committed suicide.

GANGES. A river in India.

GANYMEDE. A beautiful Trojan boy taken by Jupiter to be his personal cupbearer.

GERMANICUS. Son of Tiberius, famous for his great campaigns in Germany.

GRACCHI BROTHERS. Tiberius and Gaius, of a noble family. As Tribunes of the People, they attempted agrarian reforms (133-121 B.C.).

HADRIAN. Roman Emperor, A.D. 117-138.

HANNIBAL. Son of Hamilcar Barca, the great leader of the Carthaginians against Rome in the Second Punic War (247-182 B.C.).

HEBE. Daughter of Jupiter and Juno, cupbearer to the gods.

HECTOR. The most valiant of the sons of Priam. He was killed by Achilles.

HECUBA. Wife of Priam, noted for her extreme woes and sufferings.

HELEN. The most beautiful woman of antiquity, daughter of Jupiter and Leda, sister of Castor and Pollux, and wife of Menelaus of Sparta. Taken to Troy by Paris, she was the cause of the Trojan War.

HERCULANEUM. A town in Campania, between Naples and Pompeii, buried in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

HERCULES. Son of Jupiter and Alcmena. He became the strong man of Greek legend.

HERMES (MERCURY). Son of Jupiter and Maia, messenger of the gods, and conductor of souls to Hades. He wore a winged hat and sandals and carried a magic wand called the caduceus.

HESPERIA. A poetic name for Italy or Spain, the "Western Land."

- HIEMPSAL.** Son of Micipsa and king of Numidia.
- HIRTIUS (AULUS).** Consul, killed in 43 B.C. in the Battle at Mutina, author of the eighth book of the *Gallic War* of Cæsar.
- HOMER.** The great Greek epic poet regarded in antiquity as the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.
- HORTENSIVS.** A famous Roman orator, contemporary of Cicero.
- IARBAS.** A native African prince who was spurned by Dido.
- ICARUS.** Son of Dædalus, the builder of the labyrinth; while flying by means of a device invented by his father, he fell into the sea, later called the Icarian Sea.
- IRIS.** The goddess of the rainbow and messenger of the gods, especially of Juno.
- IULUS.** Another name of Ascanius, son of Æneas. Julius Cæsar traced his ancestry to Iulus.
- JUGURTHA.** King of Numidia conquered by the Romans and put to death in 104 B.C.
- JUNO.** Queen of the gods, wife and sister of Jupiter.
- JUPITER.** King of gods and men.
- LÆLIUS.** Consul in 140 B.C., intimate friend of Scipio Africanus. He appears as interlocutor in Cicero's *On Friendship*, *On Old Age* and *On The Republic*.
- LAOCOÖN.** A priest of Apollo who opposed bringing the wooden horse into Troy. He and his two sons were strangled by serpents.
- LATIUM.** The part of Italy in which Rome was situated.
- LAVINIA.** Daughter of Latinus and second wife of Æneas.
- LEDA.** Wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta, and mother of Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor, and Pollux.
- LENTULUS.** One of the Catilinarian conspirators.
- LEPIDUS.** A member of the Second Triumvirate, 43 B.C.
- LESBIA.** Clodia, the sister of Clodius and wife of Metellus. Catullus calls her Lesbia in his poems.
- LETHE.** The river of forgetfulness in the underworld.
- LIBITINA.** An Italian goddess of the dead.
- LIVIA.** Wife of Augustus and mother of Tiberius.
- LUCILIUS.** Roman poet of the second century B.C., the father of Roman satire.
- LUCRETIA.** The wife of Collatinus who was violated by the son of Tarquin the Proud, and as a result took her own life. The expulsion of the Tarquins and the founding of the Roman Republic (509 B.C.) resulted from this incident.
- LUCULLUS.** A general and statesman in the first half of the first century B.C., fought against Mithridates, lived at Rome in great luxury.
- LUSTRUM.** A purificatory sacrifice, performed every five years.
- MACEDONIA.** A country in Greece between Thessaly and Thrace, the kingdom of Philip and Alexander the Great.
- MAGNA MATER.** The goddess Cybele, the earth mother.
- MAIA.** The mother by Jupiter of Mercury.
- MARO.** Last name of Virgil.
- MÆCENAS.** Famous patron of the arts under Augustus, friend of Virgil, Horace, and Propertius, as well as the Emperor Augustus.
- MARCELLUS.** See **CLAUDIUS**.
- MARIUS.** A famous general, elected consul seven times, and dictator before Sulla.
- MARS.** Son of Jupiter and Juno, the god of war and violence.
- MASINISSA.** A Numidian prince in alliance with Rome.
- MEDEA.** A sorceress, daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis. She helped Jason secure the golden fleece and was later abandoned by him.
- MELIBOEUS.** A shepherd, appearing in Virgil's *Eclogues*.
- MEMMIUS.** Proprætor of Bithynia in 57 B.C., accompanied by the poet Catullus. He was also the patron of Lucretius.
- MENANDER.** An Athenian poet, the most famous writer of Greek New Comedy (c. 342-292 B.C.).
- MENELAUS.** The son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, and husband of Helen of Troy.
- MENIPPEAN SATIRE.** Named after the Greek satirist Menippus (third century B.C.), a mixture of prose and poetry.

- MERCURY (HERMES).** The messenger of the gods.
- MESSALA.** A noted orator and author under Augustus and patron of a literary group which included Tibullus.
- MESSALINA.** Wife of the Emperor Claudius, and mother of Britannicus and Octavia (wife of Nero).
- MICIPSA.** Son of Masinissa, king of Numidia.
- MILETUS.** A Greek city in Caria, one of the most important cities on the west coast of Asia Minor.
- MILO.** A statesman and friend of Cicero. His armed bands fought the bands of Clodius, whom he killed in 52. In the trial he was defended by Cicero.
- MINERVA.** The goddess of wisdom and the arts.
- MINICIUS FUNDANIUS.** Governor of Asia, 122-123 A.D.
- MINOS.** Son of Jupiter and Europa and king of Crete. When he died he became one of the judges in the underworld.
- MITHRIDATES.** King of Pontus, enemy of Rome, conquered by Pompey.
- MUMMIUS.** The Roman general who destroyed Corinth in 146 B.C.
- MOUNT ÆTNA.** A celebrated volcanic mountain in Sicily.
- MYRMIDONS.** A Thessalian tribe which fought at Troy under Achilles.
- NÆVIUS.** An early Roman poet, author of tragedies comedies, and an epic on the First Punic War (c. 270-199 B.C.).
- NAIADS.** Nymphs of springs, rivers, and lakes.
- NARCISSUS.** A beautiful youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a fountain. He wasted away to death in despair and was metamorphosed into a flower.
- NASO.** The last name of Ovid.
- NEOPTOLEMUS.** Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, the slayer of Priam.
- NEPOS (CORNELIUS).** Roman historian and biographer, a friend of Atticus and Catullus.
- NEPTUNE.** The god of the sea.
- NERO.** Emperor of Rome, 41-54 A.D.
- NERVA.** Emperor of Rome, 96-98 A.D.
- NEW COMEDY.** Comedy of manners in Greece. The most important writer in this style was Menander (c. 342-292 B.C.).
- NESTOR.** An aged statesman in Homer's *Iliad*, a sage counselor typifying the wisdom of old age.
- NIOBE.** Wife of Amphion by whom she had seven daughters and seven sons. She boasted of her superiority to Latona, who had only two children, Apollo and Diana, and as a result all her children were killed in one day and she was changed into stone.
- NUMA.** Second King of Rome, devoted to the establishment of religious rites.
- NUMIDIA.** A country in Northern Africa.
- OCTAVIA.** (1) Sister of Augustus and wife of Antony. (2) The daughter of Claudius and wife of Nero.
- OCTAVIAN.** The name of Augustus after his adoption by Julius Cæsar.
- OCTAVIUS.** The name of Augustus before his adoption by Julius Cæsar.
- OLYMPUS.** A mountain in Thessaly, the home of the gods.
- OPPIAN LAW.** A law against women's extravagance, whose repeal was vigorously opposed by Cato the Censor.
- ORCUS.** A synonym of Dis, god of the underworld.
- ORION.** A hunter slain by Diana and changed into a constellation.
- ORPHEUS.** The son of the muse, Calliope. Orpheus sang so sweetly that he could charm even beasts and inanimate objects. He almost recovered his wife, Eurydice, from Hades.
- OSSA.** A mountain in Thessaly near Mount Pelion. The giants piled Pelion on Ossa in their attempt to scale the heavens and attack the gods.
- OSTIA.** A seaport town in Latium, at the mouth of the Tiber.
- OTHO.** Emperor of Rome, A.D. 69.
- PADUA.** A town in northern Italy, the birthplace of Livy.
- PALATINE.** One of the hills of Rome.
- PALLAS.** (1) The goddess Pallas Athena (Minerva). (2) The son of Evander, who fought with Æneas in the war against the Italians. He was killed by Turnus.
- PANÆTIUS.** A Stoic philosopher, a native of Rhodes, friend and instructor of Scipio Africanus the Younger.
- PARCÆ.** The fates, Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos.
- PARIS.** Son of Priam and Hecuba.

- He brought Helen, the wife of Menelaus, to Troy and thus caused the Trojan War.
- PARTHIA.** A country situated near the Caspian Sea, warlike and troublesome to Rome.
- PERICLES.** A great Athenian statesman who was a leader in Athenian politics from about 460 B.C. until his death in 429 B.C. During this period Athens experienced its greatest growth and expansion.
- PERIPATETICS.** Philosophers of the school of Aristotle.
- PERSEPHONE (PROSERPINA).** Daughter of Jupiter and Ceres. While gathering flowers in Sicily she was kidnapped by Pluto and carried off to the underworld to be his queen there.
- PERSIUS.** A Roman satirist, writing under Nero (A.D. 34-62).
- PHILEMON.** Philemon and his wife Baucis, a poor old couple, entertained Jupiter and Mercury, who were disguised as travelers. They were saved from the deluge.
- PHILIPPI.** A city in Macedonia, where in 42 B.C. Antony and Octavian defeated Brutus and Cassius.
- PHOEBUS.** An epithet of Apollo, the Sun God.
- PHRYGIA.** A large and important district of Asia Minor.
- PISOS.** The father and two sons, to whom Horace addressed *The Art of Poetry*.
- PLATO.** The celebrated Greek philosopher, disciple of Socrates, instructor of Aristotle, and founder of the Academic Philosophy (427-347 B.C.).
- PLUTO.** The god of wealth and of the underworld.
- POLLIO.** Consul in 40 B.C. and friend of Virgil. He helped Virgil recover his land when it was confiscated.
- POLLUX.** Twin brother of Castor, and brother of Helen. As the constellation, Gemini, they help travelers.
- POLYPHEMUS.** The one-eyed giant, Cyclops, who was blinded by Odysseus.
- POLYBIUS.** A Greek historian (c. 202-120 B.C.), a friend of Scipio Æmilianus. His history records the rise of Roman supremacy in the Mediterranean to 146 B.C. Of the original forty books only the first five and other fragments survive.
- POMPEII.** A maritime city in Campania buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D.
- POMPEY.** A famous general (106-48 B.C.), member of the First Triumvirate, with Cæsar and Cassius, married Julia, Cæsar's daughter. He was defeated at Pharsalus in 48 B.C. by Cæsar.
- PONTIUS PILATE.** Governor of Judæa in the time of Christ.
- POPPÆA.** The wife first of Otho, then of the Emperor Nero. Nero murdered his mother, Agrippina, and divorced his wife, Octavia, for Poppæa.
- PRIAM.** The king of Troy at the time of the Trojan war.
- PUBLICANI.** Tax collectors at Rome.
- PYGMALION.** A king of Cyprus who fell in love with a statue he had made. Venus gave the statue life. (2) The brother of Dido; he kills her husband Sychæus for his wealth.
- PYRGOPOLYNICES.** The chief character in Plautus' *The Braggart Soldier*.
- PYRRHA.** The wife of Deucalion.
- PYRRHUS.** Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. He killed Priam.
- PYTHAGORAS.** A Greek philosopher of the Sixth century B.C. He believed in the transmigration of souls.
- REMI.** A Belgian tribe living in the region around modern Rheims in France.
- RHODES.** One of the larger islands of the Ægean and one of the most important ancient maritime states.
- ROMULUS.** Son of Mars and the Vestal Virgin, Rhea Silvia, the first king of Rome.
- RUTULIANS.** One of the ancient Italian peoples, led by Turnus, they fought against Æneas.
- SABINES.** An ancient people of central Italy, known for their simplicity and virtue.
- SAMOS.** An island in the Ægean off the coast of Ionia in Asia Minor.
- SATURN.** The father of Jupiter and Juno, the god of sowing and the golden age.
- SATURNIA.** Juno, the daughter of Saturn and wife of Jupiter.
- SCIPIO AFRICANUS.** The conqueror of Hannibal in 202 B.B.
- SCIPIO THE YOUNGER.** A Roman general and statesman who destroyed Carthage in 146 B.C.

SEQUANI. A Celtic tribe of Belgic Gaul.

SESTIUS. A friend of Cicero and Milo.

SEJANUS. Commander of the prætorian guard, and power behind the throne of Tiberius. He was put to death by order of the Senate.

SIBYL. The priestess of Apollo, who guided Æneas in the underworld.

SICHÆOS (SYCHÆUS). The husband of Dido, killed in Tyre by her brother, Pygmalion.

SIDONIA. A district in Phœnicia, home of Dido.

SILENUS. The chief or typical satyr, the constant companion of Bacchus.

SILIUS ITALICUS. An epic poet of the latter half of the first century A.D., author of *The Punic Wars*.

SINON. A Greek whose treachery persuaded the Trojans to bring the Trojan Horse into Troy.

SIRMIO. A peninsula on the shore of Lake Benacus in northern Italy, the home of Catullus.

SIRO. An Epicurean philosopher, teacher and friend of Virgil.

SISYPHUS. An early king of Corinth, son of Æolus. His punishment in Hades for his wickedness on earth was to push a huge stone up a hill only to have to roll back each time he neared the top.

SOCRATES. The celebrated Athenian philosopher (469-399 B.C.), teacher of Plato. He is the most important character in nearly all the Platonic *Dialogues* and in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*.

SOLON. A famous statesman and law-giver of Athens (c. 639-538 B.C.).

SOSIUS SENECIO. Contemporary and friend of Pliny the Younger, put to death under Domitian.

STYX. A river in Hades. The gods swore by the River Styx when making their most irrevocable oaths.

SULLA. A general and statesman of the aristocratic order at Rome (138-78 B.C.), dictator from 82-79 B.C.

SULMO. A town in Italy, the birthplace of Ovid.

TANTALUS. Son of Zeus and a nymph. For betraying some secrets of the gods he was condemned in Hades to be eternally thirsty and hungry while he stood in water he could not drink and under trees bearing fruit he could not

reach; an immense rock was delicately balanced over his head.

TARQUIN. The name of two Etruscan kings of Rome. The second, Tarquin the Proud, was driven off the throne in 509 B.C., at which date the Roman Republic begins.

TENEDOS. An island off the coast of Troy.

THEMIS. The goddess of justice and prophecy.

THEMISTOCLES. One of the chief statesmen of Athens and leader of the Athenians in the Persian Wars, born about 514 B.C.

THEOCRITUS. A Greek writer of the third century B.C., father of pastoral poetry. Virgil drew on him for his *Eclogues*.

THEOPHRASTUS. Successor to Aristotle as head of the Peripatetic school of philosophy. He died about 287 B.C.

THUCYDIDES. Famous Athenian historian of the Peloponnesian War (fifth century B.C.).

TIBER. The river on which Rome is situated.

TIBERIUS. Stepson of Augustus, second emperor of Rome, 14-37 A.D.

TIBULLUS. A Roman elegiac poet in the Augustan Age.

TIGRANES. A king of Armenia, son-in-law of Mithridates.

TITYOS. A giant, condemned in Hades to have vultures gnaw at his liver, which always grew back.

TITYRUS. A shepherd appearing frequently in pastoral poetry.

TRAJAN. Emperor of Rome, 98-117 A.D.

TRIMALCHIO. The *nouveau riche* character in Petronius' *Satyricon*.

TRITON. Son of Neptune and a minor god of the sea.

TULLIUS. Family name of Cicero.

TYDIDES. Another name for Diomedes.

TYRTÆUS. An early Greek poet, who wrote in Sprata.

ULYSSES (ODYSSEUS). Son of Laertes; the master mind of the Greek heroes at Troy.

VALERIUS ANTIAS. An early Roman writer of annalistic history, one of Livy's sources.

VENUS (APHRODITE). The goddess of growth and of beauty and love. The mother, by Anchises, of Æneas.

VENUSIA. A town in southeastern Italy, birthplace of Horace.

VERCINGETORIX. A chieftain in Gaul who united the people against Cæsar. He was defeated by Cæsar at Alesia in 52 B.C.

VERRES. Governor of Sicily (73-71), notorious for his misconduct there. He was impeached by Cicero and went into voluntary exile.

VESPASIAN. Emperor of Rome, 69-79 A.D.

VESTA. Daughter of Saturn, the goddess of flocks, herds, and the household in general. Her priestesses, the Vestal

Virgins, kept alive the sacred fire in the Temple of Vesta.

VESUVIUS. A celebrated volcano in Campania near Naples.

VITELLIUS. Emperor of Rome, 69 A.D.

VULCAN (HEPHÆSTUS). Son of Jupiter and Juno, husband of Venus, and god of the forge and fire.

XENOPHON. A Greek historian, born c. 430 B.C.

ZENO. Founder of the Stoic school of philosophy in Athens at the end of the fourth century B.C.

Index of Authors and Titles



- Achievements of the First Emperor* (Augustus), 297
- Aeneas and Dido* (Virgil), 353
- Aeneid* (Virgil), 305
- Agriculture, On* (Cato), 83
- Antiquary, The* (Martial), 584
- Apology for Philosophy* (Cicero), 239
- Art of Poetry, The* (Horace), 422
- Bacchanalian Revels, The* (Livy), 68
- Banquet of the Newly Rich, The* (Petronius), 571
- Baucis and Philemon* (Ovid), 449
- Beau, The* (Martial), 579
- Beginnings of Despotism, The* (Tacitus), 480
- Bore, The; a Dramatic Version of* Horace, 418
- Braggart Soldier, The* (Plautus), 2
- Burning of Rome, The* (Tacitus), 630
- Brothers, The* (Terence), 40
- Cæcina*, note on, 233; letter to Cicero, 233
- Cæsar*, note on, 123; *Gallic War*, 123; *Civil War*, 219
- Cæsar and the Loyalists* (Cicero), 230
- Cæsar Lives On* (Cicero), 235
- Carpe Diem* (Horace), 412
- Cato*, note on, 78; *On Agriculture*, 78
- Cato on Extravagance* (Livy), 87
- Cato the Censor* (Livy), 84
- Catullus*, note on, 286; selections from, 286-296
- Cicero*, note on, 109; *On Pompey's Command*, 109; *On the Consular Provinces*, 136; *On the Republic*, 144; *In Defense of Sestius*, 148; *Laws*, 151; *Offices*, 157, 239; *Letters to Quintus*, 164; *Verrine Orations*, 173; *Defence of Milo*, 207; *Letters to Friends*, 233; *Letters to Atticus*, 235; *Letters to Brutus*, 236; *Tusculan Disputations*, 239; *On Friendship*, 267; *On the Orator*, 284
- Civil War* (Cæsar), selection from, 219
- Combinations of Atoms; Creation and Destruction of Worlds* (Lucretius), 249
- Complimenting the Prince, On* (Pliny), 606
- Conflict between Milo and Clodius, The* (Cicero), 207
- Connoisseur, The* (Petronius), 574
- Conspiracy of Catiline, The* (Sallust), 186
- Consular Provinces, On the* (Cicero), 136
- Contrast, The* (Tacitus), 605
- Corydon* (Virgil), 385
- Dædalus and Icarus* (Ovid), 447
- Dawn of the Golden Age* (Virgil), 387
- Death Inevitable* (Horace), 415
- Death of Seneca, The* (Tacitus), 499
- Defence of Milo* (Cicero), 207
- Dialogue IX* (Seneca), 550
- Duties of the Individual to the State* (Cicero), 157
- Eccentric Emperor, An* (Suetonius), 531
- Eclogues* (Virgil), 383, 385, 387
- Elder Pliny's Life and Works, The* (Pliny), 617
- Emperor's Reply, The* (Trajan), 635
- Empire and the Provinces, The* (Tacitus), 504
- Endowing a School* (Pliny), 621
- Endurance and Faithfulness* (Horace), 404
- Epigrams* (Martial), selections from, 577-585
- Eruption of Vesuvius, The* (Pliny), 621
- Escape from Vesuvius* (Pliny), 624
- Every Lover Is a Soldier* (Ovid), 478
- Evolution of Life and Society* (Lucretius), 259
- Exhortation to Publish, An* (Pliny), 612
- Explanation, An* (Martial), 577
- Expulsion of Greek Teachers* (Aulus Gellius), 77
- Fair Field for Satire, A* (Juvenal), 586

- Fall of Cleopatra, The* (Horace), 409
Fall of Troy, The (Virgil), 329
Fame (Pliny), 614
Fear of Death (Lucretius), 255
Foundation of Justice, The (Cicero), 151
Fountain of Bandusia (Horace), 412
Freedom of Speech (Cæcina), 233
Freedom of Speech (Tacitus), 496
Friendship, On (Cicero), 267
From the West (Martial), 580
- Gallic War* (Cæsar), selections from, 123-128
Gauls and the Germans (Cæsar), 123
 Gellius, note on, 77; selection from, 77
Georgics (Virgil), selections from, 389-399
Ghost Stories (Pliny), 626
Golden Mean, The (Horace), 405
- Hadrian, letter to Fundanus, 636
Hadrian's Decision (Hadrian), 636
Helplessness (Cicero), 223
Histories (Tacitus), selections from, 480-504
Home is Exile (Cicero), 226
 Horace, note on, 400; *Odes*, 400-418; *Satires*, 418; *Epistles*, 422
Horatii, The (Livy), 460
Horatius at the Bridge (Livy), 463
- Imperial Artist, An* (Suetonius), 535
Imperial Succession (Tacitus), 502
Incident for History, An (Pliny), 613
Invocation; the Bondage of Religion (Lucretius), 243
- Juvenal, note on, 589; selections from, 589-593
- Letter to Fundanus* (Hadrian), 636
Letters (Pliny), selections from, 610-628
Letters to Friends (Cicero), selections from, 223-233
Letters to Quintus (Cicero), selection from, 164
Life is Short (Horace), 413
Lives of the Cæsars (Suetonius), selections from, 531-535
 Livy, note on, 456; selections from, 68-77, 84-87, 456-464
Love Is the God of Peace (Propertius), 474
Lover's Death, The (Propertius), 469
 Lucretius, note on, 243; *On the Nature of Things*, selections from 243-266
Luxury, On (Horace), 406
Man's Inhumanity to Man (Martial), 583
Manilian Law (Cicero), 109
- Martial, note on, 577; *Epigrams*, selections from, 577-581
Metamorphoses (Ovid), selections from, 435-453
Milo, Defence of (Cicero), 207
Minerva and Diana (Pliny), 616
Misunderstanding, A (Martial), 578
Monumentum Ancyranum (Augustus), 297
Mutiny on the Rhine (Tacitus), 486
- Narcissus* (Ovid), 439
Nature of Things, On the (Lucretius), selections from, 243-266
New Woman, The (Juvenal), 591
Niobe (Ovid), 442
Noble Commerce, A (Pliny), 612
Nor a Lender Be (Martial), 581
- Octavia* (Pseudo-Seneca), 505
Odes (Horace), selections from, 400-417
Offices (Cicero), selections from, 157-163, 239
Optimates, The (Cicero), 148
Orations (Cicero), selections from, 109, 136, 148, 173
Orpheus and Eurydice (Ovid), 453
Outbreak of Civil War, The (Cæsar), 219
Outclassed (Martial), 583
 Ovid, note on, 435; *Metamorphoses*, 435-455; *Amores*, 476-478
- Persian Luxury* (Horace), 410
 Petronius, note on, 571; selections from, 571-576
 Plautus, note on, 2; *The Braggart Soldier*, 2
 Pliny, note on, 606; *Letters*, 606-628; 633-635
Pompey's Command, On (Cicero), 109
 Propertius, note on, 469; selections from, 469-475
Public Recitations (Pliny), 615
Purity (Horace), 405
Purpose of History, The (Tacitus), 496
Pyrrha and Deucalion (Ovid), 436
- Qualifications of the Orator* (Cicero), 284
 Quintilian, note on, 597; *Training of the Orator*, 655-658
- Rape of the Sabine Women, The* (Livy), 458
Reconciliation, The (Horace), 415
Release from Tyranny (Pliny), 606
Restorer, The (Horace), 401
Results of Despotism, The (Tacitus), 501
Roman Matron to Her Husband, A (Propertius), 471

Rome a Greek City (Juvenal), 589

Rome and Jugurtha (Sallust), 94

Sallust, note on, 94; *Rome and Jugurtha*, 94; *The Conspiracy of Catiline*, 186

Same Wine for All, The (Pliny), 628

Satires (Horace), selection from, 418

Satires (Juvenal), selections from, 586-593

Satyricon (Petronius), selections from, 571-576

Seneca, note on, 538; *Octavia*, 505;

Epistles to Lucilius, 539-549; *Dialogue*, 550

Sestius, Defence of (Cicero), selection from, 148

Shepherd's Gratitude, The (Virgil), 383

Ship of State, The (Horace), 410

Shipwreck of the Trojans; Landing at Carthage (Virgil), 306

Shopper, The (Martial), 582

Sicily under Verres (Cicero), 173

Siege of Alesia, The (Cæsar), 128

Silius Italicus (Pliny), 610

Simplicity (Horace), 402

Spring (Horace), 417

State and the Christian, The (Pliny), 633

Study and Writing (Quintilian), 601

Submitting to Necessity (Cicero), 228

Suetonius, note on, 531; *Lives of the Cæsars*, 531-535

Tacitus, note on, 480; *Annals*, 480-501; *Histories*, 501-505; *Agricola*, 605

Tailors Bills (Martial), 578

Thermometrical (Martial), 581

Title to Fame (Horace), 411

Terence, note on, 40; *The Brothers*, 40

To a Flirt (Horace), 415

To a Janitor (Ovid), 476

To Lupus (Martial), 577

To Quintus (Martial), 585

To Septicianus (Martial), 584

Total Abstinence, A (Martial), 580

Town and Country (Pliny), 617

Training of the Child, The (Quintilian), 598

Training of the Orator (Quintilian), selections from, 597-601

Trajan, letter to Pliny, 635

Trimalchio's Tombstone (Petronius), 576

Tusculan Disputations (Cicero), selection from, 241

Tyranny Begets Tyrants (Tacitus), 498

Un Médecin Malgré Eux (Martial), 585

Value of the Past (Livy), 456

Vanity of Human Wishes, The (Juvenal), 593

Vanity of Riches, The (Horace), 407

Verrine Orations (Cicero), selection from, 173

Victory of Brute Force, A (Cicero), 227

Virgil, note on, 305; *Æneid*, 305-374; *Eclogues*, 387-389; *Georgics*, 389-400

Virginia (Livy), 464

Vision of Rome's Destiny (Virgil), 374

Visit to the Prince, A (Pliny), 608

Winter (Horace), 416

Howe, George, 1876-1936, *ed.*

Roman literature in translation, selected and edited
by George Howe and Gustave Adolphus Harrer. Rev.
by Albert Suskin. New York, Harper [1959]

649 p. 25 cm.

1. Latin literature—Translations into English. 2. English literature—Translations from Latin. 1. Harrer, Gustave Adolphus, 1886-1943, joint ed. II. Suskin, Albert Irving. III. Title.

PA6163.H6 1959

870.82

58-11588 ‡

Library of Congress

